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MEMORIALS

PART I. FAMILY AND PERSONAL

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W. J. Palmer

MEMORIALS

PART I. FAMILY AND PERSONAL

1766-1865

BY

ROUNDELL PALMER

EARL OF SELBORNE

Selborne, Roundell Palmer

'For they that say such things declare plainly
that they seek a city.'

VOLUME I

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
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PREFACE

LIBRARY SETS

In the evenings of the summer of 1885 my Father and I were much alone, my Mother having died in the April of that year, and he then told me more than I had before known of his own father and his early life; and when we went to Siena the following August, I asked him to write these recollections, that we might possess them. He took with him to Siena an accumulation of unsorted family letters, and in reading them and writing these Memorials he lived over again the life which made him. Beginning with his parents, he naturally passed on to his home, and in granting our request as to writing some record of his own life also, he could not write of himself apart from his brothers and sisters and friends, and, above all, from my Mother.

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For as he did not live for himself, so he did not live in himself; and as his heart was filled with the love of his people and his country, he could only write of himself as affected by these relationships.

HARDING

There is much of so intimate and personal a

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nature, that it would not have been given to the world, but for loyalty to his known intention and desire in regard to these Memorials.

I hope at some future time to publish Part II., and to insert, as I have done in Part I., letters from my Father, and also, in a few instances, from members of his family. In regard to the latter, I have been guided in my selection by his expressed wishes as to letters he vainly sought for, and which have since come into my hands; and by whether, or no, any contribution seemed offered to the whole picture of family life. It will be seen from my Father's preface that he divided the volumes differently. I have been constrained to make this change, as the bulk would have been too unequal, owing to the greater number of letters of the later period.

SOPHIA M. PALMER.

March 1896.

TO MY CHILDREN

I HAVE long intended, if God should so permit, to commit to paper before the close of my life such an account of my own personal history, private and public, as I should desire you to possess. I had rather not have things written by those who do not know me as I know myself, which might praise me where I do not deserve praise. I have never kept journals or diaries, or any other record of my private thoughts and meditations, but I have a very vivid memory of the earlier part of my life; and it has been my habit to preserve such letters and papers as I thought of permanent interest, whether relating to family or to public affairs. Others of my family, to whose papers I have had access, have done the same; particularly my brother William, who left notes which show that a purpose like my own was at some time in his mind, though he never fulfilled it.

In this volume, besides my own history from my birth till my Father's death, I have had in view the preservation of the knowledge and memory of those dear relations and friends, to whom (under God) I owe everything. Some of them, if their lives were quiet and unambitious, and to the world in general unknown, were in wisdom and virtue among the excellent of the earth. Of all the characters and influences here commemorated, that which it has been most a labour of love to me to delineate is your Grandfather's; and if, in what you learn concerning him, you find the main interest of this work, I shall be rewarded.

It is my intention (if I should live long enough) to follow up this volume with another; which may bring down my personal narrative, and my recollection of the persons with whom, and the events with which I have been associated, to the time, not now distant, at which my public life must close. The political element may predominate in that part of my work, as the family and personal element does in this.

SELBORNE.

October 1888.

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FAMILY AND PERSONAL MEMORIALS

CHAPTER I

ANCESTORS—MY UNCLE THOMAS PALMER

1773–1799

I HAVE always been among those who cherish affectionately and reverently the thought of union between "the living generations and the dead." No individual life stands apart; it is made up of other lives also;—the lives of those by whose love, example, help, and influence it has been formed and directed; and these have their own associations, going back to more than a single generation, and exciting a natural desire to know of our ancestors, still more remote, whatever can be known.

Of my paternal ancestry there is no record going further back than the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when John Palmer was living at Marston in Staffordshire. He is recorded in the Heralds' College as coming from a Yorkshire stock, about which the genealogists of the family have never been able to discover anything, though some points of resemblance between the armorial bearings of that John Palmer and his descendants and those of a family of the same name, long established at Angmering and Parham in Sussex, and of which branches were afterwards settled at Wingham in Kent, Fairfield in Somersetshire, and Dorney Court in the valley of the Thames, have suggested the possibility of a common derivation.

In 1624, William, the second son of John Palmer of Marston, bought the estate of Wanlip near Leicester, on which Sir Archdale Palmer (his descendant through an heiress whose son assumed her name) now resides. Archdale Palmer of Wanlip, William's great-grandson, represented Leicester in the House of Commons in 1697. He was twice married, and had no less than twenty-six children. Thomas, the third child of his second marriage with Anne Charlton, was born in 1706, and was early apprenticed to business in London. In 1729, at the age of twenty-three, he became a member of the Mercers' Company; the freedom of which has ever since belonged, by right of inheritance, to all his male descendants in the male line. He married Rebecca Pickard, on her father's side descended from a London citizen of that name, who entertained, as Lord Mayor, King Edward the Third and the Black Prince, with three other kings,—John, King of France, and David, King of Scotland, both then captives in London, and the King of Cyprus. Her mother was a daughter of Sir Robert Jocelyn of Hyde Hall, in Hertfordshire, and aunt of the first Lord Jocelyn, Chancellor of Ireland.

Thomas Palmer and his wife had a country house at Cheshunt, where he died in 1789.

The younger of his two sons, my Grandfather, William Palmer, was born in 1737, and in 1766 married Mary Horsley, daughter (by his second marriage with Mary Leslie) of the Rev. John Horsley, Rector of Thorley in Hertfordshire and of Stoke-Newington. He was, like his father, a London merchant; and became the head of a prosperous business in Kings' Arms Yard, near the Bank of England. Not long after his marriage he purchased some property at Nazing in Essex, which now belongs to the elder line of his descendants. There, about twenty miles from London, with a spacious breezy common on rising ground immediately in front, he established himself in a convenient house, which he surrounded with gardens and pleasure-grounds, in which many of the happiest days of my childhood were spent.

My Grandfather was a prosperous and honourable man, of considerable influence in the City of London. He took an active and useful part in the affairs of the Mercers' Company, and was instrumental in correcting some errors in the administration of the trust confided to that Company by Dean Colet for the benefit of St. Paul's School. From a letter in my possession, addressed to him by William Wilberforce, I collect that he was generally held in high esteem. He never entered into public life, though he and his family took great interest in the politics of the anxious time in which they lived, especially after the outbreak of the French Revolution, when they were staunch Loyalists, and warm supporters of Mr. Pitt's administration. I remember him only in extreme old age; and not very much of what I have heard of him from others remains in my memory.

My Grandfather had no sister, and only one brother, a merchant like himself. My Grandmother belonged to a family more distinguished than his by ability and culture;[1] distinguished also, in a remarkable degree, by the strength and closeness of the bonds of mutual affection which united them together, and which has been since transmitted through three generations, to my Grandmother's and my Father's children, and to my own; to be transmitted by them, I trust, to their descendants also.

---

[1] Both brothers and sisters were fond of literature, and wrote fugitive poetry, some of which was known beyond the family circle. My Father, in a letter written from Oxford when he was nineteen years old (in 1797), speaks of copies of his aunts' and uncles' verses on several subjects as handed about there. When my brother and I were children, my Aunt Mary used to recite some of them to us with great spirit and animation; I remember especially a translation by George Horsley (which even now seems to me to have more than common merit) of Ovid's lines about Ulysses and Calypso.

No beauty distinguished Ulysses, yet he
  (What power cannot eloquence move?)
So inflamed with desire the nymphs of the sea
  That as rivals they strove for his love.

How oft would Calypso his restlessness chide,
  And swear 'twas no season to go;
Could his frail bark the wintry tempests abide?
  Their dangers, alas! did he know?

Then again, and again, of Troy and of arms
  The goddess would fondly enquire;
He repeated the tale, but with still varied charms,
  That ever forbade it to tire.

As they stood on the beach, by the slow-rising main,
  "Here too," cried Calypso the bright,
"Relate how the young Thracian warrior was slain,
  And the perils of that bloody night."

My Grandmother's eldest brother was Samuel Horsley, Bishop successively of St. David's, Rochester, and St. Asaph; a distinguished mathematician, editor of Newton's works, and for some time secretary to the Royal Society; a learned theologian also, who became famous, before his advancement to the Episcopate, by a controversy with Priestley as to the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, in which he was by general consent victorious. Lord Thurlow, a man of rough masculine character, recognised in him, intellectually, a kindred spirit, and they became friends. He was a man of piety as well as learning, a strict but not illiberal churchman; diligent in the duties of his office, and a powerful, if not

"You have heard," said the chief, "the whole story before;
 Yet see"—and he stretched out a wand—
"Behold! the great scene is now called up once more;
 And I sketch what you ask on the sand.

"Here Troy proudly stands,"—and her ramparts he drew;
 "Here Simois pours through the vale;
Lo! yonder our tents, they lie stretched in your view,
 With streamers that float on the gale.

"A plain lies between,"—and a plain he marked out,—
 "Where Dolon was fated to bleed,
While hope of the coursers betrayed the poor scout,
 The coursers of heavenly breed.

"Sithonian Rhesus here camps his whole band;
 His pavilion you plainly discern;
And by yon darksome path, that winds round where you stand,
 To the fleet with his steeds I return."

The picture still grew, when a white curling wave
 Broke full on the murmuring shore:
Troy falls at a blow: lo! the mighty, the brave,
 Fleet, city, and camp are no more.

The goddess then said, or attempted to say:
 "Ah! Ulysses! how faithless the sea,
Which e'en now all these names of renown makes its prey!
 Yet you trust it, abandoning me."

always judicious, speaker in the House of Lords. He sympathised much with the Scottish Episcopal Church, then depressed and all but persecuted; he vindicated the Catholic character of its distinctive formularies, and exerted himself successfully to obtain for its clergy relief from the disabilities under which they had been placed by the legislation of the years succeeding the Revolution of 1688. He also earned the respect of the Calvinistic party in the Church of England, with whose opinions he did not agree, but whose right to be comprehended within the pale of the Church he strenuously maintained. Of his private affairs he was, unfortunately, negligent. My Father, who was for some years his chaplain, learnt lessons of great value to him through life, both from the virtues and from the defects of his brilliant uncle.

My Grandmother (with whom I was a favourite, and my recollections of whom are still vivid) must have been in her youth beautiful; and the charms of her mind were not less than those of her person. She was ten years younger than her husband; in character ardent and high-spirited; by education well cultivated, and fond of intellectual society and pursuits. The health of my Aunt Elizabeth, her youngest daughter, led her, before the French Revolution, to pass some time upon the Continent, where she made friends, to some of whom she had afterwards the opportunity of showing kindness when they were emigrants in this country.

My Grandparents were warm and constant in their friendships, kind and good neighbours, to poor as well as rich; and both in the country and in London hospitable and sociable. Their religious principles were confirmed and strengthened under the discipline of sorrow as they advanced in life; and they were, from a time further back than I can trace, in faith and life consistent and earnest members of the Church of England.

I have spoken of their political opinions. A letter from my Grandmother to a friend in Ireland (near Limerick), dated the 29th August 1790, seems hardly less appropriate to the present than to that time. "I know you," she said, "to be a very good Irishman; but that does not prevent your being a good Englishman also. My idea is that we are brothers, and ought to hold ourselves bound by one common interest. The Revolutionists of the present day aim at a separation of interests. What has happened and is daily passing in France ought to be a warning to us, and to every other nation, how they begin the work of reformation. But, instead of growing wise from the misfortunes of our neighbours, there are too many among us that have caught the contagion, and would gladly plunge their country in the like miseries."

My Grandparents at Nazing had nine children: three daughters and six sons, five of whom went to Charterhouse, of which Matthew Raine, a good scholar, and in political and religious opinions a Liberal, was then Headmaster. My Uncle George, the eldest son, went early to sea in the service of the East India Company, in which he rose, while still young, to the command of the ship *Boddam*, and had his share of adventures in tempests and war. Thomas went to India, as a Writer in the East India Company's Civil Service. My Father, William Jocelyn, went to Oxford and took Holy Orders. Edward entered the Royal Navy in 1794, at the age of thirteen. Horsley joined his father in business; and Ralph was called to the Bar in 1808.

Thomas and Edward died in the flower of their youth, and the memorials which have been preserved of them show that they were such young men as it may have been a misfortune to their country to lose. I cannot help consecrating some pages to their memory, though it was impossible for me to know them.

Thomas was sent, at the age of eighteen, to a counting-house at Rotterdam to complete his preparation for India. Those were the early days of the French Revolution; the Prince de Condé was threatening France; the French army was supposed to be disorganised and incapable of resisting a numerous and well-disciplined force; Burke had sounded the alarm in England; the Reign of Terror, though fast approaching, had not yet come. My uncle watched with interest the events passing around him. He did not so far deviate from the opinions of his parents as to be an enthusiast for the Revolution, but his sympathies were not with the old régime, nor with the threatened invasion of France. He wrote to his mother, on the 10th of June 1791: "Mr. Burke's situation seems to be very melancholy; separated for ever from his former political and dearest private friends, and his pride (for I cannot believe that the man who will call Lord North his noble friend, and prosecute Mr. Hastings, can have much of the principle and pure love of his country that he professes) not suffering him to join the other party. He must be in a very awkward situation, too, in the House of Commons, and whereever he goes; in short, he must carry the load upon his back, for as he himself says, it will be a hard task for him to recur to his swaddling clothes in his grand climacteric." On hearing of the Birmingham Riots, in the following month, he wrote again (26th July 1791): "For my own part, I always maintained in every company, that there was not the smallest danger of the introduction of French politics, or any real apprehension entertained. I was obliged to confess my error upon hearing from good authority that on the 14th July the Horse Guards in London were under arms, though not drawn out; the horses were ready saddled in the stables, and the men ready to mount at a moment's warning. However, now the danger is blown over, it is to be hoped that the riots in Birmingham will teach our English rebels in spirit, better than a thousand Mr. Burkes, the temper of the people and the goodness of our constitution, and that we shall have no more commemorations of the French Revolution."

Before returning home he visited Paris, in February 1792, and went to the National Assembly. "No caricature," he wrote, "can equal the confusion that reigned in their deliberations, or the indecent part the galleries took in them; and these galleries are only filled with the commonest people, *Mesdames de la halle*, etc. Those who have members' tickets have places apart. One instance of their good manners, which I was witness to, will be sufficient to give you an idea of their mode of debating. The Minister of War, M. de Narbonne, came down to the Assembly; and, when he obtained leave to speak, unfortunately begun with saying, 'Je puis, Messieurs, éclairer la discussion.' Upon which a member immediately exclaimed, 'L'Assemblée n'a pas besoin d'être éclairée par vous.' This was received with the most violent clapping of hands and plaudits on the part of the demigods in the gallery. At length silence was again procured, and the poor minister explained himself: 'Qu'il n'avoit pas la prétention d'éclairer *L'Assemblée*,'—but only, '*la discussion*.' Such is the grave and sober dignity of the French Senate."

To his father he wrote, describing the tumultuous state of Paris and the provinces, consequent on the scarcity of provisions, and the political situation. "The minds of the people are very much irritated by the exorbitant price of sugar and coffee, by the unsettled state of the negotiations with the Emperor, and the distrust they entertain of the King; which are fomented by emissaries, perhaps of many parties. So far have the suspicions of the King's views been carried, and such strong reports circulated of his being about to quit the capital, that two or three days ago he thought it necessary to send a letter to the municipality of Paris, positively to deny any such intentions. The day before yesterday, several persons were arrested for carrying pikes in the street; it is said there are 30,000 of these pikes made and making in Paris,—for whom, or with what view, I have not been able to learn. It is very clear that something serious is apprehended from them, as they have provoked a prohibition from the municipality of carrying them publicly, and many have been arrested in consequence. Whatever is to happen (as something must happen, sooner or later), I hope to get quietly out of the kingdom before the flame bursts out."

In his last letter from Paris (to his mother, in French, dated the 20th February 1792), he reports an interview with one of her lady friends, who remained there while almost all the rest had gone to Coblentz: not by any means "ce qu'on appelle aujourd'hui une democrate enragée"; but rather one of the moderate party. Society, it seems, was still going on its old ways; it had not dropped titles of honour, notwithstanding the decree of the National Assembly. The latest news was, that petty insurrections were taking place everywhere in the provinces, to prevent the transport of grain from one place to another, and that all commerce in corn, in the interior of France, was suspended. The Minister of the Interior had just recommended the operations of the Jacobin Club to the attention of the Assembly; for which he had been himself instantly denounced.

Thomas reached Calcutta in September 1792, where he found a home with his uncle, Mr. Francis

Horsley, and soon made himself master of the Oriental languages. Lord Cornwallis, then Governor-General, was engaged in the judicial and financial reforms on which his reputation rests. The first war in the Carnatic was just concluded; and in the following year the war with France broke out, of which the effects were speedily felt in India, as well as elsewhere. Early in 1794 Sir John Shore, who succeeded Lord Cornwallis, appointed Thomas to a post in the Collector's department at Mozufferpore, in Behar, a district not directly affected by the intrigues or military operations of the time. There he remained for two years, till the spring of 1796, when he received a subordinate judicial appointment at Moorshedabad. His manner of looking at European politics had undergone no material change. "I remember," he wrote to his mother in October 1794, "an observation in some French author which struck me forcibly at the time, and is in some degree in point to the present subject. 'L'Europe,' says he, 'se dit civilisée ; et l'Europe se fait la guerre.' But this poor man was thinking of a French war, a Spanish war, a war about a—what Mr. Burke compared the Scheldt to. How would his weak nerves have shuddered at such a war as the present, a war of extirpation ; for nothing short of that, it is pretty generally agreed, can ever bring the French to submission. By the way, I think the English of that is, that the French will never submit ; for they can never be exterminated, though all the world were to rise in arms against them."

He referred to the political outlook, to the prospect of a national bankruptcy (the stoppage of cash payments took place in 1797), which he thought probable and near, and he spoke of the military disorders and discontents at that time prevailing in India, but which were soon, by prudent measures, allayed. "If the army," he said, "are not soon satisfied, they will certainly put most of us civilians on board a ship, and give us a voyage to England as the reward of our loyalty. You will know best, when you receive this, whether any arrangements have been agreed upon for the Indian armies. If they have not, expect to hear by every ship of the greatest confusion in this country, which can only end in the total subversion of the Anglo-Indian Empire. How it would make you smile in England to hear of a ship arrived at Plymouth freighted with the Bengal Council, and the Commander-in-Chief of all the King's and Company's troops; and another with the colonels of the Honourable Company's army; a third loaded with the Judges and Collectors; and a fourth with us poor writers! If Lord Hobart were here, he might perhaps save us. My Lord Clive would cashier these turbulent fellows as easily as he did upon a former occasion. But alas, poor Sir Robert! God help him, that he may help us! I must tell you an observation of Horsley's upon the Government, but which is not meant for common ears. He says, this Government is very like that of the Jews under their Judges, for, as human wisdom has undoubtedly no share in the administration of it, it can only be a Theocracy."

On 6th March 1776 he writes to his sister Elizabeth: "I was out, a few days ago, in quest of a tiger we had heard of, in company with a gentleman whose exploits, I think, rival those of Hercules. He has killed, or (in sportsman's language) been in at the death of two hundred and thirty-eight tigers, and none of them little blind whelps, but fair full-grown beasts, killed with powder and ball from elephants; he once killing two-and-twenty in the space of three days. Should he not have a column erected to his honour, embossed with tigers' heads all round? But I see you don't believe one word I say—you believe me, but not my authority. Well, be incredulous if you will; only, if you dare to disbelieve this, never expect that I should tell you another story as long as I am in India. I will only tell you one more, to show how much profound reasoners may be mistaken when they decide upon the veracity of travellers. A gentleman of my most intimate acquaintance, after being six or seven years in this part of India, made a visit to England. He had also a papa and mama, and sisters Mary and Elizabeth, who heard all the wonderful stories he told with great attention and implicit confidence, until he by accident told them a true one, which was no other than this, that in the Upper Provinces three fine sheep sell for a rupee. After hearing this they never believed another word he said, but, as soon as he began a story, stopped his mouth with the sheep and the rupee."

My uncle continued to condemn the war in Europe, and he felt no confidence in Mr. Dundas, then at the

Board of Control. But the next two years made some difference in his views. The invasion of Syria and Egypt by Bonaparte, the actions of Nelson, and the arrival in India of a Governor-General of energy and enterprise, in the person of Lord Mornington, changed the aspect of things; and Thomas himself doubtless regarded the course of public events with more maturity of judgment, though in a not less manly and independent spirit. In 1798 he was removed for a short time to Benares, and was there when the Resident, Mr. Cherry, was murdered by Vizier Ali. The drawback was that this change of place separated him further from Mr. Francis Horsley, in whose family his strong domestic affections found much enjoyment. He wrote to his mother from Benares (23rd November 1798), that Mr. Francis Horsley was about to send his two little children to England, and, he added, that it might be for their father's benefit to accompany them. "Yet," he said, "should that happen, it was in my head already what a desert would India appear to me! I believe I must pack up bag and baggage and follow them. And suppose, too, that George" (his brother) "could make a voyage to Bengal and carry us all off together! We should not regret the flying cars of fairyland. Here is a fine *château d'Espagne* for revolutionary times, while Bonaparte is marching across the green fields of Arabia, or exploring Pharaoh's passage through the Red Sea, that he may come and turn us all out of India! And a most excellent bugbear it has been; for it has served to frighten, or at least to alarm a little, the wise heads that are set over us. I fear it would go hard with us if we really had to fight Bonaparte upon the plains of India. Thanks, however, to the gallant Nelson, we are pretty well out of this scrape, while the whet it has given to our Indian councils may serve to prepare them against the day, if trial does come. That you could but see Nelson's letter to Governor Duncan, written eight days after the action,[1] with all the simplicity of true bravery in what relates to his own actions, while he breathes a soul of fire in speaking of the cause he is engaged in. He concludes with apologising for any incorrectness in his style or language, from his brain being much shaken by the wounds in his head; 'but while a ray of reason remains, my heart and my head shall be exerted in defence of my King and my Country.' This is English, I think, in matter and phrase, and is, I hope, universally felt and acted upon now in every part of our native land. The sentiment, indeed, begins to vibrate in these remote quarters."

He was transferred from Benares, in June 1799, to Chittra, where he was to be sole or chief judge and magistrate, an appointment which, according to his account of that place in a letter written to his eldest sister during his journey towards it, gave little satisfaction to his ambition and little scope for his abilities.

His mother had sent him several numbers of the *Anti-Jacobin*, and two works against Jacobinism then much read in England, by the Abbé Barruel, and by Professor Robeson. These form the principal subject of the last letter which he lived to write. It was addressed to his mother, and dated from Chittra on the 30th August 1799 :—

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[1] Battle of the Nile, 1st August 1798.

> You could not have sent me a greater treat than the numbers of the *Anti-Jacobin.* I read, I believe, every word of it, and could never enough admire the fund of genuine wit, the correctness and elegance of the language, which appeared in every page of it. The principles of it I of course applauded ; and only wonder how so good a cause, supported by so masterly a writer, should leave a single Jacobin in all England, except those who know and acknowledge themselves to be rogues in grain.

His health had been generally good, even when stationed in unhealthy places. His habits were regular and temperate, but on the 16th September he was attacked with fever, and, after being removed to Sherghati (a healthier place), died there on the 24th. So closed, in his twenty-seventh year, the earthly hopes of this young man ; bright, affectionate, a diligent student, eager in the pursuit of knowledge, a graceful writer, an independent thinker, taking a lively interest in all that was passing in the world. Had his life been spared, he might perhaps have attained a place and distinction in the Indian Civil Service like that of the Colebrookes, Elphinstone, or Metcalfe. He had as high a spirit, as quick a faculty of observation and discernment, as strong a consciousness of power, as worthy an ambition to use it for the honour of his country and the welfare of his fellow-men. His eyes were fixed upon the high places of the bench and the council-board ; the path seemed to him easy, and the competition not formidable.

CHAPTER II

MY UNCLE EDWARD PALMER

1781–1807

My Uncle Edward left Charterhouse to enter the Royal Navy in his thirteenth year. A sailor son is generally a favourite in an English family; he was no exception to the rule, and there was evidently in him a great charm of character.

He joined the *Canada* (seventy-four guns) as a midshipman in March 1794; and before the end of that year had some taste of the dangers of war, the *Canada*, when cruising in the Channel with one other ship, being chased, and nearly taken, by a French squadron. In the next year, 1795, his captain sent him on a cruise in the *Pallas* frigate, attached to Admiral Cornwallis's squadron; and he was on that service when Cornwallis made his famous retreat before a French fleet of more than thirty sail. At one time it was thought impossible that the British squadron could escape, and every ship was prepared for a desperate defence. Edward was stationed in the magazine to watch the lights; "but" (wrote

Captain Curzon of the *Pallas*) "the young man begged so hard to be allowed to come on deck that I was obliged to comply with his wishes, and, had we come into action, I doubt not I should have found him very serviceable." In 1797 he was transferred to the *Pomona* frigate, which formed part of Sir John Warren's fleet during the mutiny of 1797. Of the mutiny, as well as of the rapid change in the temper of the men after its suppression, he was a witness.

The *Pomona* was then off Ushant, and in a postscript, dated the 17th May 1797, to a letter begun two days before, he wrote :—

> Little did I think when I wrote this, that I should take this letter to England myself. You must know, then, this morning at eight o'clock the *Galatea's* men put Captain Keats in confinement, made the signal to speak us, and told us they were determined to proceed to England. The flame communicated to our own ship's company; they took the same resolution, but never offered to touch any of the officers. Nevertheless, their power is only nominal, until we arrived at Plymouth. Now, therefore, the French fleet may come to England, and be the first messengers themselves.

No time, perhaps, in the history of England, was more critical; and the spirit in which the danger was met, and the success with which patriotism and courage were then rewarded, may be remembered with advantage, if any such cloud should ever come over us again. Among the letters in my hands is one from my Grandmother's sister, Elizabeth Horsley, to her niece my Aunt Mary, dated the 26th of May 1797, written when she first received the news of the outbreak of disaffection in Sir John Warren's fleet, in which she mentions the spirited exertions of the captains and officers who had kept under the mutinous spirit of the fleet at Yarmouth—particularly Captain Trollope, who "harangued his men upon the first symptoms of mutiny, telling them that, having often led them against the enemy, and proved to them that he did not then want courage, so he would now show them the same; for, if they dared to persist in their disobedience, he would on the first signal blow up the ship, himself, and them, all together. Upon which they gave him three cheers, and declared they would be obedient to him to the end of their lives." And her informant added, that they had "ever since behaved to him with the reverence and affection of children to a father."

In what way Sir John Warren subdued the disaffection among his men my Uncle Edward's letters do not show. It was subdued; perhaps in consequence of what had already been done at Spithead. My uncle wrote (2nd June 1797) of the suddenness and completeness of the change. "One day they were drumming their officers on shore and disgracing them as much as in their power lay, and the next they were drawing them about the streets in carriages and honouring them up to the skies. Suffice it to say, they drew Sir John about the streets (of Plymouth) last Friday." The crews of the different ships appear to have contended with each other for the honour of priority in repentance, like the men of Israel and of Judah when King David was brought back to Jerusalem after the suppression of Absalom's rebellion.

"There are battles," said my uncle, "very often fought between some of our ship's company and the others. The *Powerful*, and the other ships in the Hamoaze, have also taken affront at our ship's company returning to their duty before them."

In the next year, 1798, he again changed his ship, being transferred to the *Unicorn* frigate, in which he was stationed, first at Cork, and afterwards off Wexford, during the Irish rebellion. The affair of Vinegar Hill, and the massacre of the loyal inhabitants of Wexford by the insurgents, took place while he was on that station; and on the night of the 17th June 1798 the barges of his ship were employed in destroying upwards of eighty flat boats of the rebels, supposed to have been built for landing French troops. He witnessed, and was shocked by, the recklessness of life engendered on both sides by the passions of civil war.

After a cruise in the Baltic in the *Hyæna* he revisited—now a young man of nineteen—the home which he had left as a boy. In the spring of 1800 he was appointed second lieutenant to the *Regulus*, a "cut-down forty-four," under orders for Egypt with troops. He assisted in superintending the landing of the first division of the army in Egypt, and afterwards had the command of a gunboat, and accompanied the operations of the army during that campaign. Returning home in 1803, he was made first lieutenant of the *Squirrel* frigate, ordered with a convoy to the coast of Africa. Early in 1805, he was advanced to the rank of commander, and appointed to the *Nautilus*, a sloop of the largest class, then recently launched; and was for some time attached to Lord Collingwood's fleet at Cadiz. He wrote to his mother from Gibraltar (2nd June 1806), that his ship was, "without exception, the finest sloop in the service, being the only one that carried long nine-pounders," and that "there was not one thing in her to complain of." He was equally well satisfied with his crew, 122 in number (officers included), all high-spirited and young.

At the end of 1806, he was sent to join Admiral Sir Thomas Louis in the Dardanelles; and the admiral, finding his force inadequate for the service it had to perform, ordered him at once to return to Lord Collingwood with despatches, in the delivery of which no time was to be lost. The *Nautilus* left the Dardanelles on the 3rd of January 1807, under charge of a Greek pilot, who at sunset on that day, when off the island of Anti-Milo, declined further charge, declaring himself unacquainted with the rest of the navigation of the Archipelago. He remained, however, on board, the weather making it impossible to put him ashore.

I cannot better describe what followed than by adhering to the substance, and frequently using the words, of the contemporary narratives of some of the crew.

"The Captain," wrote one of the seamen, "than whom, to pay the tribute due to so fine a man and officer, better none could exist, was determined to run every hazard rather than delay one moment."

He left Anti-Milo at sunset, and shaped his course for the passage between Candia and Cerigotto, giving all the necessary directions himself, and omitting nothing which (consistently with the speed thought indispensable) could be done by skilled seamanship and the most watchful care. From the time of leaving the Dardanelles to the 5th January he did not change his clothes, and took little if any sleep. The weather was dark and tempestuous, with heavy rain and incessant thunder and lightning. A flash of lightning revealed the island of Cerigotto right ahead, and only a few miles distant, about 3 o'clock on the morning of Monday the 5th January. The ship had been driven by the tempest somewhat out of her course, and it now became necessary to haul her upon the starboard tack. She was kept by the wind till within sight of the small island of Pori, then going N.W.N. The Captain, perceiving that he could not weather that land, and finding it correctly laid down in his charts as Pori, decided on passing between it and Cerigotto. There was a rock about four miles from Pori also laid down in the charts, but not correctly; and when the place where that danger was indicated had been passed all was supposed to be safe, and the captain was about to take the rest of which he stood in much need. Instantly, however, the cry of "Breakers ahead!" was heard from the starboard watch, and the ship was upon the rock before her course could be altered. It was about twenty minutes past 4 A.M. when she struck. The Captain was at once on deck, and did his best to quiet the crew; but water began to pour in, and, the ladders being displaced, those below could only reach the deck by breaking through the skylight. The Captain then burnt his papers and his private signals, and under his direction the coxswain, George Smith, while a tremendous sea was breaking over them, got into the gig with the master's mate, a midshipman, and seven men, and, after lowering her with much difficulty, made for the small island to windward. About 8 P.M. they succeeded in reaching Pori, which proved to be a place without a single inhabitant, and without a drop of fresh water.

In the meantime, the ship was rapidly breaking up. "Scarcely an instant," said the same seaman whom I have already quoted, "but our main deck was burst in, and in a few moments we saw our lee bulwark entirely overwhelmed; a heavy and relentless sea broke over us, and none could espy the smallest appearance through which hope could enter." At 5 o'clock the mainmast, and in five minutes more the mizzen-mast, went, forming a sort of gangway from the wreck to the rock, over which a considerable number of the crew passed. Shortly after, the Captain, observing that the bottom was gone and the boats washed from the booms, the main-topsail being aback, ordered the best bower anchor to be cut away, as the ship was going off the rock. About 6 o'clock the foremast went, and the ship parted, just above the chest-tree. Eighteen men on the main and mizzen masts were at that moment killed or dashed into the sea. When the after-part of the ship had gone to pieces, the fore-part hung surprisingly together and eased itself gently towards the rock, so that a man could reach the royal masthead from the rock. In this manner, all who were not disabled left the wreck, and, for the time, were in safety.

At daybreak, those who had (so far) escaped went back again, to search for any of their shipmates who might have been left behind. They found Captain Palmer only. He had remained by the ridge-rope upon the quarter-deck, the last man to quit his station. He had suffered dreadful injuries, in the head and limbs, of a nature evidently dangerous to life; and it was not without difficulty that he could be brought to the same place of temporary refuge which the rest had reached. But he remained sensible; and "neither asked for, nor appeared to want, anything for himself; but seemed to feel only for his ship's company."

The highest part of the rock was eight feet above the sea. No provisions were saved except one piece of pork of three pounds weight and a biscuit which was washed up; and there was no water. One keg of oil and a cask of gunpowder were saved, which enabled those on the rock to light and keep up a fire with pieces of the wreck. Shortly before the gig returned from Pori, Captain Palmer called the surgeon, and said: "Doctor, for my own part I don't expect to live out this night; but how long do you think my poor fellows may live upon this place without food or drink of any kind? And, alas! there is no expectation of release." The surgeon answered that the longest a man could live without sustenance, even when sheltered, was four days; but, exposed as they were to the inclemency of the weather, insufficiently clothed, and the sea breaking in upon them (by which a quantity of salt water was taken internally), he thought three days was the longest any of them would see.

The coxswain and his companions, on reaching Pori, had found that island about a mile and a half long, and a quarter of a mile broad. There were goats and sheep upon it, and a considerable growth of leeks. The men caught, with difficulty, two small lambs, but could not dress them, having no means of lighting a fire. They saw plainly the citadel of Cerigo, and on the other side Cerigotto; on which they thought they could distinguish inhabitants. They saw also the fatal rock; but could perceive nothing of the wreck, nor any person moving upon it, until it became dusk, when they saw the fire, assuring them that some of their comrades were alive. The storm increased, and they were obliged to pass that night at Pori, having leeks only to assuage their hunger and thirst. In the morning the wind moderated; and Smith, with four others, returned to the rock to bring off as many as might be possible, the other five remaining at Pori. They soon reached the rock, where their arrival was hailed with cheers. Ninety-five men were on it. Smith brought them a lamb and a half, and some leeks; enough (as was thought) to keep them alive one day longer, if only there had been water. But the want of water, and a further supply of provisions, was urgent; and Smith proposed to go off at once to Cerigotto to procure these necessaries, and also large boats to take the men away. This was the order which the Captain had previously determined to give. Smith entreated the Captain to come with him, but he answered: "No, Smith, never mind me, mind your messmates." If he had then gone, his life might possibly have been saved; but, according to the testimony of all his fellow-sufferers, "he cared for nothing but the ship's company."

Four men and the pilot (it was necessary to take the pilot as interpreter, no one else understanding Greek) went with the boat and her crew to Cerigotto: the pilot declined to go with more. They put off at 9 A.M., but encountered an increasing gale, and did not land till 3 P.M. The inhabitants came down to the beach alarmed, and in arms; but when the pilot had explained how matters stood, they were received with kindness. On being requested to furnish supplies, and long boats to bring off the men from the rock (for which, they were assured, the British Government would reward them handsomely), they replied that Cerigotto was but a poor rocky island, and the chief of their subsistence came from Candia, but the sufferers were welcome to what they had; they were also ready to lend the three large boats which they possessed, and to give all the assistance in their power. They accordingly stocked all their boats with water and provisions, and watched for an opportunity of putting off; but a tremendous storm came on, which made this impossible, and it lasted all that night, and the following day (the 7th of January).

The situation on the rock was now more terrible than ever. All the men were obliged to retire to the highest point, and there to lash themselves together, and to the clefts and projections of the rock, with some cordage which had been washed up; the sea breaking over them continually, extinguishing their fire, and carrying away their tents and everthing else which they had. At daybreak, six were found dead at their companions' feet. On the morning of the 7th, a merchant brig, passing near, saw them, hove to, and hoisted out her boats; and now there seemed hope of deliverance. But the brig proceeded on her voyage without rendering any help; probably, because her officers considered that the storm made it impossible. Late in the evening of that day, the wind having somewhat abated (though not sufficiently to induce the people of Cerigotto to trust their boats to the sea), Smith got the ship's gig out of a cove where she lay, through a tremendous surf which filled her three times before she could get clear. He then made for the rock, hoping to find that the brig (which had been seen from Cerigotto) had taken off all the people. The sea was so high that he could not land, or attempt to take any of the men into the gig at the time without swamping it; but he encouraged them to keep up their spirits, as the large boats from Cerigotto would come on the first lull in the weather. He then returned to that island, the inhabitants lighting fires to direct him to the proper landing-place. Watch was kept there throughout the night for an opportunity of getting off the boats, but the weather became worse than before, and so continued throughout the next day. It was not till 9 A.M. on Friday the 9th of January that they were able to put to sea.

During this long interval those on the rock were in the last extremity. Captain Palmer died on Thursday the 8th, having continued as long as he was conscious to set his men a heroic example. Not a murmur, not the slightest expression tinctured with impatience, escaped him; patient submission, an entire resignation to the will of Providence, were strongly characterised in those moments, until he became delirious. Not till then did he speak of his family: but when reason failed, all and each of his family were dwelt upon with the most enthusiastic ardency of expression. His influence was felt by all his shipmates to the last. They abstained from stimulants, of which some store had been saved, till the Friday, when they were induced to taste them, but then only partially and with great reluctance. Their obedience and attachment to their Captain and officers, during the whole of their distress, was that of true British seamen.

Before rescue could come, fifty-eight of them had perished, eighteen (as already stated) when the ship went to pieces; eight who attempted to leave the rock on a raft, and were never afterwards heard of; thirty-two (including the Captain) who died from wounds or exhaustion on the rock. One man was drowned when attempting to reach the boats. On the Friday, the boats from Cerigotto started at last with supplies, but even then disappointment was not at an end; they were met by a sudden squall and driven back, while the gig went in and brought off the few that she could carry. The rest came away on the sixth day (January the 10th), alive, but in such a state of utter exhaustion that it was hardly possible to administer to them the nourishment, or even the water, necessary to sustain their lives. The doctor died in the boat, just as they were landing at Cerigotto. Last of all, the men who had been left at Pori were brought off, in a very exhausted state. Sixty-three in all of the whole crew were saved.

On the 16th of May 1807, a court-martial to inquire into the loss of the ship was held at Cadiz, which acquitted Captain Palmer, as well as the survivors, of all blame. Their conduct indeed,—especially that of Mr. Nesbitt, the second lieutenant (the first lieutenant perished with his commander), and George Smith, the coxswain,—was excellent and admirable; and that of Smith in particular received professional as well as private recognition. The Nazing family never lost sight of him or his children. My Father and my Uncle Horsley obtained, long afterwards, for his grandson, Joseph Smith, a nomination to Christ's Hospital. The boy had very good abilities, and profited by his schooling. My Father often gave him a home at Mixbury during his holidays, and my brothers and myself kept up a friendly intercourse with him as long as he lived. He grew up to be a young man of intelligence and character, and, through the influence of my uncles, was sent to sea under a good captain; and, after a short apprenticeship in the merchant service, became first assistant-master, and then master, in the Royal Navy. He served with credit in the Mediterranean, and on the surveying expedition under Captain Stokes in the Pacific; but he died prematurely in the prime of life.

The news of the loss of the *Nautilus*, and of my Uncle Edward's death, did not reach England till April 1807. A narrative of the shipwreck was published at the time, and was afterwards reproduced in 1813, in a collection of *Remarkable Shipwrecks and Adventures at Sea*. Many, however, of the most interesting particulars, which I have gleaned from the contemporaneous statements of the coxswain and other survivors, were omitted in that account.

I am not one of those to whom it is difficult or painful to speak of the dead. How is it possible to help thinking of them? And "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Silence is not always indicative of a deeper feeling than speech. Yet sometimes it may be so; and I think it was so in the Nazing family, for it was not very often that I heard my Uncle Edward spoken of, and my Uncle Thomas more rarely still; so that, until the letters written by him, which my aunts had preserved, came into my hands, I knew of him no more than the name. But now I know how deep the feeling was which was hidden under that reserve. Of my Uncle Thomas my Grandmother wrote, soon after his death, that he had furnished a bright example to old and young; and my Father named after him my next brother, whom he lost when a young child,—a loss acutely felt. Then the cherished recollection of the elder brother, lost twenty-three years before, broke out in a letter, which I reserve for its own place. On the occasion of my Uncle Edward's death, my Grandmother wrote to her brother, Francis Horsley (then about to return from India), a letter entitled to a place here, both for Edward's sake and for her own.

> I do not know whether you will have heard of the affliction which it has pleased God to visit us with, in the loss of my beloved son Edward.
>
> Failings, I suppose, he had; for human nature cannot be without; but in contemplating and studying his disposition and character, I could see nothing that ought to give me anxiety, but everything to satisfy and gratify me. In his profession he was a diligent and good officer, and all who served under him or with him spoke in his praise. His person was good, wanting little, if anything, in height of six feet; and having lived much with the army during the three years he was in Egypt, he was very upright, and had the carriage of a land officer more than that of the sea. Such was my beloved Edward—greatly beloved he was by all the family. He was exposed to greater perils and therefore excited a greater interest. We did not see much of him; and, when he did come, it was a gala day to us all. His virtues, and the five-and-twenty years of pleasure I had in him, will ever live in my memory; and, while I bow myself to the will of the Almighty, I pray that His mercy may pardon the grief I have been unable to control, and assist my endeavours to use this His chastisement for the purpose for which He graciously intends it, that of my humiliation and improvement. I had often contemplated the probability, considering the warfare we are engaged in and the perils to which his profession exposed him, that I might outlive him; but I was wholly unprepared for the disastrous circumstances which took place. But he submitted himself with fortitude and resignation, I hope; and I will also hope and believe that the

trials which it pleased God to lay upon the last days of his life may have expiated faults (if any he had, unrepented of), and that his final happiness is assured by the blood of his and our Redeemer. My dear brother, your heart, I know, sympathises in my grief; it will also partake of those sources of comfort which I have. I can say with the Psalmist, "Thou, O God, in judgment hast remembered mercy." The affectionate proofs of regard and attention I have at all times experienced from my children have been ever felt as a blessing above price; but perhaps I should never have felt to what extent they valued my comfort but for this loss. It is impossible to describe how solicitous they have been to give me marks of their affection, and by participating to soothe my grief. They have done everything that most affectionate and feeling hearts could dictate. I should be wholly unworthy of such children, if I did not acknowledge it by my endeavours to recover my former tranquillity. To this end, I do not permit myself to talk of him; and, to do away the pretext for gratifying myself in this particular, by entering upon the subject when we meet, I have said thus much to make you acquainted with his worth and my loss; and will not, my dear brother, damp the joy of your arrival by a repetition of my sorrow.

My Grandmother's surviving children, as she said, did their best to comfort her, standing themselves in no less need of consolation, as letters which they wrote to each other remain to show. My Aunt Elizabeth, in particular, who had a strong mind, and considerable talents highly cultivated, as well as the ambition to make good use of them, but who from an accident in her childhood was lame, found the burden almost more than she could bear. My Uncle Edward had been always most tender in his affection and attention to her, and to her my Father wrote on 31st March 1807:—

We know most surely, that to such as hold the faith of

Christ and have been baptized, death is not death. Neither let us in any case harbour a doubt of the particular worthiness of an individual, much less in such a case as this. It would be the baseness of ingratitude, and argue indeed but the weakness of our own faith. Shall we, who are so sensible of the Divine goodness towards ourselves, doubt that it has been equally energetic towards another? And him, probably, one from the humility and constancy of his mind infinitely more deserving, and who, perhaps, had profited, under that portion which was given him, infinitely more than we have under ours,—it may be a like, or smaller, or greater portion of Divine grace, according to our necessities. We can entertain no such doubt. We and our dear brother will assuredly meet again; we shall meet in joy, God knows how soon.

The Grecian Archipelago has often been the sepulchre of the brave; a sea famous of old for the dangers of its navigation, and for the courage and conduct of those who were accustomed to sail on it.

He described the scene of the wreck, according to the information down to that time received, and continued :—

Neither was their end inglorious or without honour; for they were doing their duty in their country's service, when it pleased God to stop them in their course, and shorten their voyage of life. Here our dear Edward died, and with him the greater part of his brave crew. These men, my Bessie, had their friends,—their parents, brethren, sisters perhaps, and children; and perhaps, also few of them have so many remaining comforts of life as it has pleased God still to bless us with,—not always sufficiently mindful of Him. His will, His will, be done. We acknowledge His mercy and His goodness, without doubt, in every dispensation; and we pray that He will in like manner crown all His blessings to us also at the last; that, doing His will in what we do for the present, and suffering patiently and thankfully what we suffer, when the day of our departure comes it may find us ready and our work finished,—and all this for our Lord's sake.

I find this entry in my Aunt Elizabeth's diary, made on her brother Edward's birthday thirty-seven years afterwards, when she was herself seventy years old :—

> What are the feelings with which I now regard an event so harrowing at the time it occurred ? For many a year the pain was too vividly felt, nor is it very long since the least circumstance that recalled it brought with it an unutterable pang. Even now I retrace the days of youth with a mixture of joy and sorrow. I see his buoyant spirits, sweetness of temper, bold bearing, cheerful happy countenance; that love and kindness bestowed upon a suffering sister often leading him to forgo the active lively sports of childhood. The early promise was confirmed in manhood. Of an ardent character, and cool determined courage, he chose the profession of the Navy, of which he became enthusiastically fond. After fourteen years of nearly incessant service, in the Mediterranean and Egypt, and cruising in the Channel, he fell in the discharge of duty at the age of twenty-six. What satisfaction would all this afford, without the hope that qualities so bright and fair were based upon the only true vital principle, Christian faith and practice ? Relying upon that hope, I no longer mourn over days that are gone, which now, under different circumstances, must have been drawing to a close.

What my Father himself felt appears incidentally in a letter to my brother William, written in 1836 :—

> I have been exceedingly moved of late by reading the article in the *Quarterly* on the life of Lord Exmouth—surely a most glorious and happy man through life. His day is over, and he is now on a level with his brother, who fell in action at the age of eighteen years. I know not why I should have found so moving an interest in his character, unless it be that he was a seaman, and had passed with glory and unvarying success through all the perils of his profession in the course of a long life. I remember my Mother felt a similar interest in his character while living, and I thought her spirit had a delight in contemplating what her son, my brother, might have been, had it pleased God.

CHAPTER III

MY FATHER

1778–1818

Of my Father himself it is now time to speak. He was born on the 5th February 1778. On leaving Charterhouse he was for some time a pupil of Mr. Jones of Nayland, an excellent clergyman; and, in 1796, went to Oxford, where he was a Commoner of Brasenose. There (through the introduction of his schoolfellow and friend Richard Henry Roundell, my Mother's eldest brother, who was at Magdalen) he became intimate with the Hebers—Richard, afterwards member of Parliament for the University, and his more celebrated brother Reginald, Bishop of Calcutta, who came into residence there about the time when my Father took his bachelor's degree. The house and estate of Gledstone, in Yorkshire, where Richard Roundell's father lived, were in the same parish with an estate and manor-house belonging to the Heber family, which, after the deaths of Richard and Reginald Heber, were sold and added to the Gledstone property. The friendship between the Roundells and

Hebers was of old date, and my Father, as Richard Roundell's friend, was admitted to share in it. Between him and Reginald Heber it gained strength, when they met, after their Oxford days, at St. Asaph, where they were both intimate with the family of Dean Shipley, one of whose daughters Reginald Heber married.

There were no honour examinations at Oxford in those days, and I have no reason to suppose that my Father was distinguished above other young men of literary taste and good conduct and character, or that he received from his college any strong intellectual impulse. As a youth, he shared with his brothers a taste for field sports, and rode sometimes to the hounds; but he gave up those pursuits after he took orders, and shooting, as a sport, became repugnant to him, though he did not condemn it in others, or prevent his own sons from moderately using such opportunities as he thought proper of indulging the natural inclination for it in their youth. He was a genial and popular member of the University society in which he lived, and one whose influence must have always been on the side of what was manly and right. Of his early letters not many have been preserved; but they show, from the beginning, strength and warmth of affection, and a thoughtfulness and ripeness of judgment uncommon at that time of life.

He was ordained deacon in 1801, and priest on the 20th of February 1802; and in the same year (1802) was presented by his uncle, then Bishop of Rochester, to the Rectory of Mixbury, which he retained till a

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short time before his death. The Rectory house was in a ruinous state, and he had to build a new one. While this was doing, and during the remaining four years of Bishop Horsley's life (who died on the 4th October 1806), he was his uncle's chaplain, and most of his time was spent at St. Asaph.

He was partial to Wales, and made many friends there. After the Bishop's death, he came to reside at Mixbury, between which and another parish, to which his father presented him (Beachampton, near Stony Stratford), he divided his time, with the necessary assistance. The law then permitted two such benefices (they were about twelve miles apart) to be held together; but finding, after the experience of a few years, that the best arrangements which he could make were unsatisfactory, he in 1814 exchanged Beachampton for Finmere, a parish immediately contiguous to Mixbury, the villages and churches being not more than two miles apart from each other. Neither parish was very well endowed; Finmere had, in that respect, the advantage. With the assistance at all times of a good curate, both parishes were easily worked together; my Father, though he lived at Mixbury, constantly visited Finmere, actively superintending all that was done there, and taking part in the services of Finmere church.

The letters of this period of his life show how his character grew. That to his sister Elizabeth at the time of Edward's death has already been referred to; in the same spirit, he wrote to my Aunt Mary in the following year, 1808 :—

I think we are a little too silent, perhaps we are not warm enough at heart for the blessings we receive, and think too much upon our crosses. . . . It is not by fondly hanging on the past that we shall steel our minds against the sufferings of the future; we shall not so fortify ourselves against the day of our proper affliction and distress. But by living while we may, by thankfully using and enjoying the blessings showered down upon us, by increasing the comforts of those with whom we live, by doing good to the poor, and by mastering our own selves; by resignation as to the ills of life, with a confident and consoling hope as to the fixed events of things,—may we hope so to prepare our minds as, though they be not steeled, yet that they may be strengthened to bear without danger that wherewith they shall be tried.

Then, passing to public matters, he said :—

As to my politics, of which you inquire, I think the opposition of the Spanish nation to the tyrant is as glorious as it was unexpected. Their cause and ours is properly one ;—I would Ministers would send us all to Spain, if we be wanted there. I join with you in wishing that success may attend our friends: but I tremble not at the loss they will probably sustain in the warfare; neither do you tremble, nor think of it. Why forestall evils which may never happen, and which when they do (if they do), will not be the lighter, because we have forestalled them? Do what is right: do it boldly: and never fear the event, though it be unfortunate.

The following written by him to my Aunt Elizabeth in June 1814, after the visit of the allied sovereigns to Oxford, is interesting for the subject and for the manner in which it is described :—

If you have caught anything of the imperial and royal fever which is so general in the metropolis, I suppose you must feel a little of the languor which that disorder usually leaves behind it, and which will be so heavy upon the spirits of the world after the departure of our royal guests. We, who returned on Wednesday from Oxford, have been infected in this way too.

We went there on Monday, and saw all the great personages, and all the pomp, to the utmost perfection. Four times did the Prince Regent, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, with their respective attendants, pass within the reach of the hand before us; and for two hours did we gaze upon them amidst all the pomp and applause of the theatre. The pomp was indeed most splendid; the applause tremendous. Nothing could exceed the manifest satisfaction of the Prince and the Emperor. They did not smile, they laughed,—they did not bow, they almost embraced the orators, the audience, and each other. Exultation was at its height: neither was it lost upon the King of Prussia who was yet less visibly moved; whether past misfortunes or present cares pressed upon his mind, or humility before God made him reject the praise of men, to the increase of his future glory. The crowned heads condescended to accept diplomas, degrees of Doctors of Law; an honour which was likewise conferred upon the Duke of Wellington, though absent. Prince Metternich, Count Lieven, and Blucher received common honorary degrees. The Prince Regent and Emperor, and the King, all wore a Doctor of Law's gown. Besides these, there were present the Duchess of Oldenburg, the Prussian Princes, the Prince of Orange, the Dukes of York and Clarence, the Duke of Devonshire, and a considerable number of the nobility. They dined in public in the Radcliffe Library. . . . On Tuesday night the city was illuminated, with excellent effect, far surpassing the illuminations in London, though not exhibiting any of those grand displays which appear here and there in the metropolis. The evening was perfectly calm, and candles innumerable were stuck on the outside of the buildings, which were diversified by the variety of the architecture, and broken by occasional displays of lamps and transparencies. The curve of the High Street, showing all at once, rendered the effect unique. Richard Roundell was so pleased with the pomp of Oxford upon this occasion, that he said he would willingly have come from Edinburgh to have seen it.

Mr. Francis Horsley had returned from India in 1807; and, after residing for some time at Little Hallingbury in Essex, parted with his house there, in a state of health, accompanied by mental depression, which for a time caused anxiety to his family. My Father supported his uncle under this trouble by sympathy and counsel which greatly contributed to the recovery of his peace of mind. He wrote to him on the 14th October 1814:—

> I am very sure that no one knows the nature of that disorder, or can estimate the sense of evil it induces, except such as have themselves endured it; and yet I believe I have no inadequate sense either of one or of the other. For the time we are deprived of every joyous influence, of every enlivening consolation, as though we had been altogether deserted of that Blessed Spirit, in whom alone "we live and move and have our being." We are sensible only of the misery of an alienated state, and consider ourselves as reprobate from God. In this condition the mind dwells upon such particulars of personal misconduct (whether they belonged to infirmity, negligence, or vice) as conscience principally suggests, and considers all as equally unpardonable,—as, indeed, all transgression equally is, without the covenant of the Redeemer. But from that covenant we feel as though we ourselves have been excluded, as if it were the actual state of condemnation. Certainly this is the utmost human nature can endure here,—perhaps hereafter either; and certainly, it is no more than all of us have fully merited. But, methinks, from this we are assuredly preserved, by Him who suffered all that we deserved. If upon the Cross, as man, He endured the extremity of this very evil (witness the passionate exclamation, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"), is it wonderful that we should be made to feel—the children of grace—somewhat of the same? And if God at any time inflicts this, it is no more to be concluded that the individuals who suffer are outcasts from His mercy, than that His eternal purpose of redemption was forgotten when the Messiah suffered. I am entirely persuaded, therefore, that this affliction is to be considered as one of those temporal visitations with which they who are most exercised are by the Scriptures pronounced blessed: and the suggestions and evil impulses which, by

occasion of the time, are then most numerous, and which seem to carry us forcibly away, are as a fiery trial upon faith, to the endurance of which, by God's grace, the most effectual motive must be a just appreciation of their nature. If, by His mercy, I have at this time been made the instrument of conveying an idea of the truth to my dear uncle's mind, or if I have assisted to confirm it only in what it did indeed before discern, perhaps I may have done something towards disarming the future recurrence of this disorder of its more dangerous and intolerable part; perhaps I may have done more,—I may have procured a blessing on myself. But I pray God, I humbly and earnestly pray, if indeed I am so happy, that this disorder may never recur, and that my dear uncle may pass the remainder of his days in peace. Our lives are not without a beneficial influence on those around us, if we fear God, even when we seem most inert. Some men have no talents for action, and some men have no opportunity; but all have opportunities of exercising patience, and all men who believe may achieve that no small labour if they will. Certainly we shall do wisely to lighten our labours by such useful employment, or such rational diversion of the time, as the providence of God has appointed for that very end.

Once more, on the 12th of February 1815 :—

One thing above all others, it behoves us on such grievous occasions to notice—namely, that truth compels us to reject the suggestions of despair which the present sense of mental suffering gives occasion to, however strongly they may affect us, and that we should manfully, and I may say *violently*, put down every temptation that may thence arise.

May we, at least, live for others, if not for ourselves; and we are of more consequence to others, our minutest habits and most trivial actions are of more consequence to the peace and welfare of others, than we frequently are aware of. Much more the great example of fortitude, patience, and resolute forbearance under the severest of ills, that we may set. They also who are thus affected by our conduct have themselves to suffer; then let them learn of us, as we of Him who died for us and all.

His uncle was strengthened, and replied to these letters in a manner which relieved my Father's mind:—

> I will always, therefore (he wrote), hope even against hope, as it is said of the Syrophœnician. I will be of the number of those who are also said to take the kingdom of God by force. So may my Lord accept me! So may He support and succour you and me in the day of our distress!

Not to his uncle only, but to his Father, he was called upon to undertake the part of a physician of the soul. How he did it a letter written on the 22nd of February 1818 shows:—

> With respect to the evils of the present time, the want of satisfaction, the partial doubt, the occasional anguish of mind you now experience, it is a thing rather to be borne than to be cured; for to yourself it is intended for a trial, a remedy, a reproof,—as such to be humbly accepted: to us, whom you love, for a lesson and admonition, and on that account the more willingly suffered. Nor think of it at all as mere evil, fruitless and ineffectual of good; for assuredly it shall answer its end, in either case. You by it shall be preserved; we shall be enlightened and improved.
>
> You say, that you have not been accustomed, in times past, to pay that attention to religious subjects (let us call them at once by their right name, the things of God), which you conceive now they justly deserved. Be it so; this explains my meaning, when I say, the present admits not of cure, otherwise than in the bearing. The evil, in age, cannot be removed (because the cause has wrought its effect), otherwise than as, by God's grace, it may become itself a means of cure. For now you are sensible of your error, and know the great value of that, which you say of yourself you have hitherto too much neglected. It is sufficient; for, by God's mercy, the mind that sees its mistake, and the heart that can confess it, shall always find favour and acceptance with Him, through Christ. . . . But then you say, your notions of the Saviour have been vague and incorrect; you have not

known Him as a sacrifice for sin, or as the accepted Mediator between God and man. What is this, but another consequence of the same cause? But now at least you know Him; be bold, then, to acknowledge it to yourself. For he that is sensible that he has ill known a thing in time past gives proof, at least, that he is desirous of acknowledging its truth now. And this, too, is the effect of the present privation and distress. Blessed indeed is the hand that thus chastens us. Blessed is the very evil, which brings us acquainted with its cause in time. Let us accept it with all humility in the spirit. Let us bear it cheerfully with all patience in the body. And God, who now visits us, shall yet show us His favour in the end. You may use me (if you so please, and in what I may seem worthy) as a minister of Christ. If it were more the fashion to use a minister sometimes, as such, none (I think) would be the worse, but many would be much the better for it. Many sick persons perish, not for want of a physician, but because they have no opinion of his skill. No matter where the fault lies; the mischief is plain. For my dear Father, I am his son and servant; and my services, in any shape that can be useful to him, he has a right to command.

Dorothea Richardson Palmer.
(1811)
from a picture by William Owen, R. A.

CHAPTER IV

MY MOTHER—GLEDSTONE—MIXBURY—FINMERE

1810–1823

I HAVE departed from the order of time, to bring together these memorials of a part of my Father's life, which preceded my birth, or was beyond my recollection. He married my Mother, Dorothea Richardson Roundell, the youngest sister of his school and college friend, Richard Roundell, on the 10th September 1810. She was then nearly eighteen; he was thirty-two years old. She was one of a large family, seven sons and three daughters. Her father, William Roundell, a clergyman, had, on the death of an elder brother, succeeded to a considerable estate, situate chiefly at Marton in Craven, a district of rich upland limestone pastures and interesting scenery, on the borders of Lancashire and Westmoreland, including the upper valleys of the Ribble, the Aire, and the Wharfe. The nearest town to Marton is Skipton; Bolton Abbey, and the fine rock scenery of Malham Cove and Gordale, of Peny-y-gent and Ingleborough, are within easy distance from it. The Roundell family had been settled for more than four centuries in the West Riding of Yorkshire, of which Craven forms part; their title-deeds to some land at Screven, near Knaresborough, going back to the year 1425.

Gledstone, my Grandfather's house, was built for his brother by a popular architect of that day, in a plain Italian style, in the parish of East Marton. The situation was happily chosen, a wooded eminence, looking down upon a rapidly-descending slope interspersed with clumps of trees, dotted with picturesque old hawthorns, and surrounded by a circle of blue hills; the moors near Colne to the east; Pendle Hill over Clitheroe to the south; Ingleborough westward; and to the north Rumbold's moor above Skipton, and the Rylstone Fells.

My brother William was born at Mixbury on the 12th July 1811, and I on the 27th November 1812. Two brothers followed, Thomas, and Henry Roundell, then two sisters, Mary Richardson and Eleanor; afterwards two more brothers, George Horsley, born in 1822, and Edwin, in 1824; and three sisters, Emma, Dorothea, and Emily Frances.

I recollect but little of my Gledstone Grandparents, though more than one visit was paid to them during my infancy. The impressions which remain with me are, that they were very old and kind; that I and my brother William were more mischievous than we ought to have been; and that my Uncle Richard (then practically master of the house) was a strict disciplinarian. The journey of 180 miles from Mixbury was performed in post-chaises, and took three days. Sometimes we went by way of Manchester, sometimes by Leeds. On the last of those occasions, when I must have been about six years old, I had an adventure at Warwick, and was nearly left behind. There was a kennelled fox in the inn-yard, off which I could not take my eyes, having never seen a fox before. Our party was a good post-chaise full, and we were duly mustered at the moment fixed for our departure; but I contrived to slip out again, to take a last look at the fox. In the meantime the carriage came to the door, parents, brothers, and nurses were packed into it, and it drove away down the hill. The hostler, discovering me in the court-yard, ran after it, carrying me in his arms, and shouting "Stop, stop! you have left a little boy behind!" I never forgot the sensation with which I saw my Father put his head out of the window, and heard him deny the fact, and order the postillion to drive on. The evidence, however, was conclusive; and after a little time the chaise stopped, and I was packed in with the rest. How my parents settled between themselves the responsibility for this oversight I do not recollect; but the fault was my own, and I never played the truant during such a journey again. The story has interested my children and grandchildren, and I record it for the benefit of little people of future generations.

My Grandmother, Mrs. Roundell, died in 1819, and her husband in 1821.

She bequeathed to her descendants the following table of rules drawn up by her Father for her edification on entering into society, two years before her marriage to William Roundell. It is labelled

31st May 1773—DIRECTIONS FOR MOLLY WHILST ABROAD.

1. Read a Chapter in the Bible every Morning early.
2. Then say your Prayers.
3. Apply yourself to something of Busyness.
4. Set down every Night what You saw or heard remarkable that Day.
5. Say Your Prayers; beginning and ending every Day with Applications to Almighty God.
6. Improve Your playing on the Harpsichord and Singing.
7. Set down the Dishes in order at every great Dinner or Supper, and get a Receipt for every pretty Dish and learn how to make it.
8. Take great Notice of any fine House, Furniture, or Gardens, and put it into writing that Night.
9. Observe Every one's Carriage and Behaviour, and imitate what is commendable and avoid what is not.
10. Set Yourself to be obliging to Every-one Your Equal.
11. Be not too familiar with any Servant, nor with any Man You think not fit for Your Husband; but keep such at a due Distance.
12. Strive to be Virtuous, Good, Discreet, and Wise, and avoid Sin, Folly, and Idleness.
13. Consider well what Company You are in, and take care that You say not anything to disoblige them, or any of their Relations or Friends.
14. Say nothing before Servants that may make them uneasy in their Place.

31*st May* 1773.

Recommended by H$^{ry.}$ Richardson to his daughter Mary whilst abroad.

Mary Richardson belonged to a family which in the middle of the eighteenth century produced a noted English botanist, a correspondent of Linnæus and of other great naturalists of that day. My Grandmother's sister, Dorothy Richardson, who lived at Gargrave, near Gledstone, inherited the garden of her scientific relative; the beauty and rarity of its flowers even then made an impression on me. My aunt Mary Anne Roundell (a good artist, and in later years a favourite pupil of De Wint) learnt from Dorothy Richardson a taste for botany, and particularly for English wild-flowers, with which she indoctrinated me. The neighbourhood of Gledstone was rich in them: the beautiful rose-coloured Primula (*farinosa*) was frequent in its meadows; Greek Valerian (*Polemonium cœruleum*) then grew (and I believe still grows) together with the bloody Crane's-bill and Mossy Saxifrage (*Geranium sanguineum, Saxifraga hypnoides*), and other rare plants, beneath the rocks of Malham Cove; the Lady's Slipper (*Cypripedium Calceolus*) was found in the mountain copses of Craven, and the cream-coloured variety of the Giant Throatwort (*Campanula latifolia*), a plant fit to be ranked for stateliness and beauty with the Foxglove, was common in the lanes and hedgebanks close to Gledstone. My acquaintance with these botanical treasures cannot be carried so far back as early infancy, but they enter too much into my memories of Gledstone to be left out of sight when I recall the associations of that place.

The only other near relative of the Roundell family, beyond their immediate circle, whom I ever knew was Miss Richardson Currer, my Grandmother's niece, who lived at Eshton Hall, in the same parish with

Dorothy Richardson. She had succeeded (not without a lawsuit, recorded in the law reports of Lord Thurlow's time) to estates of large value, inherited by her father from the Currer family of Kildwick, whose name he assumed and which, if an entail had been cut off, as was contemplated in certain family settlements, would have gone to the Gledstone line. She was a generous and accomplished lady, and formed a splendid library, hardly inferior to that of Mr. Richard Heber, a friend of her youth, whom she was at one time thought likely to have married. From her, my parents received substantial kindness, for which I hold her memory in grateful esteem.

Among my Roundell uncles, Henry Dawson, the third living at the time of my Father's marriage, was a clergyman, a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford; who, not long afterwards, was presented by Lord Chancellor Eldon to the Rectory of Fringford, within four miles of Mixbury. This was the source of constant and most happy intercourse between the two parsonages, which lasted till my uncle's death in 1852. He and my Father agreed in religion and in politics, and, having friends still resident at the University, they helped each other to keep up a connection with Oxford. My uncle's heart was in his duties; he was a genial, high-spirited, high-principled man, universally popular. To complete his own and his friends' happiness, he married a wife of rare endowments of person, mind, and character; Elizabeth Garforth, daughter of a mill-owner at Coniston, not far from Gledstone. Through her, the ladies of the Marshall family, well known at Leeds and in the Lake Country (of whom one was afterwards Lady Monteagle, and another Mrs. Whewell), became frequent visitors at Fringford; which led to my receiving kindness from that family when I first went to live in London.

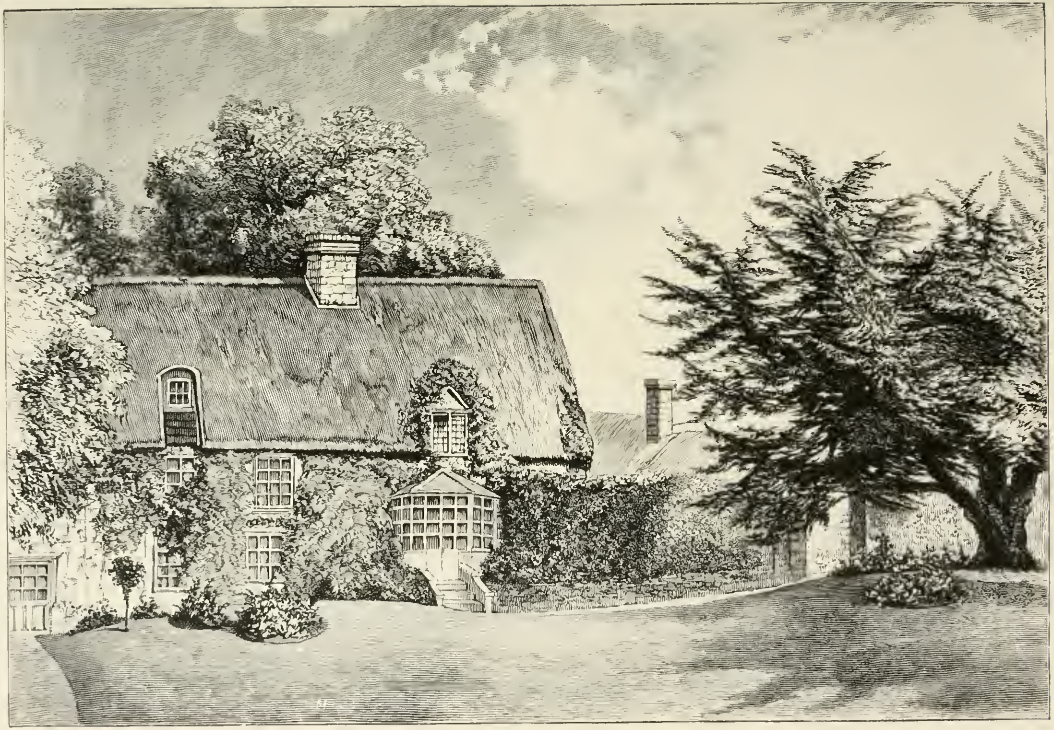
When my Mother left her home for Mixbury, the change to her must have been great; Gledstone and its surroundings had been the whole of her world. Her disposition was warm and affectionate, and her natural abilities excellent; but she had been brought up on a rather old-fashioned system; and the atmosphere of Gledstone, as to literature (though not as to art), was then less intellectual than that of Nazing.

To those who had not learnt to love it, there could be little attraction in Mixbury. It was a stone-built village of thatched cottages, forming one street, with a lane or two turning downwards to a small rivulet, within half a mile of the turnpike road between Banbury and Buckingham; the nearest market town being Brackley, about three miles off. The parish was wholly agricultural, the women making lace. It lies at the extreme north-east angle of the high and bleak table-land of Oxfordshire, where that county and Northamptonshire and Buckinghamshire meet—a country generally flat and uninteresting. It had been enclosed, less than a century before my Father came to it, from open wastes; the soil a coarse marly limestone, with little wood except hedgerow timber; no water, except the small rivulet just mentioned, which, at about a mile's distance from the village, falls into the infant stream of the Bedfordshire and Lincolnshire Ouse, there constituting the parish and county boundary—itself a little brook, over which a man, or certainly a good horse, might in many places leap. The property in the parish was divided between two proprietors; one of whom lived about three miles off, the other (to whom the whole village belonged) in a distant county, never visiting the place, or doing anything for the people. There was no resident gentleman, except my Father. It had not always been so. Hard by the church, there once stood, on a site called "Beaumont," a large Norman fortress, probably of the Conqueror's time, and built by the Lords of Ivery, who were also, no doubt, founders of the church. Of the castle itself, not a stone remains; but the ground-plan of the fosse, tilting-ground, and keep, remained (as they still remain) extremely perfect. In later times, the lords of the manor resided in a house by the brook-side, called Fulwell; the last who inhabited it was Benjamin Bathurst, father of Bishop Bathurst of Norwich, and cousin to the Lord Chancellor of that name. His descendants had sold their Mixbury property before my Father's time; and the old manor-house, like so many others, went down in the world, and was turned into a farmer's homestead.

My Father's predecessor at Mixbury was an eccentric man, named Alt, son, I believe, of a German, who came from Hanover with King George the First. The people had many superstitions about him, and thought that his ghost haunted the place. The house which he inhabited had gone. That which replaced it was four-square, with a low line of offices dividing the garden from the stables and farmyard; built of the common limestone of the country, quarried on the spot, and covered with blue Welsh slate. It was good enough inside; but had been designed with an absolute disregard for architectural effect. The church, and the churchyard, were close by to the north. The church, partly Norman, partly in the simple decorated style of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, was good in itself, but had suffered from many generations of churchwardens; and, although in some respects improved by my Father in his earlier years, it did not undergo a complete restoration and renovation till towards the close of his incumbency, in 1849-1851; when he accomplished a work which he had long desired. In front of the house, to the west, a wall masked by a bank of laurels divided the gravelled entrance from the village street, with a row of stately elms behind it, inhabited by a colony of rooks. The garden lay to the south and east; a long oval walk ran round a grass paddock, partly bordered by flower-beds, and partly carried through shrubberies and small groups of trees planted by my father—one of which clumps screened off the kitchen-garden. Such was Mixbury in my childhood. There was then no school of the modern sort; my Father built one, long afterwards. The boys and girls of the parish were taught partly by the parish-clerk in a cottage, and partly by my

Father and Mother, wherever they found it most convenient.

To Finmere, a pleasant footpath led across the fields. That village lay chiefly in a dip between rising ground on both sides; the church, smaller than and architecturally inferior to that of Mixbury, standing at the highest point, at the north-east end. The Rectory house, a picturesque rambling thatched cottage, nestled below the church, on the slope from the east to the main street. Finmere had been much better cared for than Mixbury. It was not far from Stowe, the lords of which were at that time patrons of the church, and owners of nearly all the land in the parish. They were desirous that the benefices in their gift should be held by men of education and good social position as well as character. Some of those whom they presented to Finmere had been tutors in their own family: one, William Cleaver, became Principal of Brasenose, and afterwards a Bishop; and my Father's predecessor there, with whom he exchanged from Beachampton, was Sir George Lee, then owner of Hartwell House, in which Louis XVIII. resided during his exile in England. When the pleasure-grounds of Stowe were laid out by "Capability" Brown, he was instructed also to try his hand at making as much as was possible of the garden attached to Finmere Rectory, and he did so to admiration. The house, standing at the foot of a slope of green turf, looked out upon cedars, spruce firs, groups of other well-chosen trees and shrubs, and pretty flower-beds; all so disposed, as to produce the



Emily F. Palmer del

FINMERE RECTORY

effect of a long perspective, and of considerable space where there was really little; altogether pleasant to the eye. The place is now changed; the thatched cottage has disappeared; the new Rectory is, doubtless, more convenient; it stands higher, so as to overlook more of the surrounding country, and is not so close to the village; but, to my eyes at all events, the old charm is gone.

CHAPTER V

MY FATHER AND HIS PEOPLE—CHILDHOOD AT MIXBURY MY BROTHER TOM'S DEATH IN 1823

I RECKON it as one of the felicities of my life that I was enabled during my childhood and boyhood to acquire some knowledge of, and a strong interest in, the English agricultural poor; and to see what a centre of love, of practical wisdom, and of help in every kind of need, a good conscientious parish clergyman may be. I will try here to give some account of what my Father was as a parish clergyman, in those things which I could myself observe and understand. Much of his pastoral work, as a spiritual counsellor, was of course known only to himself and the souls to whom he ministered; but even of this, some conception may be formed from the manner in which (as has been already seen) he performed the same office for members of his own family.

So far as relates to the services of the church, he was always in advance of his time, as well in rubrical strictness (as he had learned, under the guidance of Bishop Horsley, to understand the rubrics) as in the reverence with which the duties of his office were performed. I do not think that the Holy Communion was ever celebrated in his churches less often than monthly, or that he ever omitted to baptize and catechise publicly during the afternoon service in the church. When the desire arose for more frequent Services and Communions, he was prompt in meeting it. His preaching was thoughtful, but not ambitious; explaining Scripture and inculcating practical duties in an uncontroversial way. He relied more on the direct power of the Divine word, than upon his own way of presenting it. From his reading of the Scriptures in church (I may mention particularly such chapters as those about the deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt, the histories of Joseph, Jonathan, David, Absalom, Elijah, and Elisha—many parts of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Daniel—the parables of the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son) I myself learnt more, and so must his hearers generally, than from many sermons. There was no thought of self; no aim at display. The combination of dignity and reverence in his reading—the way in which his hearers were enabled to realise what he read—were such as I have rarely known in any one else.

If I were to disparage that part of a clergyman's duty which is performed in church, I should not be following my Father's precepts or his example. But a parish priest, if he realises the full nature of the pastoral duty and office, is not likely to place anything, in point of importance, above his personal relations with the individual men, women, and children committed to his charge. I have heard some people speak as if the care of a few hundred souls were insufficient employment for the zeal and energy of a clergyman of mark. My Father did not think so. There was no position in the church which he could not (in my belief) have worthily filled, which he might not have ennobled and adorned. But what God had charged him with was the care of those five or six hundred poor people at Mixbury and Finmere, for whom there was no one else to care, among whom there was no praise to be won, no distinction to be attained, no ambition to be gratified. He was content with this, and sought for nothing more. These people he loved and willingly served, wisely also and discreetly, as a spiritual father and friend, who understood them, and was able to speak to them in a way which they could understand. There was not one, young or old, whom he did not personally know, or whose character and conduct he did not observe and study. He was not demonstrative, nor a man of many words; he kept his feelings, which were naturally warm and strong, quite under command. He knew what times were convenient, what were opportunities to be used, what manner of address would be acceptable and likely to make an impression. He watched over those who were in sickness, trouble, or any other need. He understood enough of medicine, and had sufficient store of drugs always at hand, to help them much in that way. He had always a kind and wholesome word, and an open hand, for those who wanted it. His temporal charities, distributed with discrimination and judgment, were so liberal, as to make churlish minds suppose that he must have been entrusted with funds especially devoted to that purpose.[1] His interest in individuals was not capricious or transitory, but patient and persevering. It was long before he despaired (if he ever did despair) even of those who went astray. And he had his reward in the effects of his ministry. There was not in his time a public-house in Mixbury. Nor was there in either parish any congregation of Nonconformists, though the villages were sometimes visited by itinerant preachers, and there were always some to whom that style of preaching was attractive. In other respects, the conduct and reputation of his parishioners bore favourable comparison with most of their neighbours. To the weak and the old, as long as they could work at all, he gave employment suitable to their strength, rather than alms; taking advantage, for this purpose, of his garden and glebe land. He respected them, and wished them to respect themselves. A farmer fell into the habits of intemperance, and was ruined; my Father reclaimed him, took him into his own service, comforted him in severe affliction, and was enabled to keep him straight to the end. A clever artificer was in a like case, and died; my Father so dealt with the family, that the children became examples of industry and good conduct, and rose in the world. These are but instances of the good done to many individuals by his discernment of character and constancy in kindness.

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[1] My Grandfather and Uncle held the living of Mixbury for over eighty years between them. The net income was £105 (in lieu of tithe) and sixty acres of glebe. After my Uncle left, during the incumbency of one of his successors, some of the benefits to which the parishioners had so long been accustomed were unavoidably discontinued. This caused, not unnaturally, considerable discontent, and an inquiry into the parochial accounts was demanded and, unfortunately, refused. A serious disturbance was the result, owing to the belief of the Mixbury people that they were being defrauded of bequests; and it was with difficulty that they were persuaded by my Father and Uncle that all they had formerly received had been from their rectors' private purse.

In the course of the arbitration, the source of the idea was traced to a tradition well known in the village, but never before known to any of the Palmer family. In the words of one of the villagers, "It were to Madam Bathurst's burying, I've heard grandfather tell it times. Madam Bathurst were the last of they Bathurstses, and the coaches and horses, and feathers and mourners was enough to make a stir in London, let alone Mixbury. There was folk who grudged the dead then as now, and some on them went on about the poor who was living, a-wanting the money more nor the rich dead. There was a pull up by the stocks as was standing in my time, not far from the church, to let the crowd settle. One of they as heard this grumblement, called out like a trumpet, 'Cease your complainings, and show respect to your betters, corpses or walking; and for the matter of that, Madam has remembered you all, and your children after you, till Kingdom Come.'"

The date in the register of Madam Bathurst's funeral is October 24, 1796, ninety years before the dispute referred to. She left no bequest whatever.—S. M. P.

He felt strongly the evils attendant on the bad administration of the old Poor Law, and did all he could to mitigate them; but when that law was reformed, although greatly preferring the new system to the old, he thought the conditions on which relief was granted to the aged and infirm unnecessarily severe. The condition of the industrious agricultural poor was then far more depressed than it is now; the rate of wages was much lower, all necessaries of life dearer, and many comforts which they now enjoy were unknown. My Father encouraged and assisted a considerable number of his parishioners, whom he thought likely to do well in a new country, to emigrate to Canada and Tasmania, inquiring personally into the arrangements for their voyages, seeing and corresponding with the ship-owners and agents, and sometimes accompanying the emigrants themselves on board ship. Many of those emigrants prospered, and have left descendants who prosper still.[1] When they were gone, it was not with my Father, "Out of sight, out of mind"; he kept up a correspondence with most of them, and with some for years, following them still with his pastoral care and wise counsels, and finding out colonial clergymen and others to whom he recommended them for such good offices as he was no longer able to perform towards them himself, and not unfrequently sending out presents to them from this country.

In other relations of life he was the same man.

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[1] More than once in after years, sons and grandsons of these emigrants came to see my Father, and one, I remember, came immediately on his arrival in London, and said, "I gave my father my word, if ever I visited England, I would first find his old master's sons and thank them for all we owe him." After my Father's death in May 1895, letters came from Canada, Australia, and Tasmania, showing that the memory of the Palmers of Mixbury Rectory was still cherished in the homes of the writers.—S. M. P.

By nature and inclination social and hospitable, he regarded prudence in the management of his means as essential to the performance of his duty. He kept, therefore, regular accounts and a strict watch over his expenditure, retaining the Mixbury glebe of about sixty acres in his own hands, and making it help out his housekeeping. He avoided all extravagance, and incurred no debts, living plainly and simply; keeping up old friendships, but seldom making new; entering into the society of a small circle of the neighbouring clergy and country gentlemen within distances of three or four miles from Mixbury, but not so much or so often as to interfere at any time with his proper duties.

He was a county magistrate. In those days the general (and, on the whole, advantageous) rule against placing beneficed clergymen on the bench did not exist; and it would hardly have been so well for Mixbury and its immediate neighbourhood if there had not been some magistrates who had that peculiar knowledge of, and sympathy with, the poor which is acquired by the discharge of pastoral duties. He attended diligently, for some years, to the duties of that office, and in that capacity he was quick in the detection of fraud and imposture, lenient towards such offences as might be due to the pressure of distress, or to ignorance or mere human infirmity, and vigilant to see justice done to all whom he thought in danger of suffering wrong.

Of his discretion and presence of mind I may mention an instance which occurred after I was grown up, during the terrible winter of (I think) 1831, when, from the combined operation of the abuses of the Poor Law and of political excitement, a sort of "Jacquerie" prevailed in the rural districts of that part of England, under a secret organisation designated by the name of "Captain Swing," which sometimes broke out in open riot and disturbance, but more generally manifested itself in incendiarism, particularly rick-burning at night. On one day in the Town Hall of Buckingham the magistrates assembled, with the Duke of Buckingham, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, in the chair, under circumstances of anxiety and general alarm. A mob was collected outside, clamorous for redress of grievances, and demanding admission. The magistrates consulted together as to what should be done, and my Father advised that the doors should be opened, and the leaders of the people outside invited to come in. The Duke and others gave him to understand that, if that were done, he must himself undertake the responsibility of managing the conference; to which he agreed. The doors were opened accordingly, and the malcontents entered, saying that they came "to demand their rights." My Father asked, "What rights?" and whether they were such as it was within the power of the magistrates to grant? Upon this the leader made a speech, not clearly answering those questions, but declaring their loyalty and attachment to the throne. Taking him at his word, my Father at once declared that he was a fit and proper person to be sworn in as a special constable, which was forth-with done, the man offering no resistance; and the whole disturbance collapsed.

My brother William, from his infancy, displayed uncommon signs of ability, and a marked individuality of character. He was the favourite at Gledstone, and I at Nazing. We were brought up together at home; my brother Tom joining us in the school-room, when he was old enough. After we had mastered the first elements, my Father taught us himself, with great assiduity, and admirable regularity, patience, and judgment. We rose early, and began every day by reading with him the Psalms for that morning. We began Latin at five years old and Greek at six. We learnt the Latin accidence from Dr. Russell's short Charterhouse Grammar, and then passed to Phaedrus's Fables; and, by the time we were nine years old, we were fairly well grounded in Virgil and Horace, and not unpractised in verse and prose translation, and had begun the Greek Testament. Pope's Homer and Dryden's Virgil were familiar to us; and before we went to school we had made some progress in the original of Homer, and had read through the *Prometheus* of Aeschylus. Nor were we ignorant of Shakespeare, Milton, and some other English classics. My Father was not technically an exact scholar, but, in a practical sense, he was a good one. He had a manly, cultivated taste for the best works of the best poets and other writers—Greek, Latin, and English. The books in his library (some of which had belonged to Bishop Horsley) included not only a good store of classics and theology, and some scientific works, but also biographies, histories, voyages, travels, and a little lighter literature; and he encouraged us, with few exceptions, to read whatever we liked. In the elements of religious knowledge he carefully instructed us; and on Sunday afternoons we were often publicly examined by him in the Church Catechism, together with the children of his parishioners. I do not think we could have been better prepared for a public school by any teacher then living in England.

He often took us with him to see his parishioners, and in his rides and walks through the fields, or to neighbouring places; sometimes also on fishing excursions, in which art he was a proficient. He it was, I have no doubt, who first led us to find pleasure in the observation of nature; he had globes, and a telescope, through which he sometimes showed us the moon and the planets; he communicated to us his interest in the habits of birds and animals, and in chemistry and mineralogy, which he had to some extent studied; some sense also of natural beauty, of which he had a very keen perception.

He was not himself much of a botanist, or entomologist; but in one of those subjects we were helped by my aunt, Mary Anne Roundell; and in the other by Harris's splendid work on *British Lepidoptera*, which my uncle Henry Roundell possessed, and which was an unfailing attraction to us at Fringford. The taste for those branches of natural history grew spontaneously during our rambles in the fields. There were not, indeed, any plants common at or very near Mixbury or Finmere, which were elsewhere rare; but several of the most beautiful English water-plants grew in the brook, such as the "Arrow-head" (*Sagittaria sagittifolia*), and the "Flowering-rush" (*Butomus umbellatus*); and the "Grass of Parnassus" (*Parnassia palustris*) was found in the meadows near it. Of insects, though in most seasons there was nothing more remarkable than the privet and the humming-bird hawk-moths, we were visited occasionally by broods of the black-veined white and clouded yellow butterflies (*Pieris cratægi* and *Colias edusa*), and in some years the large caterpillars and chrysalises of the Death's-head Moth (*Acherontia atropos*) were found in the potato-fields at Brackley. We established for ourselves a botanical garden, and a "museum" in our schoolroom, for insects, fossils, and other objects of natural history. Before we knew their true names or classification, we had our own nomenclature for all the more common butterflies and wild plants; and I remember surprising an old clergyman by giving him a name for everything, which he did not suppose to be of our own invention.

As we grew, the faculty of imagination increased in power. It coloured all our childish pleasures; it accompanied us upon the ice and into the woods; it mixed dreams of the supernatural with the most ordinary things. Our resting-places when sliding over a frozen pool were the islands discovered by Columbus or Cook, in whose voyages we delighted. We carved out of cleft sticks what passed with us for images of humanity, and stuck them into the

ROUNDELL PALMER, ÆTAT. 8

damp ground at night, hoping—almost believing, I am not sure that we did not pray—that we might find them endowed with life when we came to look for them in the morning. The *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver*, *Baron Munchausen*, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and all the fairy tales which we could get hold of, and the few novels (chiefly of the eighteenth century) to be found at Mixbury or Finmere were eagerly devoured. On one occasion, when I happened to be left alone for some days at Fringford, under the housekeeper's charge, I found in a closet there some loose sheets of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. Never was solitude less lonely; it was to me like the discovery of an inexhaustible mine of gold and precious stones.

My Grandmother Mrs. Palmer, and my Aunts Mary and Elizabeth, then lived together in London, at No. 110 Gloucester Place, Portman Square. My Grandfather had died in the summer of 1821, when I was between eight and nine years old. I had often been under their care before they left Nazing; and was left with them for weeks together in Gloucester Place; mainly, I think, for the sake of writing-lessons. For these, I and my brother William used to walk, either daily or several times in the week, to Kentish Town; passing along the line of those terraces which now face the Regent's Park on the south and east sides, but which were then only half built. On every day that the British Museum was open to the public, I was permitted to go there having soon learnt the way, which indeed was easy enough, almost in a straight line eastward from my Grandmother's house.

The old front of Montague House was then standing; and the only sculptures which I remember, as open at that time to the public, were the Egyptian. But my interest in the Museum centred in the Natural History department; in the minerals, shells, and birds, and the insects in one of the public rooms—(of the existence of the larger and less public collection I was ignorant). Among these, I spent as many hours, on all those days, as the habits of Gloucester Place permitted. I always came away unwillingly, never tired.

My Grandmother also sometimes took me with her to the seaside, and I remember that it was first with her, at Southend, that I experienced the horrors of being dipped into salt water by a bathing woman, and also saw a melodrama of the story of Bluebeard, represented by a strolling company in a barn. I was by no means pleased at the burlesque rendering of what was to me a very dreadful tragedy.

The last time that I remember seeing that dear Grandmother was on the 27th of November 1822, my tenth birthday. The blessing which she then gave me, laying her hand upon my head, and praying that I might be a good—I think she also said a great—man, was the first spur to ambition which I received.

To William and me, childhood at home was then drawing to its end. On the 6th of March 1823, the first breach was made in our happy circle at Mixbury. My brother Tom had received some accidental hurt on the head, during some of our games. He was seized with the terrible malady called hydrocephalus, and in a few days, after suffering much pain, he died. The impression made upon me by seeing his earthly part in all the beauty and awfulness of death, so lately full of life and love—surrounded by snowdrops and hepatica flowers—has never faded away. The hearts of my Father and Mother were all but broken. My Mother's cheerfulness did not return for years; my Father's health suffered so much that in the following year (I did not know it at the time) he was very seriously ill.

The brother whom I had lost was a delicate engaging boy, with whose memory I do not associate a single fault. He was making good progress in Latin. As I write I have before me his last exercise, a translation into ten English verses of Horace's *Ode to Leuconoe*, on which is this endorsement in my Aunt Mary's handwriting:—"Dear Tom's first and only attempt at translating one of the Odes of Horace; it was selected by himself a few days before he was taken ill." For a child of nine it is a remarkable performance, though not intrinsically excellent. The selection also, by a child whose days were then numbered, and who certainly had no presentiment (probably no conception of the meaning) of death, of a poem whose key-note is the uncertainty of life, and the wisdom of not reckoning upon time to come, adds to its interest.

TO LEUCONOE

Seek not ('tis wrong) to know, Leuconoe,
What fate the Gods shall give to me and thee,
Nor to attempt the Babilonian strains.
To bear the times how better would it be,
Whether our age more circling years shall see
Or this the last, which now th' Etrurian sea,
Dashes against the foamy rocks. be wise
Pour thou out wine nor think of what will come.
While we yet speak, perhaps we'll speak no more,
Injoy what is, not caring what will come.

(Exact Copy.) HOR. *Od.* I. xii.

My Father, on that occasion, wrote to my Grandmother, recalling the losses which she had in her time been called upon to bear.

I fear not (he said) to call to mind him, after whom I fondly named the child that we have lost, and presumed to hope he would remind us also of his worth in manhood. . . . I know that we ought to look forward still, and that looking back is but too apt to fill our minds with fruitless regret, and to unnerve them for the business of the present. But these are early days; and, for once, I may be allowed to think upon the past. It is true that I have been wont to regard the child with more than ordinary warmth and quickness of feeling. In quickness of parts and strength of memory, he was certainly not equal to his elder brothers at the same age; and the greater pains that it was consequently necessary to bestow upon him no doubt contributed to render him an object of greater interest. And I must say for him that he was sensible of the pains taken, and on a late occasion justified himself to his brothers for his love of me on that score. His progress of late had been more considerable, and his work easier to himself, and he most diligent to apply. But, what is of more value still, his strict obedience to his Mother, and wish to do what might be agreeable to her, within these few weeks, became remarkable. . . . Before, and at first in this last illness, he had always shown himself a bad patient; but on this occasion, from the time that I represented to him the necessity of medicine, he received the cup, and drank it at a word. When he was no longer able to repeat his own prayers, he answered "Amen," aloud, to my petition that I repeated by his side; and it was one of his last acts of lucid reason to remind me of the prayer. Poor child! he said to his Mama the same morning, "If I live —and I should like to live!" And I now trust, my dearest Mother, that He "Who is wont to give more than either we desire or deserve," Who thought fit to take away from him the life on earth, has, by giving him an entrance to a better and eternal and spiritual life, given him even far more than he desired in that, which was then his natural and most earnest wish. God grant that in like manner we who remain may receive more than we deserve! This day we have committed his mortal remains to the earth, in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection.

Upon the simple gravestone, erected to record his name, birth, and death, under a sycamore tree opposite to the porch of Mixbury Church, and close to the gate by which the churchyard is entered from the Rectory,—the first of what is now a goodly group of family graves,—my Father engraved two verses, of which the motive is explained in that letter—

His natural wish was life; but God has given
More than his wish—eternal life in heaven.

Above them are emblems of mortality and immortality, suggested by our fondness for the study of insect life—the caterpillar, chrysalis, and perfect fly of the beautiful Ocellated Hawk-moth (*Smerinthus ocellata*). And the lower part of the same stone now serves as a cenotaph memorial of the brother next in age to him, the next to be taken from us.

October 1825.

[Dear Willy—I and Roundell caught too Commas on Michaelmas Day, and the day after we caught a Painted Lady. Roundell says he is sure you really wont beleve they are what they are, so he has drawn them at the end of this letter. Mister Pearce comes from Tinsick every day twice to teach Roundell and me to write and to sum. The other day he brought Roundell a catterpillow and it is a verry curious one. Friday has given us two Coos, but mine died of the dropsi and Roundell has joined his property with me and we are breding it up for you.

The Museum has been painted fresh and goes on verry well, but as to the moths, I can't say much for them, but we have put in a new moth a Bernished Brarse and Scarce Vapurer. That nasty, brown, soft, stinky stuff in the Museum that came from Gledstone is Naphthar or Asphaltus or bittumen or something, as Roundell calls it. The Bufticks are near turning Moth. As to the Privet and Attropas we expect them to turn before the end of this month.

I have done a great deal of the rules for the formasion of the tenses of the Greek Verb, and papa is gone to Malvern and Roundel hears my lessons now. I am in the first bok of Ovid's Metamorphases. Papa has promised me and Roundel half a sovering if i have got through all six verbs, and am able to stand an examination in them by the time he cums back from Malvern.

im Henry.
(*ætat.* 9.)

P.S.—Dear Willy, these butterflies came to us quite by chance, and I have given you a very superficial drawing of them. I have drawn the Painted Lady too coarsely gaudy, and not simply beautiful and elegant as it really is. I have drawn the Comma with the same fault, namely, in by far too coarse and glaring colours. However, it is perfectly correct as to the angular shape of the wings. The Botany Garden, by my and Papa's orders, has been dug and trimmed up, and I have added to our collection of plants the Dwarf Lychnis, the Vernal Meadowsweet, and the Butterfly Orchis. To earn my half *sovering* (as Henry calls it) I have to make an abstract of the whole of the Clio of Herodotus. Aunt Mary's, Henry's (for I see he has forgot this part of his letter), and my love to you, and I hope you are well.

I am, yours truly,

R. PALMER.

(*ætat.* nearly 13.)]

CHAPTER VI

RUGBY—FAMILY EVENTS

1823–1825

The time had come when it was necessary that my Father should have some rest from teaching, and that William and I should be sent to school. Rugby, then under Dr. Wooll, was chosen. It was of all the public schools the nearest to Mixbury; and an old college friend of my father, Mr. Grant of Litchborough, near Towcester, with whom he always kept up his intimacy, had a nephew in the schoolhouse to which we were sent nearly grown up and well placed in the school. To his good offices we were commended.

We went there in the summer of 1823. Dr. Bloxam of Magdalen College, Oxford, has recorded in a memorandum, shown to me by the President of that College, his earliest recollection of me:—"I suppose that it was in the autumnal half-year that, walking up and down the school opposite the Great School, as Praeposter of the week, before the lessons commenced, I observed with great amusement an odd-looking little boy chewing a pen and making strange faces, while his mind was occupied with intense thought. It was Roundell Palmer." And he adds, that at the end of that half-year he, with Claughton (Bishop of Rochester when that memorandum was written, afterwards of St. Albans), got up the play of *The Critic;* and that, some of the actors wanting time to get up their parts, my brother William and I "undertook to compose several copies of verses (on one subject) to be shown up as their exercises by certain of the actors." I well remember the acting of *The Critic*, in which Claughton was Tilburina. But as to the rest of the story my memory is less clear.

[In a letter dated 9th December 1823, Mr. Moor, one of the masters, writing from Rugby, after recommending as a holiday task that "the boys should parse Greek with a minute application of the Eton Grammar, and a tracing back of each word to its root," goes on to say that "in all other respects they are equal to their place in school; and indeed they have improved more than I should have expected in boys on first joining a class in a public school, where the novelty of all around them generally takes up their attention, and they rarely gain much ground for the first few months. Your elder son was removed a few weeks since into Mr. Birch's form, who speaks very well of him, though he complains that he takes it for granted that he understands things, without always ascertaining that fact with sufficient care. His brother is going on very well at the head of my form, and will, no doubt, stand first in the list for promotion at the close of the half-year.

If they go on according to the opinion I have formed of them, of their talents and conduct, it will be much to the satisfaction of all connected with them."]

I remained at Rugby for two years, after which my Father thought it prudent to make a change. William remained one year longer, and then went to Oxford, having obtained, when he was only just fifteen, a demyship at Magdalen College. When I left Rugby there was only one boy between us in the school, Edwin Martin Atkins, of Kingston Lisle, in Berkshire, "the Squire" of *Tom Brown's Schooldays;* and his younger brother William (then a great friend of mine) came next to me. My brother derived from Rugby more benefit than I did, and was fitter, morally as well as physically, to hold his own there. It might perhaps have been better for him to have remained there longer than he did; for me it was certainly best to be removed, though I did not like it at the time.

My Rugby recollections are chiefly of pleasant wanderings in the fields and lanes near Bilton and Newbold, or by the river-side; of gaining some credit by verse exercises, and paying for it by being *made* to do those of other boys, an experience so disagreeable that I resisted it steadily when at Winchester. At Rugby also I had a taste of the birch-rod, in comparison with which the Winchester instrument of castigation was child's play; and I had there my first and only pugilistic encounter with a Manx boy of about my own size, in which neither can be said to have come off victorious, for our backers made us go on till we were both fairly exhausted. Civilisation had not yet found its way into our public schools. I was sensitive to bullying, and was (no doubt for that reason) a good deal bullied. Notwithstanding the advantages of our home training, my character was childish and volatile, and my temper by no means good. The faults by which I gave most trouble arose partly from thoughtlessness, partly from ill temper. Our parents managed us upon a regular and methodical system, and we sometimes chafed at it. I had to be taught the government of my tongue and my hands by correction, more severe on some occasions than my conscience acknowledged to be just. I see now that the levity of speech and the tendency to meddle with things not belonging to me, which were so repressed, were not the less dangerous because I did not understand their danger or do the things for which I was punished with any consciousness that it was wrong; and I am thankful that those aberrations were effectually checked, though at some cost to the openness and unreserve which is so important between parents and children. But the radical defect of character, the want of habitual self-government, of which these were symptoms, remained, and it made me much more liable than my brother (in that respect unlike me) to suffer from the contagion of bad example at school.

Dr. Wooll was a good scholar of my Father's own type, a Wykehamist, a dignified gentleman of stately presence, and desirous, both as a teacher and as a Christian, to do his duty. Among the pupils whom he sent to Oxford in his latter days (besides my brother William), were Leighton, afterwards Warden of All Souls'; Claughton, Bishop of St. Albans; and Henry Halford Vaughan, John Edward Walker, and John Frederick Christie, Fellows of Oriel. He was aided in his duties by a wife who was like a mother to the boys in the schoolhouse, universally respected and beloved. Nevertheless, the discipline and the numbers of the school declined under his government.

My Father often wrote to my brother and myself, and encouraged frequent correspondence, interesting himself in all our school work, criticising copies of verses or translations which we sent him, and giving us, on all subjects, the benefit of his advice. If we spoke in our letters of anything disagreeable, he advised us to bear silently what we could not help, unless indeed it were of a corrupting as well as a tormenting kind; in which case we were to consult the elder boy to whom we had been recommended as a protector in case of emergency, and in whose good principles he placed confidence. "Do not," he said, "forget these disagreeable things, but, when you come to be an older and bigger boy, then do not so to little boys, but be kind to them always, and use your best endeavour to protect them from the more ill-natured or the less considerate." He recommended us to aim principally at the regard and goodwill of boys of our own strength and standing, and not to pay court to those much older; and, if we could not help doing some bigger boys' exercises, at least never to be guilty of the dishonesty of letting others do our own, or passing off anything as our work which was not really so. He made a great point of our incurring no debt, and impressed upon us the importance of an early habit of keeping accounts.[1]

My Father's experience of school life and of the world had, of course, made him aware of the moral evils, to the existence of which at Rugby (in a general way) our letters, more or less, bore witness; and, while it was not without full consideration that he determined to incur those risks for the sake of what he thought greater good, he felt them much, and constantly endeavoured to strengthen us against them. He wrote a letter, such as became a father and a clergyman, to Dr. Wooll as to the necessity of vigilance concerning those things, which Dr. Wooll accepted and replied to in the same spirit. With reference to the heathenism of the classics, he wrote to us :—

> Never forget that we are Christians; and, whenever we speak or write upon a subject connected with heathen worship, let it never be in the heathen character, but always as might become a Christian.

When grave disorders in the school led to the expulsion of certain boys, he wrote strongly in support of the masters, and urged upon us strict obedience to authority and discipline, enforcing his counsels by our Saviour's teaching, and reminding us of our lost brother.

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[1] William, one Easter holidays, brought home some cases of stuffed birds as presents for our elder sisters. My Father asked him if he had had enough money to pay for them. He stammered out that he should pay next half, as no doubt he should have tips, and the man was willing to wait. My Father told him he was never to order anything he could not pay for on the spot, and sent him back at once to Rugby (a three days' journey, there and back), in the gig, to return the stuffed birds to the dealer; and with a letter to Dr. Wooll asking him to instruct the tradesmen not to supply his sons unless they paid ready money. This lesson the boys never forgot.—EMILY F. PALMER.

> Bear this in mind, and think of one who has gone before you, and the blessing of God shall be upon you; and some such as yourselves—perhaps yourselves—hereafter shall by their learning and good conduct reflect as much honour upon the place of your education as may be the disgrace and disrepute which the ill behaviour of others now seems to bring upon it.
>
> One thing (he wrote to myself) I am most anxious about,—that you should not fall into the grievous mistake of thinking anything of yourselves, which would spoil all, and be an effectual bar to all improvement, and to the acquisition of true wisdom and sound knowledge. God bless you, my dear boys, worthy, I trust, of all my love, and of all the pains I have bestowed upon you; for which I hope you will love me as dear Tom loved me, and not love one another the less either, or think that I love one more than another.

In a later letter, of September 1824, addressed to us both, he repeated the same warning against self-esteem, and said :—

> We are not to judge too harshly of others, who may have had bad examples or other disadvantages elsewhere. If there were no evil in the world, there would be no reason why we should pray to be delivered from it. But so, you know, we have been taught to pray, and by Him, who Himself prayed His Father to deliver us from the evil, but not to take us out of the world. Even now you see, and you will still see (I trust more and more clearly), that we are living in the midst of it. This is therefore the point on which we are to be on our guard. And if we consent not to it, nor suffer ourselves to be led to do the thing we disapprove, God will deliver us from the evil that we behold, and from all its evil consequences, both in this world

and in the next. And more than that, He will make us the happy means, if we earnestly seek to do His will, of extending the same deliverance to many, who shall learn to think or act otherwise than they now do. Depend upon it, such will be the result. But in this you must not forget that you are not called upon to be teachers yet, but you are now only to continue good boys, watchful, diligent, and attentive learners. "*Discendo docebitis; et, si salvi vos esse velitis, aliis saluti eritis.*"[1]

While my brother William and myself were still together at Rugby, some family events of importance happened. My Grandmother, Mrs. Palmer, died on the 3rd July 1824, having survived the rest of her generation; happy in death as in life, happy in all her children. On her death, the home in Gloucester Place was broken up. My Aunt Elizabeth, preferring to be within reach of friends, to whose society she had been accustomed in London, and of her brothers who lived there or in its neighbourhood, took a house in Great Cumberland Street, where, as long as she lived, she always gave a home to such of us as from time to time visited London. My Aunt Mary came to live in my Father's Rectory house at Finmere; where she remained till the end of his life, full of good works and labours of love towards all his people, and a second mother to ourselves. I have known few women in whose character all the best qualities of human nature were so happily blended. She had an excellent understanding, and a good store of knowledge, to which she added continually by reading. She was cheerful, sociable, hospitable, always the same; full of practical good sense and consistent piety, and absolutely unselfish. Her devotion to my Father and Mother, and her kindness and generosity to us, were unbounded. The atmosphere of her house was what Plato calls "a breeze bringing health from wholesome places";[1] it was impossible to be in her presence without being better for it. She was eleven years older than my Father; and my recollection of her only goes back to a time when she was no longer young; but she had always a fine countenance, expressive of her character, and she must have been very attractive in her youth. There was a floating tradition among us, which I cannot trace to its origin, that there had been an attachment between her and Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, who certainly was acquainted with the Nazing family, and to whose good offices my Grandmother commended my uncle Edward in Egypt. If there was any foundation for that belief, we were gainers by her remaining single, whatever the cause may have been. It tends to confirm the idea, that I do not remember her mentioning Sir John Moore's name, nor am I sure that my Father ever spoke of him to us, as he did of most other notable men whom he had personally known.

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[1] You will teach by learning; and if you would be saved yourselves, you will help to save others.

It was shortly before my Aunt Mary settled at Finmere, at the beginning of 1825, that my uncle Ralph Palmer, the youngest of my Grandfather's family, went to India as Chief-Justice of Madras. He had been called to the Bar in 1808, and had practised in the Court of Chancery. He was then a bachelor; and, as is often the case with the youngest, was a favourite with all the family. Of his character and principles there is good evidence in prayers which he used daily, and which were found among his papers when he died.

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[1] ὥσπερ αὔρα φέρουσα ἀπὸ χρηστῶν τόπων ὑγίειαν.—Plato *Republ.* lib. iii. cap. 12.

"Teach me" (he prayed) "the way to execute justice, and to maintain truth. Let no harsh, impatient, or angry feeling ever enter my into heart, but clothe me at all times and upon all occasions with meekness, humility, and charity." And he concluded with a petition that, in whatever cases, civil or criminal, he might be called upon to sit in judgment, the administration of justice in his hands might shine to God's honour and glory, to the credit and praise of his country, to the lasting good of his fellow-creatures, and to the profit of his own soul, so that, as to all those things, he might have a good conscience when the time came to be himself judged. In another prayer he adapted to his own use one found among his mother's papers (dated in 1808, but left unaltered at her death), in which she implored God's blessing upon her children, that He would be pleased to unite them in the close union of unreserved friendship and affection, that all might be kindly indulgent towards the infirmities and failings of each other, and by reciprocal acts of kindness cement a union to end only with their lives; and that He would enlighten their understanding and teach them His way, and not suffer the temptations and allurements of this world to seduce them from His service; but that His power might sustain and strengthen them amidst the difficulties with which they might be surrounded ; so that, continuing His faithful servants here, they might, through their Redeemer's atonement and mediation, be in the end partakers of the happiness of His kingdom.

Such was my Uncle Ralph then ; and his later life was answerable to his own and his mother's prayers.

CHAPTER VII

WINCHESTER

1825–1830

In June of that year, 1825, I went with my Father to the annual election at Winchester College, as a candidate for a place on the Foundation. There was no real examination at that time. Each candidate had to construe a few lines in some Greek or Latin book, in which he was prepared, and to say "All people that on earth do dwell" (without any pretence of intonation), in reply to an inquiry whether he could sing. The nominations were settled beforehand; each of the six electors nominating in turn, according to their seniority, until a roll was completed, sufficient to supply all vacancies, which within the limits of reasonable probability might occur in the course of the following year. I was nominated, among others; but the interest put in motion for me had not been sufficient to obtain a place on the list high enough to give me any real chance. I stood once, and only once again, with the same result; which I did not on my own account regret, though, for the sake of my parents, and my brothers and sisters, it would have been well, if the burden on my Father's means could have been diminished.

After the election of 1825, it was settled that I was to enter the school as a Commoner, upon the first vacancy. The members of the school were then limited to two hundred; seventy scholars on the Foundation, and one hundred and thirty Commoners, all of whom were boarders in a range of buildings connected with the Headmaster's house, and close to the College. No vacancy occurred till the end of November, about three weeks before the Christmas holidays; but my Father thought it better to send me at once, though for so short a time.

I was placed in the "Senior Part of the Fifth," the next class below the highest, where I was exempted from fagging, and not liable to change of place; a position nearly corresponding with my last place at Rugby. Dr. Huntingford, Bishop of Hereford (then very old), was Warden; David Williams (afterwards Warden of New College), a man of admirable taste, and a very good scholar for that day,—handsome, dignified, courteous, a good Christian and Churchman, and a thorough gentleman, of sound judgment, and great kindness of heart,—had recently succeeded to the Headmastership, having been for some years previously Second Master. Charles Henry Ridding, father of my son-in-law, the Bishop of Southwell, shrewd, clever, and popular, and a very efficient teacher, was Second Master. Edward Twisleton, afterwards highly distinguished at Oxford, and known in political and literary circles as one of the most accomplished men of his time, was "Senior Praefect in Commoners"; and Frederick Wickham, one of a family of whom many members have done honour to Winchester and good service to the cause of education, and who himself in due time became Second Master of the school under Dr. Moberly, was senior in College, and "Praefect of Hall."

I remained a Commoner at Winchester till the summer of 1830; obtaining my share of the honours of the school; and, when I left, was captain of the school, and Senior Praefect in Commoners. Before describing the school as it then was, I will speak of some things which have since undergone less change. The *genius loci* was a powerful factor in my education there.

Winchester lies in a hollow valley between the chalk hills through which the river Itchen, clearest of transparent trout-streams, makes its way; a valley green with stately trees, especially round the Cathedral and the College, where the river divides itself into two main branches, one flowing under the College walls, the other navigable at that time for barges to Southampton. Each channel, after passing the College, gives off smaller branches, intersecting the water-meadows below the city with a shining network of streams. In the heart of the city, standing near to and due north of the College, is the Cathedral, externally plain, massive, and majestic, with nothing to break its long line from west to east except one low Norman tower, at the point where the transepts meet the choir and nave. The interior is beyond description sublime; of vast length, all (except the Lady chapel behind the great altar-screen) symmetrically and uninterruptedly seen; the whole roof of the nave vaulted in rich stone tracery; that of the choir decorated with coloured bosses and shields; the high clustered piers and arches, both of the nave and choir, of the early and noble perpendicular style of Wykeham's time, and of such proportions as to give to the whole church the effect of great height, though it is not actually so high as Westminster Abbey, and some others. I well remember the effect on my mind of this glorious building, when I first went with the other boys to the Cathedral service. Nothing that I had seen before made a similar impression. It was like a heavenly revelation; as if I had received the gift of a new sense. Nor did that impression fade away; it is renewed, in some faint measure, as often as I enter Winchester Cathedral to this day.

There were also some things within that church, which (distracting, I fear, my attention from old Dean Rennell's sermons) used sometimes to set me dreaming of ancient days. Over our heads where we sat, on the ledges of two screens, dividing on either side the east end of the choir from its side aisles, was a row of antique-looking chests, with inscriptions telling us that they contained the bones of Anglo-Saxon and Danish kings. And before our faces, almost within touch, was the plain uninscribed tomb of arched stone, just below the steps rising towards the altar, under which tradition reported the remains of the Red King, slain during his sports in the New Forest, and brought without honour to Winchester, to rest. Besides these objects, well calculated to excite a susceptible imagination, there was the chantry, enclosing the grave, with the noble recumbent statue, of William of Wykeham, meeting the eyes of his scholars as often as they entered the Cathedral by the south door, as they did every Sunday; and, behind the high altar, the richly-coloured and decorated altar-tombs of Waynflete, in whose college at Oxford I was soon to have an interest, and of Cardinal Beaufort, represented by Shakespeare as dying without a sign of hope; but of whom better thoughts might be entertained at Winchester, where he founded a "hospital for noble poverty," in connection with the beautiful Norman church built at St. Cross by King Stephen's brother, Henry de Blois.

On the east side of the valley of the Itchen an escarpment of chalk-cliff, called St. Giles' Hill, descends steeply towards the city; and a little south of this, just clear of the town upon the same side of the river, was the Commoners' playground, a large field used for our games of cricket and football, which, except when certain matches were played, were then entirely separate from those of the boys on the Foundation. Less than a mile lower down the stream, and on the same side of it, is St. Catherine's Hill, a detached round eminence rising straight from the water's edge, grassy and flowery, with a deep trench (British or Danish) encircling it near the top, and on the summit a clump of beech trees, with a few firs, conspicuous from afar. From this point the whole city and valley, with St. Cross below, and the opposite ranges of downs, — one of them called "Oliver's battery," where Cromwell's forces were posted during the civil war,—are distinctly seen. It was to this hill that we went, in those days, for exercise and pure air, at stated hours of the morning and afternoon twice in every week, College boys and Commoners together, two by two, all marshalled in regular file under command of the "Praefect of Hall," with an occasional roll-call on the way by the Headmaster.

The College, founded for seventy scholars and a few choristers or servitor-boys (in which respects it still remains unchanged), was built of the chalk-flints of the country, originally, no doubt, in a style worthy of the founder; and the hall, cloisters, and chapel retained their original character. But other parts of the buildings had undergone alterations for the worse. The great schoolroom, in which the College boys and Commoners met together for their daily class-lessons, was a brick building of the latter part of the seventeenth century, in front of the College "meads," or playground. There, the work and the classification were the same for all; but at other times (except at "Hills") the separation between those who were and those who were not on the Foundation was complete. Friendships were, of course, formed between some boys of both orders; but their general lives, habits, and associations, were distinct and dissimilar; and in each, as might be expected, a strong *esprit de corps* prevailed.

The Commoners, whatever opinion they may have entertained of their own superiority, were in almost all respects worse off than the College boys. They were all crowded together in a large eighteenth-century brick building like a barrack, wholly destitute of architectural pretension, and of Spartan simplicity in all its arrangements. It formed, with the Headmaster's house, three sides of a quadrangle; a high wall, at the back of the Warden's stables, making the fourth side; against which, within the "court," grew one or two large elm trees. Opposite to that wall was a cloister, with a sleeping-gallery above it; and against the blank wall of the Headmaster's house, a small open space appropriated to the game of "fives," there played with the hand. On the south side, from which we passed into the College precincts at school-time only (being kept separate from them under lock and key at other times) were the kitchen and buttery, the stairs leading to the principal dormitories, the "Commoners' Hall," a small and inconvenient study for the "Commoner tutors," and another, smaller still, and still less convenient, for the six senior "praefects." Except the tutors' study (there were three "Commoner tutors," who helped the younger boys in the preparation of their lessons), there were then no class-rooms, and except that for the six senior praefects, there were no studies. At Rugby, every boy had his study, which was, no doubt, more comfortable; but my experience of both systems leads me to think that, in that respect, the loss of comfort at Winchester was counterbalanced by the check imposed upon some evils of a serious kind, detrimental to morals as well as discipline. The dormitories (two in long galleries over the hall and cloisters, and the third in a building called "Wickham's," forming with the Headmaster's house, the frontage towards College Street) were fairly well arranged, and shut off from access by the boys during the day.

Some place for schoolboys to sit and prepare their lessons in there must, of course, always be; and in Commoners of my time there was the large dining-hall used for all our meals. It was not well lighted, nor was it remarkable for sweetness or cleanliness; and except at certain hours, when it was the duty of the "praefects" to keep order, and a tutor, or perhaps the Headmaster, might come in to see that duty performed, every kind of amusement, noise, and disturbance went on there, especially in wet or cold weather. It was the only sheltered place where the mass of Commoners could congregate within the walls, when driven by stress of weather from the open court or quadrangle. All round this hall were cupboards or bureaus, set against the walls, one for each boy, which we called toys; with a massive fixed bench before them, on which we had to sit when in our places. There we kept our books, writing materials, and whatever else belonged to us (except clothes); there we read and wrote, all except the six senior praefects, who enjoyed the more commodious and dignified accommodation of desks in the small study already mentioned.

What added to the discomfort of these arrangements was the length of time during which the boys were, on most days, confined within walls. Of their only playground, "Commoners' field," more than half a mile off on the way to St. Catherine's Hill, I have spoken when describing the city and its surroundings. To this, and to "hills," we had free access throughout the day on Saints' days, which were whole holidays; and when these did not occur, during a considerable part of two days in every week, which we called "remedies" (they now spell it "remidays");—some short lessons being required on such days. But on the other four days in the week we were only allowed one hour, from 12 to 1 P.M., to go to our playground, or elsewhere beyond the walls of Commoners, for air or exercise. When we did get out, the regulations as to bounds were reasonable enough. We might, practically, go where we pleased (so that we kept outside the city), on the left bank of the navigable branch of the river. The streets of the city (except one or two shops in the street where the College buildings stand, and which communicates with the city on one side only) were wisely prohibited to us, and the prohibition was strictly enforced.

Our meals were not well managed. The breakfast hour was too late, after going to "hills" on holidays or "remedies," and on other days after a long lesson in school which followed immediately upon morning chapel. The hour for rising was early. The dinner hour was too soon after the visits naturally paid to the pastrycook or the fruiterer during the one hour of freedom which immediately preceded it. The food (not delicately served) was, no doubt, good and wholesome; the servants (not too numerous) were exemplary for their civility and patience; but the whole accessories were disagreeable to those who were at all nice or fastidious, which boys, even rough boys, are very apt to be.

It would be far from just to blame our good Headmaster for what was defective in those arrangements. He was going on with a system long established, which had been very recently handed over to him by his predecessor; he was by no means unwilling to improve it. The traditions of the place were, on some points, as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians; they knew only two masters, and did not recognise the possibility of any boarding-house not under the Headmaster's direct care and control. Even the boys for whose benefit improvements might have been made would have disliked and (as far as they could) resisted them, with the whole force of their strong, if irrational, conservative instincts. The one thing which they could not endure was to borrow anything from what they regarded as the manners and customs of private schools. One improvement Dr. Williams did make, which added not a little to the comfort of all, and especially of the younger and smaller boys; but it was met, when introduced, by a positive insurrection. On our return to school one autumn after the holidays we found breakfast laid out for us in civilised style, with tea, sugar, milk, bread and butter, etc., and all needful crockery, ready provided, and servants to wait upon everybody; the former practice having been to serve out from the buttery to every boy his regulated allowance of bread, butter and milk, everything else being found by ourselves, and the little boys "fagging" for those of their elders who, by the custom of the school, had a right to such service. It might have been expected that the boys would be grateful for this change; on the contrary, they rose *en masse* on the first morning, and broke the things designed for their comfort. Dr. Williams's sound judgment and kindness of heart persisted, notwithstanding this discouragement, in the much-needed reform, which extended to our suppers also. How he punished the principal offenders I do not recollect; it was certainly not with any more than necessary severity.

It is needless to add that the whole state of things which I have been describing has long since disappeared. In Dr. Moberly's time, the accident of a fire gave opportunity for a reconstruction of the Commoners' buildings, and for some other improvements; and, under Dr. Ridding, the number of Commoners was increased from 130 to 330, distributed among nine boarding-houses built with all necessary arrangements for comfort in the outskirts of the city, within a convenient distance from the college, under as many "house-masters,"—the Headmaster no longer taking boarders. The number of assistant masters was at the same time enlarged, so as to be made fully equal to the wants of all the departments of instruction in the school; and the Commoners' building of Dr. Moberly's day has given place to an adequate number of class-rooms and lecture-rooms, an excellent library, and a limited number of studies, etc. A new and spacious playground by the river-side, adjoining to and communicating with the college "meads," was at the same time provided by Dr. Ridding's munificence; so that the two classes of boys are no longer separated in their games, and the compulsory walk up "hills" twice a week has been discontinued. A gymnasium, a covered fives court, and a good bathing-place not far from the College, have also been provided; and other improvements have been made, which it would be much too long to enumerate. The College boys are now all chosen, after a strict examination, by merit; and they constitute, in intellect and attainment, the *élite* of the school, which in my time was not the case with the greater number of them.

The discipline of the school was in 1825-30 (and is to a great extent still) dependent on the "praefects"—a certain number of boys in the "sixth book" (as the highest form in the school was then called), to whom were entrusted definite powers with a corresponding responsibility. Of these there were then eighteen in College, but only eight—a number since from time to time enlarged—in Commoners. One of their privileges was a recognised power of fagging. Some persons confound this with bullying; but there can be no greater mistake. A regulated system of fagging is the best security against tyranny by the strong and thoughtless idlers, who are always to be found in a large school, and whose place in it is generally low in comparison with their growth. It was from this class of boys that all the bullying of which I ever had experience, either at Rugby or at Winchester (and it was sometimes trying enough), proceeded. All praefects, of course, are not equally good-natured, or equally discreet; but I remember only one instance of a very intemperate use of power by a Commoner praefect, and that was under circumstances of great provocation and sudden excitement. The system always worked well when the praefects had physical strength and moral courage, as was generally the case. It was only when those conditions were wanting (the latter of which was rarely found in that position without support from the former) that it broke down. This happened in 1829, when I was myself a praefect. We were a weak set altogether—I do not mean intellectually, but physically—and none of us had that skill or reputation in school games which among schoolboys goes further than intellect. William George Ward (destined to celebrity in the field of ecclesiastical controversy) was senior praefect; good-humoured, and not until then unpopular, but awkward, eccentric, and unlike other boys; a butt for practical jokes rather than an object of fear. Some of the bolder juniors resolved to try their strength with him, and when one day he called for fagging in the hall a spirited and popular junior boy, he found himself defied. When he attempted by the usual means to enforce his authority, the whole mass of juniors rose in rebellion, rushing upon him, springing upon his neck, and clinging to his legs and arms, so as to make it difficult for him, even with the assistance of his weaker colleagues who were present (he was himself able-bodied enough, but unskilful in all bodily exercises), to get out of the hall without suffering worse damage than the loss of his coat-tails. This affair resulted in some unfortunate expulsions, and a public controversy between the late Sir Alexander Malet (whose brother was one of the victims) and Dr. Williams; and (what was worse still) in a long-continued breach of good-feeling and friendly intercourse between the praefects and their juniors, the consequence of which was that discipline permanently suffered, and the praefects deservedly lost, and did not in my time regain, the confidence of their kind Headmaster.

I pass from the rough bark and thorns of the tree of knowledge, as then planted at Winchester, to the intellectual training which constituted its life. Of this the general method, and probably much of the detail, had been transmitted from the last century—perhaps from remoter times. Those who profited by it may be pardoned if they feel less sure of its inferiority within the range of its aims to the method which has replaced it, than they do of the improvement of manners and refinement, which admits of no doubt. It is probable that there may be in the teachers greater attainments and more exactness of knowledge, and upon the scholars a somewhat higher pressure, and the range of subjects in which instruction is given has been much and very beneficially enlarged. But if much has been gained in some directions, it is not impossible that in others something may have been lost. Dr. Arnold, generally acknowledged to have been the leader in the reform of our public schools, received his own training at Winchester, and to a considerable extent recognised in the Winchester system of his day a model worthy of imitation.

The classification of the school was a survival from some period when there were six classes, some of them (if not all) subdivided. In my time also there were six divisions, which were called (reckoning downwards) "Sixth Book," "Senior," "Middle," and "Lower," parts of the Fifth, and "Senior" and "Middle," parts of the Fourth. The lowest part of the Fourth, and the Third, Second,[1] and First forms had all become extinct.

The Founder was desirous that his scholars should be religiously brought up; and accordingly we went every morning (rising early) to his beautiful chapel, and twice a day on Sundays and other festivals, when there was choral service, etc., and sometimes a sermon; we also went to the Litany and morning sermon on Sundays in the Cathedral. But the Cathedral sermons were above our mark, and those in the College chapel (by the chaplains) were, perhaps, below it. The Warden and masters did not then preach to the boys, as has been since done with excellent results. The religious instruction (except when boys were prepared for confirmation) formed part of the ordinary course of lessons in the school, particularly on "remedies." The *Diatessaron*[1] was read regularly; and in Lent we sometimes read Bishop Lowth's lectures upon the sacred poetry of the Old Testament, and sometimes Grotius, or some other Latin writer, on the evidences of the Christian religion. More, perhaps, might have been done than was then attempted to counteract the levity and thoughtlessness, and to strengthen boys against the moral temptations, which must always be dangerous elements in the atmosphere of a public school. This, however, cannot be done by books only; and it would be unjust to the memory of Dr. Williams, and of such tutors as the late Mr. Edward Wickham, not to acknowledge that their personal influence was always felt as an encouragement to what was right, and a protection from evil to those who had courage to make a stand against it.

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[1] In the printed "rolls," or lists of the college and school, the choristers were called "Secunda Classis."

For secular learning (except Longinus, and some modern Latin literature, such as Vida, and Trapp's lectures on ancient poetry, in which we were, I think, singular) our books were much the same as those used in other schools; but in their selection especial regard was paid to two considerations—the cultivation of taste, and the exclusion, as far as possible, of offensive matter. The greatest pains were bestowed upon Homer, Virgil, and Horace, whose whole works (with a few omissions in the case of Horace) we read over twice or oftener while I was there. Next to these came Cicero, Livy, and Juvenal; to which were added, in the upper part of the school, Pindar, and some of the tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the Greek orators, and parts of the Greek historians. Of Ovid, and the other elegiac poets, we read little; and Tacitus (I know not for what reason) was not read at all in the school.

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[1] A synoptic arrangement of the text of all the four Gospels.

Great reliance was then placed on composition, original chiefly, though translations from the *Spectator*, etc., into Latin prose, were also required. We had to do a "verse task" and a "prose task" every week, the former in Virgilian hexameters, or in "longs and shorts," or some Horatian metre, for which we were permitted, and indeed encouraged (if so inclined), occasionally to substitute English verses. We were also required, on two or three evenings in the week, to produce upon a set subject an epigram of six or more lines, called a "*Vulgus*," in elegiac metre, for which exercise we found models in Martial (though not read in the school), and in a tasteful collection of Oxford academical compositions in that style, of the age which preceded prizes and examinations for honours, called "*Carmina quaedam Quadragesimalia*."[1] The *Musae Etonenses* were also not unknown to us. "Vulgus writing" was no bad discipline for condensation of thought and terseness of expression; and it cultivated, in boys who possessed them, the gifts of wit and humour. Other

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[1] Lent exercises in verse.

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characteristic exercises of the Winchester of that day were called "Declamations," and "Gatherings." The declamations were in the same form with the old disputations at the universities and the Inns of Court. Three boys in the upper part of the school were appointed, two to maintain or contradict, and the third to leave in doubt, a *thesis* proposed to them, in Latin prose of their own composition, which they recited publicly in the school. A dull performance it almost always was; but it required some use of the logical faculty, and formed the habit of inquiring into and arguing about the reasons of things. "Gatherings" were English notes, compiled or collected by ourselves, on certain portions of our school lessons; the choice of matter and manner being left entirely to our own taste and discretion. This exercise (which I always found interesting) led us to search for information on the subjects of which we had been reading, wherever we could find it in books accessible to us; it stimulated also the critical faculty.

These kinds of exercises were for boys in the two highest forms; but there was another peculiar and remarkable exercise in those days for the "middle" and "junior" parts of the Fifth, called "Standing-up." This consisted in learning by heart, and repeating to the Second Master, during the interval (which we called "cloister-time") between Easter and the summer holidays, as many lines of some Latin or Greek poet, selected by ourselves, as each boy chose; construing also such parts of them as might be required, in order to test our knowledge of their meaning. At the end of "cloister-time," the better performances of this kind were rewarded by promotion in the class or in the school, and the best of all by prizes, which it was an object of considerable ambition to obtain. Very extraordinary indeed were some of those performances, especially when the age of the boys (seldom more than fourteen or fifteen) is taken into account. I remember more than one instance of a boy taking up the whole *Æneid*, and passing successfully through every test of his memory or his intelligence which the Second Master (and Mr. Ridding was not a man to be imposed upon) thought fit to apply. The most wonderful case of all was that of Henry Butler, a younger son of the then Earl of Carrick, who afterwards went into the army, acquired early fame by the heroic defence of Silistria, and was among the gallant Wykehamists who died in the Crimean War. He took up, and passed well in, all Homer's *Iliad*.

There were no open scholarships, or rewards of that nature, at Winchester in those days. But the class prizes (valuable books, given by the first Duke of Buckingham and Chandos) and two gold medals given annually by the King—which Her present Majesty continues—for the best verse and prose compositions on set subjects, Latin and English in alternate years, were objects of keen competition. The successful compositions, and two speeches (Latin and English), for which silver medals were given, were recited at election time before the whole school, and a numerous company of visitors; and at Easter also we had annual "speeches,"—recitations, such as are still usual at most other schools, of selected pieces from classical authors in various languages, and of voluntary verse exercises (called "Easter tasks"), written by the more ambitious praefects for those occasions. These "speeches" at Easter have been now discontinued; and the prize recitations at election time have become a dull and spiritless affair. In these respects change does not seem to me to have been improvement.[1]

When I entered the school I was backward in physical growth, and of unformed character. My mind was facile, and open to all sorts of impressions, and I yielded too readily to the impulses of self-gratification. I was soon interested in the studies of the place, and formed friendships with several of my schoolfellows, happily with those whose own conduct was exemplary. Three of these—Ward, whom I have already named, Lowe (next to whom I had been placed in the school, and who for some time slept in the same chamber), and Cardwell, one of my most intimate friends through life, about a year my junior—afterwards attained great distinction at Oxford, and still greater in the world. I had been commended to Ward, who was my senior, when I first came to the school. His uncle, Mr. George Henry Ward, of Northwood, in the Isle of Wight, then lived at Twyford, two or three miles below

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[1] My Father won the King's Gold Medals for English Verse and the English Essay in 1829 and 1830.—S. M. P.

Winchester, on the river-side, and within a morning's run from St. Catherine's Hill. When I stood for College in 1825, my Father had been his guest, and his nephew and I had a general invitation to come over on any morning when we could from hills, and get before our return an early, and to us luxurious, breakfast. Of this we often took advantage; and on Saints' days Mr. Ward frequently asked "leave out" for us. He had a good library, including all Scott's novels and other light standard literature of that day, and the Elizabethan dramatists, reading which was, on these days of leave out, my greatest delight. It was thus that a friendship arose between me and his nephew, with whom I had little else in common. He was very musical, always humming airs from catches, glees, and operas. I (to my great loss) had no ear at all for music. He had, or professed, a contempt for verses and poetry, delighting to make his own school exercises in that line as ridiculous as possible; and in my other tastes he did not sympathise. But his remarkable ability manifested itself in Latin prose writing before he left school; and his total absence of pretension and simplicity of character made it impossible not to like and esteem him, notwithstanding an uncouth exterior, and a total neglect of the graces, which accompanied him through life.

To Robert Lowe (afterwards Lord Sherbrooke) I was under greater intellectual obligations. Both from our place in the school—next to each other—and from other circumstances, we were very much thrown together. I worked hard when it was necessary; but

I found, with the grounding which I had received at home, that a little work went a long way, and that I could hold my own generally by merely doing what I liked best. It was fortunate for me that I had the stimulus of a close competition with Lowe,—ambitious, like myself, and possessed of powers which were afterwards to be displayed upon a wider field. A successful rivalry with him was not possible without effort, and the effort was constantly made. We did not always agree, for he was capable then, as since, of saying pungent things; and certain physical disadvantages under which he laboured, and which he bravely overcame, sometimes overtasked his high spirit and his naturally generous temper. But our friendship did not suffer upon the whole because we sharpened each other's wits. Cardwell was too far below me in the school to exercise any such influence; and he left it before his powers had come to sufficient maturity to give promise of his later distinction at the university and in life. But we were early attracted towards each other; and his family approved and desired the growth of our intimacy.

I fear it was not then my habit to do conscientious work for duty's sake as much as for success and praise; but I desired success, and took pains with my exercises, especially verses and "gatherings,"—often beyond the requirements of the school. Of books which did not interest me I read only what I was obliged; and having no turn for mathematics, and not then appreciating the value of an acquaintance with modern languages, I did not attempt them, or anything else which had no bearing, intelligible to me, upon the ordinary course of school lessons. That neglect I have since had much reason to regret. My voluntary reading was English literature—Johnson, Addison, and the whole works of Dryden and Pope, among the rest.

It was very much the same with me as to recreation. I did not take pains to excel in games, except football towards the end of my time; I enjoyed bathing, lazily and luxuriously, in safe places, alone or with one or two companions, but I did not learn to swim. I never cared to be in a crowd, and I liked wandering by myself, or with some kindred spirit, exploring chalk-pits for fossils, or the hills and meadows for the rarer flowers of the chalk formation, or for fine lepidopterous insects (there not uncommon), such as the Puss-Moth, the Ocellated Hawk-moth, and the Scarlet Tiger-moth.

It is with feelings very mixed indeed, that I look back upon that part of my life. Intellectually I made progress, sufficient to satisfy and please my parents and friends, and to give me a start at Oxford, in my eighteenth year, better than my brother William had in his sixteenth. For this and for the friendships I formed, and for the fatherly kindness of my teachers, especially Dr. Williams, I am very grateful; but there were things of more importance than intellectual advancement, as to which I did not deserve the good opinion which others entertained of me.

To Ralph Charlton Palmer

"The Gart, Callander, 7*th September* 1855.

"You are now, I believe, in Sixth Book, and (I suppose) a Praefect. When I look back, through the last twenty-seven years (for it is as long ago as that) to the time when I was first made a praefect, I am much tempted to wish, that the time might come over again, as the recollection of many things which I did, or left undone, then, is painful to me even now, and will be so (I have no doubt) as long as I live. There is, however, no use in such wishes; but, possibly, it may not be without use for one who recollects, with so much regret, his own faults and errors, to offer a little advice, which may help to save you from having any like cause of regret hereafter.

"At a Public School so much depends upon the state of discipline, feeling, and opinion, among the boys, and this is liable to vary so much at different times that what is a comparatively easy position at one time may be an extremely difficult one at another. When I was made praefect, the state of discipline was low and the state of moral opinion and practice in the school was certainly very far from good; and the praefects, as a body, were then young, and not physically strong, nor looked up to as leaders in the games and popular exercises of the school; though they were, perhaps, most of them above the average, in point of intellect and intellectual ambition. The result was, that their position was a most difficult one; I think I have never, in my whole subsequent life, been in a position of anything like equal difficulty; and the difficulty was, in fact, too much for us all. We failed to overcome it, and it overcame us, not without a serious injury, for some time at all events, to the moral principles and practice of some. Whether your circumstances are likely to be similar, I (of course) do not know; I hope and trust they may not be quite so bad; but I am sure there will be plenty of room for the application of some hints which I wish to give you; and, if you will but write to me confidentially, and will tell me unreservedly of any particular trials or difficulties which may at any time occur to you, I am sure I shall be able to help you, by my experience, to find the right way out of them.

"Even under the most favourable circumstances, it cannot be very easy for a youth of sixteen or seventeen to use authority with good sense, moderation, conscientiousness; to avoid any foolish assumption of dignity, unsuitable to his age and personal weight among his schoolfellows, and yet to maintain the proper respect due to his real position; to be honest and keep faith with masters, and at the same time to be on friendly and comfortable terms with all classes of his schoolfellows. Yet this is what a praefect must do, if he would wish to be happy, and to possess the good opinion of himself and others. The younger and smaller a boy is, when he is made a praefect, the greater becomes both the difficulty and the necessity of observing the right line, in all these respects; for his position, without adequate personal strength to back it, is, unavoidably, in some degree a false one, and is likely to be so viewed by the inferiors. His inexperience and immaturity of character may tempt him either to be unduly elated by the position of power, and to use it rashly, jealously, and without consistency or discretion ; or else to shrink weakly and timidly from exercising it upon those occasions on which duty calls for its exercise. The consequences of failure, in either of these two lines, at sixteen, will never cease to be felt, as long as a boy remains at the school ; and the loss of self-respect, and of inward comfort, which such a failure brings with it, is likely to be accompanied by a great diminution of the power of resistance in the presence of every other kind of temptation.

"1. The first thing I would recommend to you is, to make as sparing a use of your authority, in all respects, at the beginning, and to continue to make as sparing a use of it as you possibly can, till you feel that the novelty of the position has worn off, and (that in your own eyes and those of the inferiors) you are no longer a 'new praefect.' This line of conduct should be adhered to, very carefully, during the first half-year at all events. Afterwards, I should still advise you always to take care that you are on the side of moderation, rather than the reverse ; but this rule is more especially necessary at first, when inferiors will be apt to suspect you of making too much of your power.

"2. The next rule is, to make as little use of your hands or stick as possible, at all times ; and when you call 'junior,' or tell a junior to do anything, to remember that you and he are both gentlemen's sons, and speak in the tone of a gentleman; and always avoid the least approach to bullying, or to harshness and unkindness of manner, especially towards *little* boys.

" 3. The next rule is, to associate, as much as you have the opportunity of doing, with the praefects, and especially with those of them whose reputation for principle, good sense, and good nature stands highest in the school; but, at the same time, on no account whatever to cut, or withdraw yourself from the society of, those among the inferiors who were in the habit of associating with you before you were a praefect, but make as little difference as possible in your behaviour to them, consistently with the principle that you must not separate yourself from the praefects, or acquire the reputation of forsaking their society for that of inferiors.

" 4. When you see an inferior committing any serious breach of morals or discipline, of which you ought, as a praefect, to take notice (and I need not tell you what sort of cases I refer to, for your own conscience will), I should advise you first to speak to him about it privately, and tell him that, if it happens again, you will be obliged to punish or report him; and, as a general rule, to be satisfied with this sort of warning the first time. If the case is unusually serious, or if the same thing happens more than once, so that you cannot (without being yourself in fault) avoid doing something more, I should recommend you to mention it, either to the Commoner Praefects as a body, or to any one of the older and more experienced Commoner Praefects who is generally respected in the school, and whom you know to be in the habit of doing his duty. Avoid the necessity of either using corporal punishment, or of reporting the case to Moberly, if any milder course will do; but do not shrink from either of these extremities (of which I should always prefer the latter to the former, unless the public opinion and practice of the school obliged me to do otherwise), when your own conscience plainly tells you that it is your duty.

"5. Do not make much of trifling offences, or petty breaches of rule or discipline which involve no moral fault on the part of inferiors. A few words, or one or two *very light* touches of the stick or hand at the utmost, will always be enough for such faults as these; and, if at any time an inferior provokes you by any apparent want of respect towards yourself, be very much on your guard against punishing him under the influence of pride, passion, or any other unworthy personal feeling. It is much better, in all these small matters, to avoid seeing the fault, or taking the offence, if you possibly can. But, in cases of any plain breach of morals (such as drinking, or the like), or of any great and wilful breach of discipline (such as shirking out, or staying out, in school-time or when the gates are locked, or going up into the town without leave), or of cruelty to the smaller boys or habitual bullying (*especially at night and in the bedrooms*), in all these cases, you cannot be too strict, or too conscientious; though, in these cases, as all others, there will be constant need of discretion; and no case can be so serious, that, if the end (which is prevention for the future) can be attained by a kind admonition in private, better than, or as well as, by giving up the offender to punishment, this course may not be honestly taken, provided no scandal follows.

"I have not thought it necessary to say anything about personal cleanliness and neatness in dress, etc., because the importance of this must be obvious to you; nor about the expediency of your playing games, etc., because all boys are not, naturally, alike as to that; nor about the example which you ought to set in your own conduct, in and out of the school. All that I can safely leave to your own good sense.—Ever your affectionate cousin,

"ROUNDELL PALMER.

"*P.S.*—I have hardly left myself any room to say that you may, at any time, ask me for any little help which you may want in your money matters; and you shall always have it. I should like you to keep yourself out of debt; and, if you now owe any debts, I will gladly pay them for you."

CHAPTER VIII

OXFORD—OLDER FRIENDS THERE—"UNION"—"RAMBLER"

1830–1833

I WAS matriculated at Oxford, as a Commoner of Christ Church, in the spring of 1830; but afterwards, while still at school, I stood for an open scholarship at Trinity, and was elected. After the long vacation of that year, I began my residence in the University.

The transition from Winchester to Oxford was like a new beginning of life. The liberty and independence, the refinement amounting to luxury, the society, the intellectual atmosphere, the higher tone of opinion and feeling, were all delightful. No young man could have gone up to Oxford with greater advantages; none, certainly, could have enjoyed more than I did the years of undergraduate life.

There I met again my principal school friends. Lowe was at University and Ward at Christ Church; Cardwell, in 1831, got a scholarship at Balliol. Halford Vaughan, who had taken a liking to me at Rugby, and Liddell—a Charterhouse man, whose father and my uncle, Henry Roundell, had been friends from their youth, and whose acquaintance I made at Fringford—were at Christ Church, of which Liddell was afterwards Dean. My brother William had just taken his degree with high honour (a first in classics), obtaining about the same time the Chancellor's prize for an unusually good Latin poem on "Tyre." Among his intimate friends were two of the most brilliant men of their time—Charles Wordsworth, student of Christ Church, and Thomas Legh Claughton, the glory of Rugby, and of my own College. They admitted me, from the first, to a share in their affections. Others of that generation of Trinity scholars, with whom I at once formed friendships to be dissolved only by death, were John Thomas (elected at the same time with myself), the cleverest and most attractive representative of Shrewsbury, then foremost among the public schools in critical learning; Nutcombe Oxenham, from Harrow (afterwards Fellow of Exeter, and Vicar of Modbury in Devonshire), singularly bright and pure-minded; and George Kettilby Rickards, a typical Etonian, who wore, in a green old age, honours won by many years of public service.

Corpus, Balliol, and Trinity, were the only colleges in Oxford, whose scholarships were then open to free competition. The Corpus men did not mix much with the rest of the University; their best days, the days of Keble, Arnold, and John Taylor Coleridge, were past. Balliol had an advantage in its open Fellowships, which, like those of Oriel, attracted the best men from all Colleges. But the Trinity scholars held their own against all comers. From their ranks, Herman Merivale and Edward Twisleton had lately taken Balliol Fellowships; and, not very long before, John Henry Newman had been elected to Oriel. If the prize exercises recited in the theatre might be taken as a test, there was no college whose scholars for some time before, and for several years after, the beginning of my residence obtained so large a share of those distinctions.

Among our tutors at Trinity were two remarkable men—in almost every respect the opposite of each other—Thomas Short and Isaac Williams. Short was a naturally clever man, of shrewd masculine sense, and a caustic ready wit, of great generosity also, and kindness of heart. He was not a perfect scholar, but he understood what scholarship was, and was a very good judge of it in others. He had been idle when young, fishing when he ought to have been reading; afterwards, he was for some time an assistant master at Rugby.[1] He was an old-fashioned Tory and Churchman; rather too unclerical a clergyman; his life was blameless, but his speech was not always decorous. But we liked him, and thought much of his criticism, his praise, or blame, and he never lost our respect. He continued tutor during all the best days of Trinity, and retained his Fellowship till he died, a very old man.[1]

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[1] Short was one vote behind Arnold, when the latter was elected Headmaster of Rugby.

Isaac Williams was not his equal in the gifts necessary for understanding and managing young men, nor was he a man of so strong and manly a natural constitution; he was not, therefore (unless to a few), so good a tutor. In genius, however, and acquirements, and in those moral qualities which raise men above the general level of their kind, he stood higher. He was a Welshman, of shy but warm temperament, subdued by religious fervour and constant self-discipline to great modesty and humility. He had gained a Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem of much originality and power, and was a first-class man; distinctions of which Short could not boast. He was learned in the Fathers, author of several devotional works esteemed by a large circle of readers, and a contributor of essays, some of which raised a storm of controversy, to the *Tracts for the Times.* He was also an English poet, worthy (in the opinion of some) to be placed by the side of Keble; whom, however, he did not resemble, being unequal, and often diffuse, though at other times rising to heights which ought to preserve his works from oblivion, and which his admirers, of whom I was one, thought equal if not superior, as poetry, to Keble's best passages. It was expected by all his friends that he would succeed Keble in the Professorship of Poetry. But the opportunity did not come till a time of great religious excitement, when the tide was fast turning against the "tract-writers"; and although Isaac Williams was zealously supported (I shall mention hereafter the part which I myself took on that occasion), a gentleman not known to have any poetical gifts, though a man of fine scholarship and undoubted ability, was, for theological reasons, preferred to him. He married, fell into bad health, and died prematurely. To be a teacher of undergraduates was not his vocation, but he was loved by those who knew him best, and held in reverence by all.

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[1] In a copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, with illustrations by John Martin, 1827, now in the Library of Trinity College, Oxford, is inscribed—

Niso Rev. THOMAE SHORT, A.M.
Amico, praeceptori,
Optimo, carissimo,
d. d.
ROUNDELL PALMER,
June 1834.

and this letter is inserted—

MY DEAR SIR—I hope you will not refuse to accept the book which accompanies this note, as a slight proof of the sense which I have, and which I hope I ever shall have, of the exceeding kindness which I have found at your hands, since I have been a member of the College. Few things, I assure you, have contributed so much to the happiness of my undergraduate life; and there are few things from which I promise myself more pleasure than the continuance of your friendship hereafter.—Believe me, my dear sir, ever most affectionately yours,

ROUNDELL PALMER.

17*th May* 1834.

In my Oxford recollections, the pleasures of friendship take the first place; and the dividing lines, which separate the first from the second part of my undergraduate life, were determined, more than anything else, by the departure from the

University of my older friends—those of my brother William's Oxford generation—after taking their degrees; and by the succession to them of new friends, younger than myself. As long as those of the older generation remained, I sat at their feet; when they were gone, I seemed to become a *magnus Apollo* to others. Each time had its charms; the earlier friendships had in them more of reverence, or, to use the Greek word, of *αἰδώς*, they were certainly not the least permanent. The later had, perhaps, more of impulse and excitement; imagination had more place in them. Here, at the outset of my Oxford life, I must dedicate a few pages to those who were my brother's friends as well as my own: to Charles Wordsworth, Thomas Legh Claughton, and John Thomas. My Father well understood the value of such friendships. Writing to me of Claughton, in the summer of 1833, he said: "It has often been the fashion to say, the days spent at college were among the happiest of a man's life; and I feel assured the friendships you have both formed will make you and William consider it so." He wrote also to my Uncle Ralph in India, on the occasion of my brother gaining in that year one of the University prizes, while Claughton was not equally successful in the competition for another: "Nothing in all these things gives me more satisfaction than the strict and warm friendship that subsists between these young men, and some others who have equally distinguished themselves in the University, such as Mr. Charles Wordsworth. . . .

They seem each to exult more in his friend's success than in his own. Claughton wrote to me last year, in answer to my congratulations on his getting the Latin essay, in which William failed: 'But it would have given me the greatest pleasure, I assure you, to have seen the two brothers[1] in opposite *rostra.*' And all that William now writes to me, for the first news of his own success, is: 'I am disappointed extremely by the result of the prizes.'"

Claughton's name is prominent in that letter of my Father. I will speak first of him, and of Thomas, both, like myself, scholars (Claughton soon became a Fellow) of Trinity.

Thomas Legh Claughton (afterwards Bishop of Rochester and then first Bishop of St. Albans) was the elder of two distinguished brothers. He had a great charm of countenance and manner, and a disposition which nobody could help loving. Seldom in any man have the highest qualities of head and heart been so happily attempered, so attractively combined. One of my younger[2] friends justly described the first impression made by him, as that of "intellectual gracefulness"; but the gracefulness was not only intellectual, and he was not deficient in strength. His natural temperament was buoyant and elastic, with a lively, though chastened, flow of animal spirits; but this was the bright surface of an undercurrent of serious thought and feeling, the actuating principle of a pure life. He was incapable of any levity by which the most sensitive or fastidious taste could reasonably be offended. But he had a quick sense of humour, and an inexhaustible command of playful irony, which only enhanced his affectionateness. Neither reserved nor effusively demonstrative, not going beyond the simplicity of truth, having more in his heart than he put into words, equable, full of sympathy, constant, and faithful, the same at all times, without jealousy, irritability, or caprice, a favourite of fortune, but never elated by prosperity, bearing those troubles from which humanity cannot be exempt as a Christian ought, not shutting up within himself the light and warmth which were in him, but letting them radiate for the benefit of others, naturally, and without assumption or pretension, he was the ornament of our society, and the perfection of a friend. Such as he was then, he has always remained through life, and letters which I received from Claughton bring vividly before me, as I read them, his constant affection through all later years, down to the day when we stood together to take our last farewell of the mortal part of her who is dearer to me than life. He wrote to me: "God bless and keep you and yours, dear friend of my earliest days. I hope we may so pass out of this world into a better, linked together in a holy bond of everlasting union, we and ours together. God grant it."

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[1] I had obtained the "Newdigate" prize, for English verse, in 1832. The prize-exercises were recited from pulpits, called "rostra," projecting from the lower gallery of the University theatre; that for the English exercises on the left, and that for the Latin on the right, of the Vice-Chancellor's seat; the recitation being at the annual "Commemoration" of Founders and Benefactors. (My Father had won the prize for Latin verse the year before, and in 1832 besides the "Newdigate" he won the "Ireland" scholarship. He took a first-class in classics in 1834. My Grandfather ends the letter to Sir Ralph Palmer, quoted above: "But enough of this, lest you say in earnest what my neighbour Littlehales said in jest, 'What a bore you are, Palmer! one is tired of wishing you joy!'"—S. M. P.)

[2] Frederic William Faber.

Claughton was a lover and a very fine reader and reciter of poetry, having, among his other natural gifts, a rich and well-modulated voice. In his undergraduate days he was much captivated by the fancy and music of Shelley; but he was not long in learning to appreciate Wordsworth, describing his poetry to me in the winter of 1833 as "the most *purifying* he could think of." It was he who initiated me into the beauties of Tennyson's two first small volumes, and induced me to purchase the earliest editions of them, which, now enriched by notes in Lord Tennyson's own hand, are treasured in my library. Nor was Claughton himself without the poetical gift. He not only gained both the University prizes for verse-exercises (as well as that for the Latin essay), but there are passages in his prize poems of more than common excellence.

It is natural to pass from Claughton to Thomas, for my college memories of the one are associated with the other, and the association extends to their later lives. Thomas was the only surviving son of a magistrate and country gentleman, residing on a small property near Llandilo, in South Wales. When I first saw him, in the Whitsun week of 1830, while the examination for the Trinity scholarship was going on, he was about nineteen, full of life and spirits, as playful as a fawn, with a handsome, frank, engaging countenance; bright, careless, affectionate, petted and caressed by my brother William and his friends, who had all taken a fancy to him, for he was already residing at Wadham. Shrewsbury, where he had been one of Dr. Butler's pupils, was then at the height of its reputation. For five successive years, beginning in 1837, Shrewsbury men had an absolute monopoly of the Ireland "Scholarship," carrying it in some cases against those who were really much their superiors, such as my brother William, with whom it was a favourite object of ambition which he never attained. Thomas did not do this; nor was his success in the University equal to his talent, in which he was not below the very ablest of his school-fellows. But he was not a solitary instance of Shrewsbury men of that day at Oxford, beginning well and failing afterwards to fulfil in the "schools" the expectations which had been formed of them. The fault, I suspect, lay somewhere in the system of high pressure, from which a reaction followed, for Thomas and some others, whose University course was similar, had a mastery of the elements of learning as well as powers of mind which might have accomplished anything. But they were like the hare in the fable.

Thomas was the liveliest member of our society at Trinity; and with that liveliness he united a warm heart, a fastidious taste, a mind extremely free from prejudice, much sagacity, and a quick discernment of character. His judgment was never warped by passion or enthusiasm, impulsive as he seemed to be;

he saw rapidly through unrealities, and never failed to find out the weak points of a system or an argument. His spirits, high as they were at times, were not equable; and he was a severe critic of himself. It would have been difficult to discover an occupation which would have given scope for his peculiar gifts, without any element of repulsion to the critical spirit within him. What was actually in store for him,—to be the son-in-law and examining chaplain of an Archbishop, and Canon of a Cathedral Church,—was perhaps the last thing which his friends at that time would have imagined. His intellectual influence with myself was considerable; and intercourse with him, both personally and by letter, helped me to preserve the balance of my judgment when it might otherwise have been disturbed.

The third of the friends with whom I became most intimate in those early days at Oxford, and not the least eminent for thorough scholarship, intellectual vigour, and other high qualities, was Charles Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews. It was indeed in his rooms at Christ Church that I first had a taste of that sort of friendship which, according to Aristotle, neither springs out of the necessary relations of life, nor has any motive of personal advantage, but comes from the mere pleasure of it. He took a fancy to me partly because he saw me once, in broad daylight and in the High Street, carrying a basketful of wild plants which I had been collecting at Shotover,—so small are the occasions which sometimes lead to useful results. This disregard of the conventionalities of time and place pleased him, and his approval confirmed me in the habit of doing for myself, when convenient, things which some people think beneath their dignity —a habit learnt at Winchester which was perhaps among the best fruits of the rougher part of my training there.

Charles Wordsworth was the second of three remarkable sons of Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, then Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. If he did not fill that important office with marked distinction in other respects, Dr. Wordsworth is memorable among Masters of Trinity as the father and grandfather of eminent bishops, and brother of a poet among the greatest of his age and nation.

Of the three sons, John (the eldest) and Christopher (the youngest) had their school education at Winchester, and Charles at Harrow. The two former went to Cambridge, and there gained all possible honours, except in mathematics. John devoted himself to classical studies, in which he obtained a high reputation, and, if he had lived, would probably have rivalled the fame of a Porson or a Bentley. But he died young. Christopher, after being for some years Headmaster of Harrow, was made Bishop of Lincoln, and filled that post with exemplary simplicity and virtue. Both Christopher and Charles in their youth were distinguished by physical as well as intellectual prowess. They were captains of the opposing elevens in the match played between Harrow and Winchester on Lord's cricket ground in 1825; and Charles had been, before I knew him, one of the crew of the

University boat in the race (then annual) at Henley with Cambridge.

There was probably no more complete scholar among the Oxford young men of that day than Charles Wordsworth in all that constitutes the essence of true scholarship. He obtained two of the Chancellor's prizes, with Latin compositions of such unusual merit as none but a really accomplished Latin scholar could have produced; and he took a brilliant first-class degree. Not even George William, Lord Lyttelton, the best Latin verse writer of this century, could have approached nearer to the spirit and melody of Virgil than Charles Wordsworth did in some passages of his poem on "Mexico"—that, for instance, on the first sight of the Spaniards by the Mexicans:—

At rudis a patriis descendens incola sylvis
Prodigium stupet, et subeuntes ostia nautas;—
Qui fuerint; quae vasta volans pernicibus alis
Per fluctus tulerit moles; unde humida mundi
Moenia transierint, aut quas via tendat in oras.
Talia, collecta stipantes littora turba,
Inter se rogitant; dum vasto pondere naves,
Dum dubios vultus, et plusquam humana virorum
Corpora, mirantur. Pavor exultantia pulsat
Pectora, et obtutu tacito circum omnia pendent:
Incerti Genios ac Numina magna locorum,
An maris immensi prolem, Solisne nepotes,
Esse putent: tantum ore jubar; sic candida flamma
Membra nitent; tanti rutilis e crinibus ignes
Collucent. Quid non mortales improba suasit
Relligio? En! studiis, quae cuique est copia, laeti
Dona ferunt, totaque Deos venerantur arena.

Charles Wordsworth was so well read in Latin and Greek authors that classical quotations and allusions upon all subjects came naturally to his lips, and even in his most familiar letters flowed from his pen. Nor was he less conversant with the best English poetry, especially that of the generation and school to which his uncle belonged. I used to sit in his room evening after evening listening to his animated talk about his uncle and Sir Walter Scott and Southey and Coleridge, all whom he had, I think, known personally, and of whom he had heard much from others. He was in person not unlike his uncle the poet, only of a stronger frame; and from his uncle's works he read to me, almost in the same tones that the poet himself might have done, many favourite passages. All this was pure pleasure at the time; but it was a pleasure which strengthened, enlarged, and refined my own poetical taste. I spent thus much of my time, until his Oxford residence was interrupted in 1833.

He had early lost his mother, and had no sister. His father's life, after he became a widower, had been severed from the world as much as was possible in the position which he held. His brothers were scholars, occupied in their own pursuits; and, proud as he was of his uncle, "the pride of an illustrious relationship" was, he said, "but a poor substitute for the blessings of a sympathetic one." These family circumstances made him the more disposed to be an enthusiastic friend. He was a man of impetuous feelings and great energy, but liable (partly from physical causes, for his health always suffered from anxiety or excessive exertion) to alternations of lassitude and depression. Whatever he set his hand to do, he did it with his might. If book-learning, he made himself thoroughly master of it; if teaching, he spared no pains to inform, raise, and stimulate the hearts and minds of his scholars; if government, he was lavish of his strength, and of his means also, for the advancement of the work in hand; if controversy, he put on his armour in right earnest, and girded himself to the battle without favour or fear. His intellectual temper was eager and anxious, even to restlessness; and in conversation about serious matters he was sometimes too argumentative for his own or other people's comfort. He had an ardent zeal for truth, from which no attachment to party, no respect of persons, could turn him aside. If his health had been better and his temperament less sensitive, if he had husbanded his strength more, and had been less willing to spend and be spent; if he had been less self-sacrificing and single-minded, and had lived more in the world and less in his library, he must have done greater things than it was his lot to do.

I do not remember to whom I was indebted for my introduction to the "Union" debating society; but I became a member of it, and attended its debates, and made my first essay in speaking there, during my first term. It was then at its zenith; William Ewart Gladstone was President. He was a student of Christ Church, prince of the Etonians of his time, and at the head of the literary society of his "house." He must have been then in the third year of his university course. He had been a frequent speaker at the "Union" since the beginning of 1830, always on the Tory side, but attached to the memory of Canning, and opposed to the Duke of Wellington and his government. Sidney Herbert, Lord Lincoln (afterwards Duke of Newcastle), James Bruce (afterwards Earl of Elgin), Henry Edward Manning (afterwards Cardinal), Frederic Rogers (Lord Blachford), Benjamin Harrison (afterwards Archdeacon of Maidstone), and Frederick Denison Maurice, were among other occasional speakers; but Gladstone was as pre-eminent then as he has since been on a larger field. In May 1831, during the crisis of the first Reform Bill, we had a three nights' debate on a motion of want of confidence in Lord Grey's Ministry, to which Gladstone moved, and carried by ninety-four to thirty-eight, this "rider":—

"That the Ministry has unwisely introduced, and most unscrupulously forwarded, a measure which threatens not only to change the form of government, but ultimately to break up the very foundations of social order, as well as eventually to forward the views of those who are pursuing this project throughout the civilised world."

His speech in support of this proposition (which might perhaps have been repeated without change of a word by those who dissented from his own Irish measure of 1886) was one of extraordinary power and eloquence. In Thomas Mozley's *Reminiscences* —a pleasant book, not remarkable for accuracy —it is said that George Anthony Denison (the redoubted Archdeacon), then a junior fellow of Oriel, and one of the few professed Liberals in the common-rooms of the University, prophesied, from the nature of the arguments used, that the speaker was on the high road to Liberalism. I do not think that any one else who heard the speech saw so far into futurity, but we anticipated from it a splendid career in public life, and in that we were not disappointed.

Until I joined the "Union," I had no political opinions beyond the hereditary Toryism of my Father and other members of my family, who remembered the days of the first French Revolution, and looked upon the second as likely to end in a new dissolution of the existing order of society. But from that time I began to interest myself in politics, as did many of my more intimate friends, particularly Cardwell, Lowe, and Tait, who were upon the Liberal, and Rickards and Ward, who were (like myself) upon the Conservative side. We were frequent speakers, and we all attained in turn to the office of president. After Gladstone and his contemporaries passed from the mimic into the real Parliament, or into other spheres of life, my friends for some time enjoyed an almost undisputed supremacy at the Union. Cardwell and Ward entered into its business with as much seriousness, and with as grave an estimate of the importance of its parties and its contests, as if the fortunes of the nation depended upon it. At last, in the autumn of 1833, the "Opposition" triumphed, and carried against them its candidate for the presidency, Massie of Wadham, a clever man and pungent speaker, Radical in his doctrines, who did not belong to our set, though Lowe went with him. My defeated friends consoled themselves by developing into a rival debating society, a private literary club called the "Rambler," which had been accustomed to meet in Balliol. I was myself indifferent to the dispute in the Union, but in the new society I gave my friends all the support I could. It had a short existence, but it enlisted some recruits of ability, such as John Wickens and George Mellish, afterwards eminent Judges; and while it lasted, its debates eclipsed those of the Union, at which the ruling party there was greatly offended. They called an extraordinary meeting, which was held, on account of the numbers who attended it, in the large assembly-room of the Star Hotel, at which they proposed that we should all be expelled. The motion was defeated by a large majority after a long and very lively debate, and our victory was celebrated in doggerel Homerics (mixed Greek and English), in a *jeu d'esprit* called *Uniomachia,* of which the authorship was attributed to William Sinclair, son of Sir John Sinclair, the noted Scotch agriculturist, one of our party, and an older man, who had seen more of the world than most of us. The piece was a success in its way, and somebody thought it worth while to translate it into English verse. Both the original and the translation, and some other fugitive pieces written upon the same occasion, found their way to Mixbury; and when my Father read, in some lines relating to my own part in the debate, that

> Sudden Minerva, bending from on high,
> Soft counsel whispered from a gaslight nigh,
> In gentle Mayow's form—the warrior heard,
> Knit his stern brows, and loth obeyed the word—

he was not altogether comfortable, supposing that a lady might be in the case. It was a relief to him to learn that "gentle Mayow" was only the disappointed candidate for the presidency of the Union.

Some of our friends, who had stood aloof from this contest, or had observed it from a distance, disliked the antagonism between the two societies, and thought that the younger ought to give way. My Father was of that opinion. Negotiations followed, which ended next year in the dissolution of the "Rambler," and in the return of the dissidents generally (I myself had other things to think of) to the Union. Cardwell, who took a leading part in those negotiations, wrote to me about them in just the same style as he might have done about political affairs years afterwards, when the fate of ministries and parties, and established reputations, were hanging in the scale.

NATIONAL UNIONIST ASSOCIATION
REFERENCE AND
7 OCT. 1920
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CHAPTER [illegible]

OXFORD—[illegible] [illegible]—[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

18[illegible]–18[illegible]

THE [illegible] of the '[illegible]' [illegible] coincided very nearly with Charles Wordsworth's leaving Oxford to travel abroad with a pupil. Claughton [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Not long after they were gone I made the acquaintance which soon ripened into friendship, of two men of a younger generation, who began at that time [illegible] their residence at Oxford—[illegible] [illegible], an Eton man, who entered [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and Frederick William Faber, from Harrow, who was [illegible] [illegible]. My brother William had left the University, to which he did not return for several years. He obtained a fellowship at his own College, and was appointed one of the first tutors in the new University, then just founded, of Durham. Other changes had taken place at Trinity, and I was thrown more than before upon my own resources. Mr. Wordsworth's friends I continued [illegible] [illegible]

CHAPTER IX

OXFORD—YOUNGER FRIENDS—STUDIES AND THEIR RESULTS

1833–1834

The time of the "Rambler" controversy coincided very nearly with Charles Wordsworth's leaving Oxford to travel abroad with a pupil. Claughton also had gone to Ireland as tutor to a son of Lord Ely. Not long after they were gone I made the acquaintance, which soon ripened into friendship, of two men of a younger generation, who about that time began their residence at Balliol—John Wickens, an Eton man, who gained a scholarship there, and Frederic William Faber, from Harrow, who was less fortunate. My brother William had also left the University, to which he did not return for several years. He obtained a fellowship in his own College, and was appointed one of the first tutors in the new University, then just founded, of Durham. Other changes had taken place at Trinity, and I was thrown more than before upon my own resources. My Winchester friends I continued often to meet; chiefly, however, in connection with those societies of which I have spoken.

Wickens had at Eton acquired an extraordinary reputation, and was a kind of idol there, although he did not excel in games, and had not any comeliness of person. He abounded in wit, had read many uncommon books, and had much information on many subjects, of a kind rare in undergraduate circles. He was equally proficient in mathematics and classics; was strong in conversation, and not deficient in knowledge of men and of the world. To his Eton contemporaries he seemed a universal genius, and intellectually was not very far from deserving that reputation. His disposition was sociable and affectionate, and his rare powers and easy command of them made him a very agreeable companion, except to those who could not endure smoking, to which he was inveterately addicted. I had myself endeavoured to acquire that art by a painful experiment of three days at Winchester, and had (happily for myself, as I have always since thought) failed; but I had no such aversion to it as to make me intolerant of it in others.

It was through his elder brother (then a Commoner of Exeter), with whom I had been at Winchester, that I was first brought into contact with John Wickens. I found him the centre of a group of pleasant Etonians of his own standing, with some of whom I was connected or acquainted through members of my family. To one of them, Hungerford (afterwards Sir Hungerford) Pollen, my uncle Horsley was related by marriage; and the parents of another, Henry Traill Erskine, were frequent visitors at his house. A third, Charles Wynne (who afterwards married Pollen's sister), was the eldest son of an old friend of my Father. I liked them all, Pollen particularly, who was very sprightly and cheerful. Being thus attracted to their society, I soon felt the charm of Wickens's mind and character. Our intimacy was cemented by a visit which we paid together to Eton, in the Christmas vacation of 1833, and it continued without interruption till his death. He took a double first-class, and ought to have been a Fellow of Balliol; but smoking, which Dr. Jenkyns, the then Master, thought a heinous misdemeanour, stood in his way. He did not offer himself at any other college, but went to London, and worked quietly and unambitiously at the Bar. He was universally popular in that profession, and became eventually an eminent judge; it is a pleasure to me to have been instrumental in obtaining for his merits that recognition. In his last illness (for the country was too soon deprived of his services) we took leave of each other at a house which he had built for himself in one of the hollows of the Sussex Downs, with all the warm affection of our youth.

Frederic William Faber, the youngest son of a solicitor at Stockton-upon-Tees, and nephew of George Stanley Faber, a controversial divine of some reputation, was a favourite pupil of Dr. Longley at Harrow. He was there an ambitious, dreamy, precocious boy; desultory in reading; already pluming his wings for authorship in poetry and prose, but in scholarship not well grounded. He thought his superiority among his schoolfellows uncontested, and was humbled in his own eyes when he came to Balliol, in 1833, and found it no longer so. But he soon made his mark.

In person, he was extremely prepossessing—of good height, slender figure, fair complexion, bright blue eyes, well-formed features, almost feminine grace. The attraction of his looks and manners, and our agreement in poetical tastes (particularly in appreciation of Coleridge and Wordsworth), soon made us friends, and our affection for each other became not only strong, but passionate. There is a place for passion, even in friendship; it was so among the Greeks; and the love of Jonathan for David was "wonderful, passing the love of women." Evening after evening, in Frederic Faber's rooms, we spent together in reading, and comparing our impressions of our favourite poets; and it is from that time that I date the practical influence of Wordsworth's poetry upon my mind, though his nephew had introduced me to it, and taught me to admire it. I know no other reading (except the Bible) of which the influence upon myself has been so profound and lasting. From Wordsworth I learnt, in Frederic Faber's company, large human sympathies. Wordsworth interpreted to me the language of nature, as speaking to the heart of man; the beauty of everything real and true, the Divine voice everywhere, the worthlessness of whatever is artificial and conventional, in comparison with the common bond and the common heritage of mankind. In his insight into the harmonies of things, natural and revealed religion seemed to bear witness to each other. The dogmatists of the schools might find Pantheism in *Tintern Abbey*, and call in question the doctrine of the *Intimations of Immortality* as to the Divine illumination of the natural human soul. Those who so judged did not seem to me to understand either the poet or the man. His mind was consistent with itself, when it produced those wonderful works, and when in *The Excursion,* the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, and the *Ode to Duty*, he spoke the language of Christian faith. Neither in those Oxford days, nor since, have I felt the presence of any discord in his works. A few of them, taken apart from the rest, may be thought trivial; but I think there are none which have not moved my feelings, and helped to strengthen my heart.

Frederic Faber, my companion, and to some extent my hierophant, in those studies, was a poet himself; a man of genius, though not of that kind in which strength predominates. His nature was tender and emotional; he thought and felt in superlatives; and, though his thoughts and feelings were real and true, they were surrounded by a *nimbus* of artificial light. It was a saying of his, that "a man has many biographies, moving in parallel lines." He meant, I suppose, that (besides the differences made by place, time, and changes of occupation) the outward life of business and duty, the domestic and social life, and the moral and spiritual life, run in distinct lines, in more currents than one; and that the ordinary course of those lines might be described as parallel, though it cannot be denied that they sometimes conflict with each other. This may not be true of all men, but a man draws, in such sayings, from his own consciousness; and I think it was true in his case.

His usual flow of spirits was great; and in conversation he was positive, sometimes paradoxical. There was in his mental nature an element of waywardness and inconstancy of which in his earlier years he was conscious. It manifested itself sometimes in a rapid change of opinion, from one extreme to another; and at other times (though this never happened to myself), in his relations to particular persons. The key to this was doubtless in some law of sympathy, which, whenever it drew him towards those from whom he had differed, repelled him from others with whom he had agreed. But those sympathies which depend upon the beauty and mystery of nature were always active within him. On such subjects he could speak and write rhapsodies, colouring with his vivid imagination all the objects of sight and sense, and finding in all nature an esoteric meaning, correlative to man's reason and moral intelligence, and to the truths which Divine revelation has made known concerning the spiritual world. This was, to a great extent, common ground between us, though my imagination was not equally unrestrained. His opinions, originally Calvinistic, then, as the phrase was, "Tractarian," and finally Roman Catholic, underwent great changes; but his religion under each phase of opinion was intensely earnest and sincere, and his life and conversation pure and without reproach.

These were my Oxford friends, with whom I most associated during the latter part of my undergraduate life.[1]

The activities of those who had been associated together in the "Rambler" found other employment when that society was dissolved. An *Oxford University Magazine* was started, under the editorship of Wall, a Bachelor of Arts and Chancellor's Prizeman, who was afterwards a Fellow of Balliol and Professor of Logic. The chief contributors were Wickens, Faber, Sinclair, Giles (a first-class man of Corpus), Cardwell, and myself. We published altogether six numbers, beginning in March 1834, and ending in the summer of 1835. This magazine contained at least two things which were worthy to be saved from oblivion,—a poem by Wickens (never finished) on Joan of Arc, and a translation of *John Gilpin* into Latin by Robert Scott, afterwards Dean of Rochester, an admirable scholar, and a master of the particular sort of humour necessary for success in such an exercise. My own contributions were various in kind, some in verse, some in prose; the verses better, perhaps, than the prose, which was for the most part puerile. In one of them I invented an Earl of Selborne, having then no sort of interest in or knowledge of Selborne, not having even read Gilbert White's book, though I had of course heard of it. It is hardly necessary to add, that this early anticipation of the title which I was afterwards to bear had no influence upon my purchase of land at Selborne in 1865, or upon my choice of that title in 1872.

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[1] Of these friends my Father wrote to his brother, Edwin Palmer:—

HOUSE OF LORDS, 8*th May* 1876.

I cannot write to-day, without speaking of the death of my dear old friend Frank Faber. He is the third of the friends of my youth who have been taken away from us! his brother Frederic, and John Wickens, being the other two. But how nearly the separations of *life* approach to, and prepare us for, that of death!

From Frederic Faber, ever since he left our Church, the separation (though affection was unchanged) was complete; for there was no possibility, in his case, of continued intercourse unless upon the footing of a catechist and catechumen, which *my* convictions, of course, did not permit. I *saw* him, in fact, once only—soon before he died—after the lapse of the first year from his secession. With Frank I have had a *correspondence* (though my share of it was but a shabby one at all times), till within a week of his death; but I have *seen* him twice only since my Willie was born—once just after that event; the next time in August last, when he was mentally the same man as ever.

Even as to Wickens, though we saw each other constantly, the external duties of both of us made it almost the same thing as if we had been more apart. Such is the law of this life. Ought it not to help us in our own preparation for the coming change, and to help our dear friends also?—Ever your affectionate, R. P.

The occupations and employments of time of which I have spoken, although not in the regular course of academical study, were in their several ways valuable parts of my education. A school for public speaking, where awkwardness might be brushed off, command of words and self-possession obtained, good and bad examples observed, and the lesson learnt that a too frequent speaker becomes a bore,—all without any serious penalty for mistakes or failures,—was not less useful than lectures and examinations to a young man intended for the Bar, and hoping perhaps some day to obtain a place in Parliament. And practice in original thinking and writing, with freedom in the choice of subjects, and no public criticism to be feared, was of great use to one in whom (as was my case) the imaginative faculty was in advance of concentrated and methodised thought.

I was successful in my competitions for University honours, gaining in my two first years all that were then open to me. By way of set-off, in my first attempt to pass "my little-go" (or, in formal academical language, "Responsions") I broke down in Euclid, and was warned against presumption by a "pluck." The lesson, which was the more salutary because my Mother had admonished me in the preceding vacation against taking that matter too easily, and I had thought scorn of her uneasiness, was not entirely lost on me. To make the accident more ridiculous, I had a party of friends in my rooms that evening, as if to celebrate my passing; and when the expected "testamur" did not come, I went in person to the examiner's lodgings to inquire about it, and had the satisfaction of learning from him the unpleasant truth, softened (for I found him smoking) by the offer of a cigar. I stuck to Euclid, resolved to read for mathematical honours, and passed my next trial without difficulty.

The preparation for my degree was necessarily my chief occupation after my third year. I continued for some time to cultivate mathematics; and it was arranged that I should join a vacation reading-party at Seaton in Devonshire (between Lyme Regis and Sidmouth), under the tuition of George Johnson, afterwards Dean of Wells. Johnson was one of several brothers who had greatly distinguished themselves at Oxford; and, besides being a first-rate classic, was at that time the mathematical tutor of highest reputation in the University. I found him the gentlest, most patient, and most liberal-minded of men. He conducted me through algebra and conic sections, as far as the differential calculus; but before the vacation had come to an end, it was plain that I did not possess that aptitude for abstract analytical science which was indispensable for success in that line of study. The experiment was given up; but I had no cause to regret it, even if I derived from it no greater benefit than a summer full of enjoyment.

Our party consisted of five or six men, of whom two were already well known to me—Archibald Campbell Tait, scholar of Balliol, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Thomas Edward Abraham, who had been my schoolfellow and friend at Winchester, and who afterwards married his cousin, the eldest daughter of Lord Chancellor Westbury. They both did credit to Johnson's teaching by taking high places in the class-lists; and others of the party, who were also agreeable companions, did the same. The place afforded abundantly all possible pleasures and interests of the seaside. The coast scenery was fine and varied: on the Dorsetshire side, a broken, wooded landslip, full of fantastic crags and chasms, with the fossil-bearing lias cliffs of Lyme Regis and Charmouth beyond; to the west, the fine chalk promontory of Beer Head, with its caves, and its picturesque fishing-village nestling in a narrow creek under precipitous rocks. The weather was in that summer uniformly bright and clear. Shoals of mackerel, herrings, and pilchards, scarlet gurnards, and other fish of brilliant hues were continually brought to shore in the fishermen's nets, their vivid colours glittering in the sun. The bathing was safe and luxurious; the sands were strewn with transparent chalcedony, agates, and jaspers; rare wild plants grew on the cliffs and in the salt marshes and deep hollow lanes. There, on the pier at Lyme Regis, where she landed with her Mother, the Duchess of Kent, I first saw the Princess Victoria, a pale, delicate-looking girl of fourteen years old. I could not anticipate the future, but I looked upon her with that intense interest which no loyal Englishman could help feeling towards one so young, and of such bright promise, destined to so great an inheritance.

I have said that I could not anticipate the future, but chance sometimes stumbles upon prophecy. Seaton was then little known as a watering-place, and the presence of an Oxford reading-party, under an able tutor, was an event there, which attracted some notice. A resident dissenting minister composed a poem, entitled "Seaton Beach," to the publication of which we subscribed. Among other topics of that poem, a description of our party was introduced; and the poet made one of us a bishop, and another a judge. When I was made Chancellor in 1872, Tait, already Archbishop, reminded me of the verses[1] in which Mr. Smith of Seaton had, in 1833, predicted our fortunes.

If my mathematics did not prosper, my classics suffered no detriment. For the most part of my undergraduate time there was a calm in the theological atmosphere. Whately, Copleston, Keble, and Arnold had all left Oxford; and the works on religious subjects which some of them had then published were not controversial. Pusey was vindicating German divinity against Hugh James Rose; and the power of Newman's preaching was known to but few. Bulteel, a Plymouth man, did indeed, on one Sunday, startle the academical world, by denouncing the heads of the University from the University pulpit as dumb dogs, and using other plain words as to what he—a Calvinist, and in all but name a dissenter—considered the corruptions of the Church of England. I was among his hearers, and was struck with his vehemence and evident sincerity. But the sensation which that sermon made, and the controversy which followed, soon died away. Other signs there were of what was soon to follow: Lord Henley's, Arnold's, Hampden's, and other pamphlets on Church and University reform; and, in the autumn of 1833, Keble's Assize Sermon, and the beginning of the *Tracts for the Times.* But all continued calm in Trinity and Balliol. My mind was not yet turned towards theology; even philosophy did not greatly attract me. The philosophy of Oxford was then of an eclectic kind,—a fusion of Aristotle's Ethics with Bishop Butler's *Analogy* and *Sermons*, and an occasional mixture of Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection.* I read as much of it as was necessary, not without profit and interest; but Plato, the study of whose works was at that time less encouraged, suited my turn of mind better; and my strongest point was history. Herodotus was a very great favourite with me. I learned him almost by heart, and collected from all sources within my reach, ancient and modern, everything which threw light upon him. I also devoted some time to the orators, particularly Demosthenes. The impulse to historical study thus given was followed up in later years; and I never regretted the choice. I obtained a first-class in the spring of 1834, and soon afterwards the Eldon

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[1] But who are these in manhood's early prime,
That walk with musing step and look sublime?
The thoughtful brow, the cheek with study pale,
The eye which seems heaven's lofty heights to scale,
The rapid glance that o'er creation runs,
Speak them Minerva's hope, Apollo's sons.
In them you view a train that hither roves
From Isis' banks, and Oxford's classic groves.

E'en now in vision to the muse appears,
Through the long vista of succeeding years,
What these ingenuous youths in time may be,
Whose budding powers in embryo we see.

He whom near yonder cliff we see recline
A mitred prelate may hereafter shine;
That youth, who seems exploring nature's laws,
An ermined judge may win deserved applause.

Scholarship (a great help towards my preparation for the bar) and a fellowship in my brother's College, Magdalen. I regretted the necessity for changing my College, but there was no chance of a vacancy which I could have filled at Trinity; and it was a great thing to be no longer a burden upon my Father, and to be well provided with the means of entering upon my intended profession.

CHAPTER X

MY MOTHER'S ILLNESS—TUTORSHIP TO LORD MAIDSTONE—MAGDALEN COLLEGE

1832–1835

It was during the two latter years of my undergraduate time that I began to have something like a just sense of the serious side of life. Nothing, except my brother Tom's death, had until then occurred in our immediate circle to dispel the enchantments of youthful enjoyment and hope, and bring the lower under subjection to the higher nature. But in 1832 my Mother's health began to fail; and her illness continued for years.

It began with a loss of power in one foot, the foot gradually turning round. For six months she was under Sir Benjamin (then Mr.) Brodie for surgical treatment. It failed, and he held out no hope of improvement. The loss of power continued to increase until all her faculties of motion, and also of speech, hearing, and sight, were affected, and at times she could not take nourishment without assistance.

Dr. Latham, the physician first consulted (an old friend of my Father, who knew my Mother's constitution), was baffled, and despaired of her recovery. But when, in November 1833, Mr. Tuckwell, an eminent Oxford surgeon, was called in, he formed a more favourable opinion of the probable issue of the case; and regarding the nervous system as the seat of the disorder, thought that, although acute and unusually complicated, it would wear itself out in the course of time, even if the time were long, and the distress great. The event was in accordance with his judgment. In the following year, 1834, she made some advance, and had for one or more short intervals some power of sight and hearing, and, for a time still shorter, of speech; after which all seemed to be again gone. For two years more she continued, with some alternations of improvement and depression, in that state. It was not till 1836 that she was decidedly better; nor till 1839 that she recovered the use of her voice sufficiently for conversation, and began again to enter into society and to resume her former occupations.

This state of my Mother's health threw a cloud over all but my earliest University successes, and saddened our home. The trial, aggravated as it was by other events, brought into a stronger and more touching light than ever my Father's characteristic virtues. The tenderness, patience, and wisdom with which he watched over and ministered to my Mother during her whole illness cannot be described, and can hardly be imagined. Besides his pastoral and other duties, of which none were neglected, the whole management of the house and the care of my sisters and younger brothers fell upon him; and he was equal to all. He taught my brothers, and prepared them for school, as he had taught and prepared William and myself; if there was a difference, it was only that the strictness of the original method may have been somewhat softened. Yet with all this he was still everything to my Mother. He understood, as nobody else did, what she wanted, and what treatment would suit her best; his voice and hand, to which she was accustomed, were always ready to soothe, strengthen, and comfort her. He did and bore all quietly, systematically, assiduously, with unfailing faith and love, and with a skill which the best of physicians could not have excelled—all without a murmur or a fretful word. An example to us always and in everything, we never until then fully realised his fortitude and power of self-sacrifice.

In July 1832 he wrote to Sir Ralph Palmer :—

> All this time we have had the great consolation of witnessing the sweetness and patience of Dorothea, neither do her own sufferings prevent her from taking a lively interest in the welfare of others, or from showing a grateful sense of the kindness and attention shown her; and under all circumstances her understanding has been unimpaired. The spinal cord is affected, and she has been for months without speech, and partially without sight and hearing, and wholly unable to move; ever since I returned with her from London. Mr. Brodie holds out but little hope, but Mr. Tuckwell of Oxford takes a less discouraging view of the case.
>
> Meantime our sister Mary in helping us by day and by night herself, as also with her house and her establishment (she receives the girls and their governess at Finmere), vows she is only labouring in her vocation. Her neighbourhood, which is always a satisfaction, is now the greatest comfort and use to us all.

Shortly after, he writes to his daughter Mary (then a girl of fifteen):—

Your dear Mama has had a return of the power of sight and hearing for eight hours this afternoon, and even of speech too for a moment. But all seems to be again gone. Mr. Tuckwell, however, informed me that such might be the case, and that I must not be disheartened by it. I hope and pray it may please God to restore her to us all, and I am sure you and your sisters add your prayers to mine. We also beg those of Miss Wall. God knows what is best for your dear Mama and for us all, and His will, therefore, be ours. But above all, you will all, I trust, be worthy of His blessing by being dutiful and respectful to your elders and instructors, by being diligent, and especially by *loving one another.*—Your ever most affectionate,

W. J. PALMER.

MIXBURY 11 o'clock at night, Tuesday.

The thought and love he bestowed on the education of his children declares itself in the following letter to Sir Ralph Palmer, dated from Mixbury, 11th February 1833:—

God has given us children; it is our part to render Him His own, for they are still more truly His and we are only the instruments of His will. The secret of education is here; to do in this also *His* will not ours, to put one's own shoulder to the wheel, to sow and have patience, and to pray for the blessing which God will not withhold. Only I pray that my own unworthiness may not deprive me of the good that is in store, but that He will still go on making the crooked in me straight and the rough places plain, that I may see all things in their true light, and set my heart and mind in this also *on His will* which only will satisfy. For God has given us children to keep and cultivate for Him, the most precious of all the talents He can bestow, being *His own children*—ours only in an inferior sense and for a time—and when the time comes hereafter the very first and most important item of account. And if we, by

His grace, shall stand acquitted, we shall unquestionably have served both God and man in our generation.

I date from my Mother's illness the awakening within me of higher and more lasting spiritual aspirations than I had known before. And from 1834, the last year of my undergraduate course, I trace the beginning of a real interest in public affairs. Oxford became for a short time the centre of political emotions. Lord Grenville, Chancellor of the University, died towards the close of 1833, and there was at first some doubt as to the choice of his successor. A few would have liked the Archbishop of Canterbury; a much larger number looked to Sir Robert Peel, the most eminent living Oxonian, and thought the opportunity a good one for repairing the error which the University had committed when he lost his election in 1829, after his change of opinion upon the Roman Catholic question. The Duke of Wellington, whose name occurred to most men as the greatest Englishman of his time, had been at no university, and he was as much responsible as Sir Robert Peel for the measure of 1829. Gladstone also, and some others, either because they were attached to the memory of Canning, or giving too much credit to reports which reflected upon the Duke's private character, were vehemently opposed to him. This division of opinion gave occasion to some verses in mock-Homeric style by Robert Scott, whose perfect scholarship enabled him to sketch off the characteristic features of some of the leading personages of the University in very good Greek, with a vein of double meaning running through it, sufficiently plain to his contemporaries, and worthy to be embalmed among the curiosities of the literature of that day.

The Duke prevailed over all objections, and nobody I think would now call in question the worthiness of the choice; although Gladstone (if I may trust what I heard at the time, and reported to my brother, then at Durham) regarded it in a very different light, and expressed his opinion with a degree of heat not altogether consistent with a temperate and equable judgment. "His Grace" (I wrote) "will be elected on Wednesday, privately, and the installation will take place on a splendid scale at commemoration. Gladstone is here, and complains bitterly of the whole proceeding. He thinks that the election will disgrace Oxford, as the stronghold of religion and the Church, in the eyes both of the present age and of posterity." The Duke was, in February 1834, unanimously elected. A deputation was sent up from Oxford to admit him formally to the office, his public installation being deferred till commemoration time. He gave them (as was usual) a splendid entertainment, of which I find an account worth preserving in a letter to my brother William from his friend John Frederick Christie of Oriel:—

> The Duke played his part very well. After the installation, however, when they went into a room to take refreshment, I am sorry to say he was betrayed into the sin of asking the Dons if they would not take off their gowns, and on being informed of the impossibility of such an act, rejoined that there was at least no necessity for his retaining his own. This last error,

and one false quantity in his Latin speech, were (I hope and believe) the sum of his offences. Lord Eldon, who must, one would think, be in his dotage, seems to have done nothing but get into scrapes at the dinner. First he talked of the concession of the Catholic question being the only great point on which he had differed from his noble friend; and then, I hear, he favoured the company with his opinion that the University might have made *him* the offer of becoming Chancellor — one or two, it seems, did come to him on the subject—and he hinted that he might, had he been proposed, have accepted. Of the other members of the party, the Duke of Gloucester distinguished himself by making quite a clever speech, and the Duke of Cumberland by swearing incessantly the whole evening.

The enthusiasm at the public installation in June was such as to pass description. The proceedings lasted for three days, on the second of which I was among those chosen to deliver congratulatory verses in the theatre. But I had shouted myself into such hoarseness on the first day as to have no voice left. The surging stream towards the upper galleries, set apart for undergraduates and bachelors, carried me literally off my legs, up the steep narrow staircase, and I felt sure that when I came to the top I must go over the low front of the gallery, and fall upon the heads of the masters of arts below. The same pressure, however, which had taken from me all control over my own movements, conveyed me safely onwards, till I at last sank down into a seat. The acclamations, universal, overwhelming, and often reiterated, came from the hearts of young and old. The glorious memories of the fields on which the Duke had fought and never failed, the critical state of the politics of the hour, the need (as was thought) of a strong heart and firm hand to save the country, the University, and the Church from untold evils, and confidence in the man, inspired by the noble simplicity and disinterestedness of his public character, all were felt together in the vibrations of those tumultuous sounds. The Duke himself must have been greatly moved; the country was moved also; and the minds of those whose political sympathies were in the opposite direction were irritated and disturbed, as I had reason to observe during a visit which I paid soon afterwards to Dr. Arnold at Rugby; and those proceedings at Oxford certainly helped to accelerate and strengthen, if not to call forth, the Conservative movement, which began from that time to gain power.

Among those who assembled on that occasion to do honour to the Duke of Wellington was a nobleman who had fought a duel with him a few years before, during the excitement resulting from his sudden change on the Roman Catholic question, George William, Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham. He had cast upon the Duke at that time some imputation which His Grace resented as an affront to his personal honour; and though the Duke was, of all men, a champion of law and order, and Lord Winchilsea was a religious man, and had spoken or written the offensive words in his zeal, always at fever-heat, for Protestantism, the one required and the other submitted to give that strange kind of satisfaction, equally irreconcilable with law and with religion, which such an affront was then supposed to make necessary. The Duke of Wellington had no notion of doing anything except in downright earnest, and, while Lord Winchilsea fired into the air, he felt the wind of the Duke's bullet (as he himself told me) unpleasantly close to the curls of his hair. Happily for both, no harm was done; and in 1834 they were very good friends, Lord Winchilsea being conspicuous, with his daughter — one of the fairest young ladies then present — at the ceremonies of the commemoration.

He had an only son, then at Christ Church, Lord Maidstone, whose tutor, Benjamin Harrison (afterwards Archdeacon of Maidstone), a man universally liked and respected, was one of my brother William's friends. He was unable to devote that vacation to his pupil; and, while Lord Winchilsea was at Oxford, it was arranged between them that some one else should be asked to do so in his place. The choice fell upon myself; and, on the 27th of June, Harrison wrote to me to propose that I should pass the summer as Lord Maidstone's private tutor at Eastwell. "As I know" (he said) "you wish to add theology to law, you cannot fail making progress in the former study with Lady Winchilsea at hand. She is a very well-read divine, and (I hear) the terror of the young clergy in the neighbourhood of Eastwell, from the extent of her theological lore." With my Father's approval I accepted this engagement. Having a short time at my disposal before I went to Eastwell, I occupied part of it in paying a visit to Dr. Arnold at Rugby, to whom I had been introduced by Walter

Kerr Hamilton, Fellow of Merton, and afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, an intimate friend of my brother, and of Claughton and Charles Wordsworth, who had been a pupil of Dr. Arnold at Laleham, and was at that time one of his greatest admirers. It was not then school-time at Rugby, but I had a natural inclination to see once more what I had described in some complimentary verses addressed to Dr. Wooll (when he once came after his retirement to visit Bishop Huntingford at Winchester) as *rutilas Rugbeiae arces, frontemque minacem turribus*,[1] according to the impression left upon my childish memory. I am afraid that when I got there "the vision splendid" was dissipated; there was no glitter on the battlements, and the towers were by no means imposing. Nine years had altered the relative proportions of things. But to see the place again, as a man of nearly twenty-two, which I had left as a boy of twelve, was not my only or principal motive. I wished to know a man who, if not then as famous as he afterwards became, had already made some mark upon his age. I was received by him cordially, and had his company entirely to myself for two or three days. He conversed freely and without reserve, both about leading men of his own way of thinking, such as Whately and Bunsen, and about public affairs; also about the school and some of his individual pupils in whom he felt a particular interest. One of these, I remember, was Congreve, since a hierophant among the English Positivists. Arnold discerned in him the elements of a remarkable character, and spoke of him with a mixture of kindly sympathy and reasonable anxiety, which made me realise the secret of Arnold's power over other minds. One other thing he said, which has dwelt with me, and has been often thought of since; that it is not good for any man to live without familiar knowledge of, and frequent intercourse with, the poor. Frankness, decision, reality, independence of mind, shone forth in Arnold's conversation; the masculine element predominated perhaps too much; and, generous as he was, there might have been room for more gentleness and liberality of judgment towards politicians and divines with whom he did not agree.

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[1] The glittering strongholds of Rugby, and her threatening front of towers.

One benefit which I derived from that visit was an introduction from him to Arthur Stanley, when he came, not long afterwards, into residence at Balliol; and in the following year he introduced me, in the same manner, to Lake (afterwards Dean of Durham), who has also verified, like Stanley, the promise of his youth.

From Rugby I went to Eastwell Park, and found both the place and the family very agreeable. The Park is of great extent, and richly wooded, including within its limits the highest summit of the range of Downs extending from the neighbourhood of Canterbury to Hythe and Folkestone. In roaming about it, and over the neighbouring hills of the same range, I found much to interest me, both in the scenery and in the natural history. My pupil, Lord Maidstone, was a young man of pleasing manners, with good natural abilities, and some taste for art (he was a proficient in water-colours); and he was not wanting in ambition. While I was with him, both in that and in the following year, he read steadily and intelligently; and if he had been well grounded in scholarship might easily have obtained a first-class in classics. As it was, he failed to do so, though he took a good second. Whether that discouragement did him harm or not, I am not sure. He had both the capacity and, in early life, the disposition to do more than he ever succeeded in accomplishing. To this disappointment of the hopes which had been formed of him several causes contributed. He had the misfortune (there could be none greater) to lose his mother at the end of that year, 1834. His father, who married again two years afterwards, was a man of frank, kindly, and generous character, but not wise. After achieving an early success in the House of Commons, which he did not follow up, my pupil gave way to the attractions of the turf, which impaired his fortunes; and he devoted his talents chiefly to poetry, of a light and ephemeral character. I found him a pleasant companion, always considerate towards myself, apt to learn, and disposed to be friendly and obliging.

The reference playfully made to the attainments and intellectual interests of his mother, Lady Winchilsea, in Harrison's letter of the 27th June 1834, was true as far as it went; but it was far from doing justice to her remarkable powers of mind and character. She was the eldest daughter of the third Duke of Montrose, and had married young. Her husband had not then succeeded to the peerage, to which he was only presumptive heir. He lived at Kirkby, a fine Elizabethan house in Rockingham forest, not too well taken care of; following his taste for field sports, in a neighbourhood not offering to his young wife many of the attractions of society. She supplied that void by becoming a diligent student in the old library of the house, well stocked with the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, especially theological. Her education in Scotland may, perhaps, have predisposed her towards the early Puritan divines; she read them with intelligence and sympathy, and became an earnest disciple of the Evangelical school of her day. But in her religion there was no austerity. She did not withdraw herself from any duties of her station; she did not proscribe or discourage innocent and reasonable recreations or amusements; she did not, in her social or family circle, follow an overstrained system of religious exercises, requiring, in order to avoid the risks of unreality and conventionalism, a degree of spiritual attainment impossible, generally, to the young. She was, from my first entrance into the house, exceedingly kind to me, and talked freely to me upon all subjects. Her conversation was well calculated to raise the tone of my thoughts, and to affect me permanently for good.

I find, in a letter which I wrote on the 2nd

September 1834 to my brother William, the following description of the impression which she made upon me.

> Lady Winchilsea gives me so many books to read, that I really am obliged to read hard at times, to keep pace with her desire to supply my intellectual appetite. I cannot mention her name without feeling her praises rise to my lips (to my pen, I should say); and, while my prolonged residence here has left my opinion of the other inhabitants of the house pretty much what it was at first, the character of Lady Winchilsea has even improved upon me; and I have not been able to discover a single defect or weakness, to set off against her many admirable qualities. I have very seldom met with a more well-informed, religious, and intellectual person; and her reading has been rather among solid than imaginative writers. She does not know Greek and Latin, but has actually made considerable proficiency in Hebrew. If you were to become acquainted with her (I have a slight fancy that she would like to meet my Father), you might, perhaps, think her manner a little abrupt, it is so entirely devoid of ceremony and stiffness; yet you could not fail to be pleased with her. In her political opinions she agrees with her husband; while her views are, practically, so much more discreet, that it would be well if he were always guided by them. . . . Whether the dominant party will resign their tenure of power without a struggle which may end in civil war, is a question much disputed here, for Lady Winchilsea reckons much upon the good feeling of the country at large, and Lord Winchilsea very little; but there can be little doubt, that the next twelve months will answer the question.

Within a month from the date of that letter I left Eastwell, and never saw Lady Winchilsea again. She fell ill of fever towards the end of the year, and died. The influence, which a residence of three months in the intimacy of domestic society with her had upon me, was never effaced.

I resided during my year of probation at Magdalen; but the old Oxford life was gone. Dr. Routh, the learned and venerable President of that College, interested himself very much in the studies and pursuits of my brother William; but William was at Durham during the whole time of my residence, and the President was a recluse among his books, whom I could only admire at a distance, and who was, in truth, less excellent as governor of the College than as a man. A Whig of the old school, who had known Dr. Johnson and Bishop Horsley, and been intimate with Dr. Parr, he was in College matters a strong anti-reformer, and over-lenient in his enforcement of discipline. Shrewd and pithy sayings, and scraps of old-world wisdom, continually flowed from his lips, and were repeated in our common-room, and elsewhere in the University; but he was seldom seen by any of my generation, nor by myself till a later date.

Of the other members of the College then in residence, there were few with whom I became intimate; one of them was Francis Atkinson Faber, Frederic Faber's elder brother, a man of excellent abilities and high cultivation, frank, faithful, and generous, and of a stronger and more masculine temper of mind than his brother. With him I quickly formed a close friendship, to end only with his death; which I shared with my brother William, and afterwards with almost all my brothers and sisters. He married and took a College living, but suffered for many years from chronic ill-health, reducing him to an incapacity for active work, strangely at variance with the energy of his natural character.

I took during that year private pupils preparing for their degrees, as was then generally the custom with bachelors who had passed their own examinations with any credit.

Frederic Faber was one of these; and this new relation led to our being even more together than before; especially as he also had changed his College, and was now scholar of University, the nearest College to Magdalen. Another of my private pupils was John Robert Godley, a Harrow man, then at Christ Church, with whom also I formed a lifelong friendship. He was the eldest son of an Irish gentleman, and had high intellectual gifts and noble aspirations, destined to be fulfilled in a noble life, too soon cut short for his country and his friends—a life worthy to be held in perpetual remembrance, and in the colony of Christ Church, New Zealand, of which he was the principal founder, never likely to be forgotten.

In the autumn of 1834, King William the Fourth dismissed Lord Melbourne's ministry; and that singular episode in our history followed, during which the Duke of Wellington filled all the great offices of State, until Sir Robert Peel could arrive from Italy. My Father, in a letter written to my brother William (6th December 1834), reported an interview of my uncle Horsley and Mr. William Ward (William George Ward's father, who then represented the City of London in Parliament) with the Duke.

We were all alive, when I was in London, with the sudden change of administration, of which the wind-up appears very uncertain yet, for nobody seems to know what Sir Robert Peel will do when he arrives; all, it seems, depends upon him. And the Duke of Wellington himself does not know, or affects not to know, what line his friend will take. He (the Duke) sent for your uncle Horsley and Mr. William Ward about ten days ago, and told them he was desirous it should be known in the City that no administration was formed, nor a single office definitely filled up, nor would be, till Sir Robert Peel arrived. His Majesty had sent for him (the Duke) and said that, seeing his Ministers were resolved on certain measures calculated to overthrow the Church Establishment in England as well as Ireland, to which he never would give consent, he had resolved to dismiss them, and had taken the opportunity of Lord Althorp's being called up to the Lords to let them know his pleasure; and, having done so, had sent for him (the Duke) to ask his advice. This he thought it incumbent upon him to offer to the best of his ability, however difficult it might be. Accordingly, he had told his Majesty, that it would be most advisable that the Minister should be a member of the Commons; and he knew no person more fit for the office than Sir Robert, and advised him to be sent for. In the meantime, he undertook to carry on the government till his arrival. Your uncle suggested, that it might be satisfactory if some declaration were made of the line the new Ministers were disposed to take; to which the Duke replied that he would give no pledge whatever. "What had the late Ministers done? They had pledged themselves up to the throat, and what had they then done? A great deal more than they ever intended." Horsley said, the great questions afloat—the Irish Church question, the English Church Reform, that of the Municipal Corporations—must all be grappled with. The Duke: "Grappled with? I know I must grapple with them; but how are they to be settled, I am sure I cannot tell. I will give no pledge. Let it only be understood that nothing is settled till Sir Robert Peel arrives, and that the

Church is the question. The King is determined to uphold the Church."

In the winter, while the new Parliament was being elected, I was in the north of England on visits to my brother William at Durham, and to an uncle (then bearing the name of Currer, who, on succeeding some years later to the family estate at Gledstone, resumed his original family name of Roundell) at York, where I witnessed the election of the city members. I participated in the general excitement; watched every day's returns; wrote indignantly in the *Oxford University Magazine* upon the opposition to the re-election of Sir Charles Manners Sutton as Speaker; and followed with intense anxiety the contest in the House of Commons, which ended in Sir Robert Peel's retirement. The Whig Cabinet—although to procure this result they made a truce with O'Connell, and encumbered themselves with the "Appropriation Clause"—shook off some of their weight, especially their restless Chancellor, Brougham, who from that time began to incline towards moderate counsels, and was soon on terms of friendship with the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen. The vessel of the State had righted itself, and the tide began to turn.

In 1835 I wrote for the two bachelors' prizes, and gained one of them, but lost the other and the more important (that for the English essay) to James Mozley, afterwards Regius Professor of Divinity; as I did again in the next year to Henry Halford Vaughan. Both those successful essays were of unusual merit, and their authors were in advance of myself in thinking power. By those defeats I learnt that I had yet to acquire the habits of accurate criticism and mature judgment which Mozley and Vaughan possessed in a degree uncommon at their age. In the subject of the essay for 1835 (the Ancient Oracles), my love of Herodotus had caused me to take much interest; and the line of thought which it suggested led me to propose to Mr. Talboys, the publisher of our *Magazine* (a man of much intelligence and enterprise), a collection of the Hellenic myths from all the ancient authors of various ages by whom they have been preserved, in the original text, upon a philosophical basis, and in an order corresponding, as far as practicable, with the relative antiquity of the events supposed to be recorded in each tradition. Mr. Talboys perhaps thought me too young to undertake such a work, or he may have doubted its success from a publisher's point of view. Whatever was the cause, he declined my proposal, which, if accepted, might have led to my following for some time longer a course of academical and literary study. I am not sure whether such a work as I then contemplated has been executed, in Germany or elsewhere; but I think, even now, that such an authentic and orderly collection of those myths might be useful as well as interesting, on account of the light which it might throw upon the early history of mankind, and upon the common origin which seems to underlie many of the cosmical and religious traditions of different nations.

CHAPTER XI

MY BROTHER HENRY

1830–1835

THE loss of my brother Henry at sea, in the winter of 1834-35, was one of the turning-points of my life. There are, I suppose, such turning-points for good or for evil in the lives of most men. My Mother's illness had begun in me, and my intercourse with Frederic Faber and Lady Winchilsea had confirmed, resolutions and efforts after a worthier life; they were fixed by this calamity.

Henry, after Tom's death, was my next brother; he was born in 1816, there were nearly four years between us. He had not the same turn for Latin and Greek with most of us; ill-health and sorrow had disabled my Father from doing for him after we went to school all that had been done for us. He had no companion in the schoolroom. He was of a docile and lovable disposition, and in face more like my Father than the rest of us. He was sent for a year or two to Rugby; after which it was decided that he should go into the naval merchant service of the East India

Company, some of the splendid ships belonging to which were owned wholly or in part by the house of business in Kings' Arms Yard, in which my Grandfather had been, and my uncle Horsley was then, the leading partner. My Father loved him all the more for the disadvantages under which he suffered in comparison with William and myself.

[The following letters were written by the Rev. W. J. Palmer to his son Henry on the dates given.]

ADDRESSED TO HENRY AT RUGBY, JUNE 1830

[*The beginning is torn off.*]

. . . Our Father and our God comes forth to meet us, and makes the first advances towards peace and reconciliation. Only let a man say "I have sinned," and it is also said "The Lord hath put away thy sin," and let the rest of that man's life be a life of just humiliation, and sincere repentance; not indeed without the sense of God's mercy, and the consolations of faith and of religion, nor without an especial blessing upon the fruits of his repentance.

Guilt like goodness, Henry, is in its own nature diffusive and can never rest alone. Remember then, I beseech you, that an offence is never single. Its consequences *never* rest with the offender only. In any particular instance of sin and shame, it happens much oftener than otherwise, that more than one are concerned; but the consequences and the pain *always* extend themselves, even to the innocent, and afflict those most who love us most. Oh, Henry! if *one* of our children should fall, if *one* should perish, the distinguished merit, the advancement, the affection of all the rest would not compensate for the loss of that one, or prevent grief or sorrow from embittering the remainder of our days.

But do not either forget that it is with us as it is with God. Repentance and recovery, though it cannot undo, may yet redeem. As God has been pleased to liken His own love to that of a father for his child, so we may be assured an earthly parent is ever ready to forgive also, and with joy perceives and helps the fruits of repentance. Peace, blessed peace, even on earth, will follow; and in the consciousness of peace the mind regains its rest. Nor shall any happiness, any gratification, be denied to any of us under such circumstances; whatever may be consistent with the completion of recovery, and the final perfection of character in holiness and purity and truth. Labour, however, meanwhile, and sorrow, may be expected, and hardships to be borne; but there is hope in the end—vile and unworthy as we are—such are the tender mercies of our God. Only let us never forget this one thing, that without turning away from what is base and sinful, without confession and without repentance, mercy is not, cannot be, for us.

My heart is too full, and it would be out of place to enter now upon other subjects; but I shall take an early opportunity of entering upon topics relating to your future. Circumstances point out the necessity of adopting without delay whatever course you are to follow, and of prosecuting it earnestly. I shall pray always for your success, dear Henry, which will yet depend on yourself, and would be no success if not accompanied by the approbation of Almighty God.—I remain, your ever most affectionate friend and Father, W. J. PALMER.

His first voyage was as a midshipman in the *Dunira*, leaving England in August 1830. He returned home in the following year, and sailed again in the same ship in February 1832, visiting, on both voyages, India and China. After her return from the voyage of 1832-33, the *Dunira* was broken up, and he was transferred (the China trade having been then opened to general competition) to another merchant vessel of a very different class, the *Elizabeth*, in which his relations had no interest.

MIXBURY, 16*th January* 1832.

MY DEAR HENRY—The very great personal loss we have sustained in Captain Wilson requires much thought and reflection on our part as to our future plans. Be most careful to lose nothing you have already acquired, and which may be of use hereafter whereon to build a more perfect acquaintance with languages and literature. You must therefore make it your object to retain your Greek and Latin; while you push as far as possible under the advantages of your situation a practical and theoretical knowledge of geometry, and make yourself familiar with the construction and use of instruments. Morally you must, above all, most anxiously bear in mind the influence of personal habits upon the soul which is the intellectual part, as well as upon the prospects of that comfort in this life, and that happiness in the next, which we are in wisdom and mercy made naturally and ardently to desire. And you must remember the value of your example, as a senior now in the Midshipman's berth, as affecting the conduct and welfare of others also, and the responsibility that consequently attaches on you.—Most affectionately, my dear son, yours ever,

W. J. PALMER.

His Father wrote to him while at Gravesend on 16th April 1833.

MY DEAR HENRY—See and read the 32nd Psalm. I have already, my dearest Henry, destroyed your letter, nor shall the subject be ever more remembered. I knew you were but a child; and I hoped therefore it would please God to touch your heart. He has touched it, and He will also heal. Let this one thing, however, never be forgotten by you or me, how that we were standing on the brink of a precipice together. One step more and we had been lost! when the providence of God in a way sufficiently apparent—of His infinite love and mercy, His undeserved mercy, His unspeakable love—hath delivered us. For you will perceive now, though but a child then, that the *first act* is as the first link of a chain which binds men to a course of sin and guilt, from which, however they may stand continually self-condemned, they are unable to escape. But let us thank God—for it was His act—the chain is broken.

I write now, my dearest Henry, without fear, but I should be inexcusable if I did not write; for you are young and liable to temptation both from within and from without, therefore still keep watch. You know also what you are most exposed to, therefore deny yourself, and flee that. Pray also for help. Be still employed, industrious, sober, diligent. Follow boldly the line which Providence, hitherto so much your friend, hath marked out; God shall prosper your honest efforts, and your success shall be no less profitable and consolatory to your parents, than your elder brothers—to be emulated also by those who come after.

One only charge I have, that you continue to love one another, and cultivate it among yourselves—not in word only, but in deed, by acts of mutual kindness as opportunity may offer. And I know indeed that you are so disposed. *Cultivate it then, and let the disposition grow.*

We shall all be truly glad to see you here as soon as you can be spared; and all send their love, and have been delighted with all the more than kind mention you have found in every letter from other quarters that have reached us during the voyage. Madras, Bengal, China, every quarter, on ship-board and on shore, all have spoken in your praise; and God grant that when they shall know all—even in that day when all things shall be revealed before the throne of God—they may praise you still!

Your Mother sends you her blessing and her love. She longs to see you, and participates in all that I have written. Thank God, she is much better than she has been, and though confined to her bed and unable to turn herself, she is cheerful and in good looks; and, although her amendment does not keep pace with our wishes, Mr. Tuckwell expresses a confirmed confidence in her ultimate recovery.—I am, my dear son, your ever most affectionate, W. J. PALMER.

And two months later:—

MIXBURY, *3rd June* 1833.

MY DEAR HENRY—I need not tell you that I contemplate the commencement of the present voyage with more than ordinary concern, not only on account of its probable length and the uncertainty of your return at the end of it, but as you are embarking now for the first time with strangers, and every hope rests and centres on yourself; to yourself alone, under Providence, you must now look for your own comfort and well-being, and for the fulfilment you may desire of my fond and earnest aspirations—to which I know your gratitude and love will prompt you, no less than your own natural desires for credit and honourable esteem among men—leading you to profit in the rational and faithful use and temperate enjoyment of the things of the present life, which, so far as may be consistent with His gracious designs for your everlasting welfare in Christ Jesus our Lord, may God grant you to the full!

With respect to Whom, however, as an example to all His followers, "He went about doing good"; that He lived but for others, and to do His Father's will; that He rejected the wealth and power, and what are commonly esteemed the comforts of this life, though He was the Lord of all. Therefore, my dear son, in all that is permitted us to desire and to seek now, it must be with reference still to the greater objects of our faith and hopes hereafter.

In the assiduous discharge of our duty in that state of life, whatever it may be, to which the Providence of God may be pleased to call us, with moderate desires thus chastened, with watchfulness over ourselves, and with humble confession of unworthiness, and with prayer for help, the honest and industrious employment of time from day to day will prove the most effectual safeguard against temptation, leading too frequently to sin and guilt.

With respect to what is immediately before you, I have not much to say, for the gratifying testimony from *every quarter* that reached us during the last voyage, as well as my own observation since, assure me that you can be wanting in nothing that becomes the officer and the gentleman, nor indeed, as I hope, in that which is the very pith and heart of all, what may become a Christian and one of God's children too.

Steady good-conduct with patience, a well-governed tongue, and a ready hand, not only best serve ourselves, but more frequently and effectually than *we* think, serve our Lord too, in the promotion of His glorious work. I refer to the known influence which the example of one individual has on many, especially on those below him or about him. And I feel sure that the savour of yours in the *Dunira* will be long felt and acknowledged.

You have well attended to my parting words at Gravesend in February '32.

There is a fault which I will here mention, not so much because I have observed it in you, as because it is one to which young people especially are liable, and which, indeed, is too often seen in older ones, but few young ones are altogether without it. That *confidence* in their own view and apprehension of things which makes them unwilling to give up an argument, disposes them to be strong and positive in assertion, and ever desirous of having the last word. I mention this, not because I have observed anything of this while you were with us,[1] but because, unless you are unlike every person of your family, you must needs have a little of it in you, and should be on your guard against it. The fact is, it is a fault arising from inexperience, and it often gives offence where none is intended, or ought indeed to have been taken; and among persons strange to each other, or without the feelings of mutual affection, who must yet live together as *gentlemen*, it sometimes leads to serious disputes and quarrels,—I beseech you therefore be on your guard against it. If you differ in opinion, let it be only in opinion; give your reasons if you please, and avoid contradiction; and if your reasons do not satisfy, drop the subject; and suppose even that you may be wrong, or imperfectly acquainted with the matter in question. Others must be allowed to see and think as well as ourselves, and it very often happens that we find ourselves to be wrong when we are most confident of being otherwise. God bless you, dear Henry, and keep you—His mercies have been very great—keep you yourself. You will be ever in my thoughts and those of your dear Mother and all your brothers and sisters. Happy days remain for you—many I hope—happy ones at Mixbury. But we must carry a mind about us above time and place.—Your ever affectionate

W. J. Palmer.

The *Elizabeth* left Gravesend on the 22nd July 1833, Henry being junior officer. It was soon apparent that the voyage would be uncomfortable, if not dangerous. The captain was ill; the crew were chiefly raw landsmen; the duty of the watch was severe; the ship was so ill found in stores and other necessaries, that he predicted, before she had got farther down the Channel than Brighton, that "unless they had a most extraordinary fine voyage she would be short of many things before getting home." She reached China, however, in safety; and received orders to return by way of Canada, and to take in there one of those cargoes of timber which have so often been fatal in the winter season to ships better equipped than the *Elizabeth*. The tone of Henry's letters, to my brother William especially, though far from cheerful as to the conditions of the ship, gave great satisfaction to my Father; who had also, from what had passed between them when he was last at home, such an assurance of his resolution to do what was right, as it was most comfortable to look back upon after his loss.

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[1] A friend in Hong-Kong in a letter to the Rev. W. J. Palmer, complains of "the young man's inclination to the last word, and to over-confidence in his own judgment."

[The reasons which led to Henry's joining the *Elizabeth* are given to the friend in Hong-Kong, referred to in the note.

I wrote to you last year about Henry and his prospects without the privity of any one but my wife; we are satisfied entirely that for all, but especially for the young, *work without profit* is better than *profit without work*. You would therefore certainly have conferred no favour on me or mine, had you kept Henry with you without sufficient employment; and as no more eligible employment offered in the meantime, I advised Henry to go to sea again as early as he could get a berth.

Roundell has just taken his degree with that distinction which his friends were led to expect. The rest of the young ones are all well, which I cannot say of their dear Mother.

They are keeping the oft-recurring holiday of a birthday at our sister Mary's at Finmere while I stay with Dorothea.]

MIXBURY, 10*th June* 1834.

MY DEAREST HENRY—Your brothers and sisters are all well and looking forward with some impatience to meeting you. It is just a year since you joined us at the Commemoration, and we are now there again. It is a grand one. The Duke of Wellington, our new Chancellor, is to be installed, and we have grandees without end. Your uncle Roundell has taken lodgings for the week. Tickets for the theatre are very scarce. To-day is the first day; foreign Ambassadors, Dukes, Marquesses, and Earls without number are to be made Doctors. I have got tickets for your sisters and shall take them. William has come from Durham and Roundell is on the spot. By the bye Roundell has taken his degree with great honour, and has since then, within the last week, been fortunate enough to obtain Eldon's Scholarship. He is one of those appointed to recite an Ode in the theatre in compliment to the new Chancellor; his day is Friday. Good-bye. God bless you, dear Henry, and have you always in His keeping. Believe me ever your most affectionate Father and faithful friend, W. J. PALMER.

News came of the safe arrival of the ship at Quebec in the autumn of 1834; but on the 3rd February 1835 a report of her total loss in the St. Lawrence appeared in some of the newspapers. It was said to have taken place off Green Island; and, if that report had been true, the crew would probably have been saved. Another ship, the *William Money*, on board which was Mr. Silvester, a son of the curate of Buckingham, was wrecked in the same neighbourhood on the 23rd of November; and Mr. Silvester (who arrived safely in England on the 1st of February) passed the *Elizabeth* in the river about sixty miles below Quebec, while returning in a schooner to that port. He boarded her, and saw Henry on the 25th of November, safe and well.[1] This was the last that was ever seen or heard of the ship, or any of her crew, except that her pilot left her on the 28th of November.

I saw the newspaper report at Oxford, and at once gave up hope. I wrote to my Father on the 3rd February :—

> I feel the hand of Providence more heavy upon me in this instance than if it had been a common loss ; for death alone is not so dreadful, or the sudden and violent departure of dear friends so distressing, to those who believe in the promises of the Gospel, since the death of the good is only a change of doubt for certainty, and of trial for happiness. What I feel so heavily is my own responsibility for too many of the faults for which he is now called upon to account before the tribunal of God. So far from using the influence which my age and situation gave me over him some years ago, I cannot help remembering that, when best employed, it was employed frivolously and lightly. I confess this with deep humiliation and sorrow ; and I feel that, if my brother is now, as we trust, one of the blessed, I have had no part in fitting him for that happy state. If it should be otherwise, what have not I to answer for ! But, indeed, I have a confidence in my hope, because, ever since he began active life, his character and conduct has given constant proofs of an increasing seriousness, which promised a life of piety and virtue. Still, my fault is not the less, though my mind may be relieved from the fear of its awful consequences ; and the solemn warning of his death forces upon me consideration of the state of my own mind. I fear much that if I had been called so suddenly away, your trust in my salvation might not have been equally well grounded. The love of the world and of worldly things is so strong within me, that I often doubt if

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[1] Mr. Silvester reported at the time seeing Henry take off his overcoat, and giving it to a sailor who was ailing, the weather being bitterly cold.

I shall ever have strength to overcome it; and, while I have never ceased to worship God with my lips and with my reason, my heart and my actions have been too often in rebellion against Him. I greatly fear that my worldly success hitherto, and the prospect of worldly riches and power held out by the profession I have chosen, too much encourages this state of mind. I have been upon my knees to God, and I am now opening my heart to you; and, while I do so, I cannot, and I would not wish to, conceal that I have often thought of late that I should more consult the welfare of my soul by abandoning all worldly views, and consecrating myself to the service of God in the ministry. Hitherto I have resisted this feeling, because I thought it might arise from the perverse inclination of the human heart to wander after other blessings than those already in its possession, and from inconstancy of purpose in myself. Yet I cannot so far deceive myself as to imagine that I have yet subdued that bad ambition which alone made me desirous of entering the profession of the law, and which still strives to lead me on, though I am sensible of its evil nature. Could I again believe my ambition to be justifiable, or conducive to my spiritual welfare, I should not repent of my choice. Do I repent now, you will say? In my better moments I do repent, though too often not. The profession is a very dangerous one, and I think particularly dangerous to me. I trust, my dearest Father, that these thoughts will not be a painful intrusion upon your hour of sorrow. God has so abundantly bestowed upon you the gifts of His Spirit, that I feel you will be supported, and assist to support my dear Mother under this affliction, and still have consolation and counsel to bestow upon me. May He grant me grace to profit by it, to the salvation of my own soul, the welfare of my fellow-creatures, and His eternal glory.

My Father replied:—

You have written the dictates of your heart, in the full persuasion that you had lost a brother; and, though I trust it is not so, I must answer you as though it were. If, indeed, our dear Henry is gone, it is assuredly our duty, not only to submit to the dispensations of our Heavenly Father, but to submit even with thankfulness through faith that it is for good. Nor are we to forget that we are His creatures, and have no right over ourselves, much less over what concerns another, with respect to whom we do indeed believe that, as the Son of God died, in whom our brother believed, and for whose sake he sought forgiveness of his offences, his offences have been forgiven, and he is in peace; while it is our part, as instructed by the Royal Penitent, to arise and eat bread, yea, to go into the house of God and worship, seeing, indeed, that we shall go to him, but he shall not return to us. Although we hope, as I have already said, there are other things in store for us, let these be our sentiments whenever the time comes, which must come, and that soon and often, seeing we are many, and have many brethren and friends. For yourself, my dear Roundell, and as regards your brother, I feel that you task yourself somewhat too severely. Yet I would you should never forget, how much we may all, and every one, have to answer for, in respect of the offence of others; but, thanks be to God, we have time yet before us, in which we may show our sense of whatever has been done amiss, and strengthen one another.

He then dissuaded me from contemplating any change of my profession, saying that it had been chosen for me, and ought not the less to be so thought of, because I had made the choice my own.

If you are sensible of the temptations that await the men of this world, then be on your guard against them; *never forget that you are of this world only for another.* And, as for wealth and honour and name, etc., and the moral evils that are too often attendant upon them, it may be wise at present to think little about them. Probably they may never come. Only, if they do, pray that you may use them aright; be humble, and escape the evil. There is a good Providence, however, in all these things, upon which we shall do well to depend; and upon which whoever does depend, it shall never fail him. The accidents of the day are sufficient to show this; for God is able both to save and to withdraw His servants from evil to come. Go on, then; go on, and prosper. And God give you always humility and moderation, and an earnest desire to serve Him in your generation, through faith in the Redeemer. And may the blessings of love and unity and friendship and affection unite you and your brothers and your sisters, every one, to the day of your death. And God grant that this may be to every one a day of hope and peace!

Long and terrible was the suspense; no authentic information ever came. A spirit less noble, less thoroughly Christian than my Father's must have broken down under the strain. It left its mark upon him, visibly and permanently, but his courage and resignation never failed. February, March, April, May, June, successively passed away; inquiries were made in every direction, but with no result. The report of the ship's loss was traced to Halifax, which encouraged hope, but how it originated there nobody could discover; and at last it was concluded that the ship's name had been mistaken, and that the report which appeared in the newspapers really related, not to the *Elizabeth*, but to the *William Money*. It was soon ascertained that the *Elizabeth* had not been wrecked near Green Island; and then the rumour was that the disaster had happened off Cape Gaspé, near the entrance to the gulf. The owner, Mr. Nicol of Liverpool, wrote to my Father in March, that "he understood crews of ships had been frozen up for two, and even for four, months together on some one or other of the islands of the gulf, and that there was a great probability of the same having happened to the crew of the *Elizabeth*." Afterwards it was thought likely that Anticosti, the largest island in the gulf, might have been the place where she foundered; in which case, if the crew had lived through the winter, they were not likely to be heard of till the ice broke up, and the navigation again became open.

> Vessels (my Father wrote upon the 5th of May) are frequently lost upon this island; and crews have passed the winter upon it, and made their appearance in the spring. Yet even in this case, there would be much to contend with—wreck, possible want of provisions, and great severity of climate, on a large uninhabited island. . . . It is the practice to make depôts of provisions in various parts of Anticosti for the use of shipwrecked mariners in the winter, with directions where, in case of necessity, they are to be found, and thus the crews of many vessels have been preserved. God, my dear Roundell, alone knows what is best; and if we pray to Him, and depend upon Him, He will ever do it. A very few weeks are almost sure to bring us *some* intelligence. Till then, it is best for us to rest, as we may, in the hope that if they survive we shall soon meet; and if not, in the consoling thought that the trial with them has been long over. They are in peace; grief, henceforth, is for us alone; and that not long either.

At the beginning of June the first ship of the season was reported as having arrived at Quebec, without seeing any other vessel in her passage through the gulf. My Father dared no longer to hope, but he spoke words of consolation and of faith, trusting that others called upon to bear the same suffering might have the same support; "for others had their parents, friends, and dear relations, as our Henry his." Several vain reports, calculated to revive hope, but resting on no solid foundation, were circulated during that month. The communications between all parts of the coasts of the gulf and of Newfoundland were reopened on the disappearance of the ice, but still nothing was heard. My Father wrote on the 4th of July :—

> The conclusion, I fear, is too certain, that there is no survivor. . . . This indeed, my dear Roundell, is a very severe blow upon us all, but upon me in particular. Regrets are, indeed, natural, and they are unavailing. If I feel my loss, I have at least the unspeakable consolation of a humble but confident reliance upon the mercy and goodness of God, that he has been received in peace; others, I hope, the partners of his distress, now over, with him too. Only let us remember that we live but for this; that the time is short; then shall the disappointment of a mortal hope, the grief, the tears of the present, be forgotten; nay, perhaps they shall minister to the joy of a future meeting.

It was on the 2nd of August that we put on mourning for Henry. I was at Haverholme Priory, a house belonging to Lord Winchilsea in Lincolnshire, spending a second long vacation with Lord Maidstone, who was to go in for his examination during the following term at Oxford. All the rest of our family were at Mixbury, and the day was one of special observance there. My Father wrote me an account of it, enclosing the prayer which he had used, with a memorandum of the dates (21st February and 30th June) at which his first hopes had been successively shaken, and at length extinguished; and "a text of assurance from our blessed Lord Himself, that nothing can ever happen to us without the notice, permission, and decree of Almighty God: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.'" Then he said of my letter of the 3rd February :—

> It affords me now the very best source of consolation, under a loss the greatness of which I did not then appreciate, in the

thought that we had good reason to believe it had not befallen us. I will, however, cease to speak of that, and endeavour also to cease feeling it as a loss, of which we have far more sure ground of hope that, to a son and brother dearly beloved, it has been indeed a gain; the distress and anguish of the struggle being past and over. And while I cannot but acknowledge the right of Him that gave life, not absolutely, but for a term only and for a use, to resume His own, I am sensible of the many and substantial subjects of joy and gratulation He hath continued to vouchsafe us—chief, that I spiritually behold this day our Henry yet present with us. I see him, indeed, in the perfection of that graver and severer look which you justly observe he had begun already to assume, but full of kindness and duty and affection still; unaffected by terrors that have passed away; declaring to us the love of God our Saviour, who willeth not the death of a sinner, but that he should turn from his sin and live,—who hath even now pardoned and received him to a place of rest and safety, where he abideth in the hope of glory, desiring only that his parents and his brethren may be partakers with him in the same. And I feel, my dear Roundell, that by the grace and help of God, and through His inestimable love and mercy, notwithstanding our many and great offences—I feel as if his desire and our own, in that respect, should be gratified to the full. It remains only, that for a few days we bear with one another's infirmities; consoling our brethren with our conversation, and assisting them with our means, and promoting with earnest zeal the glorious work of our Redeemer upon earth; not forgetting that our good or evil will not abide with ourselves; but, as on the one hand we may corrupt others, so also, if we do well, they who see our good works shall themselves learn to glorify our Father which is in heaven.

William wrote to me on the same subject at the end of the month:—

I wish you had been there too on that evening, and we should all—that is, all of us that remain—have been able to join together in the prayer which my Father added. I could wish, too, if it were possible, that whenever any of us should go, all the survivors should meet and use the same prayer, till, if it please God, it be accomplished on us all.[1] How very quick our lives have begun to pass! Does it not seem as if it were only yesterday that Tom died? It does to me. How careful we ought to be of ourselves, and how dearly we ought to love one another! I hope and trust we shall; but we are so weak, so miserably weak, that, if life be *well* over, it is certainly no matter of regret. There is a letter of my Grandmother's concerning the loss of my Uncle Edward, which my Aunt Mary showed me not long ago. It is a most excellent letter, and might have been written only the other day on our own loss; I wish you would read it too—written under the same circumstances, by one whose memory is so dear to us all, who felt then as we feel now. She seemed to live to a good old age afterwards, but, in reality, how short a time was it that they were separated! Where is it all now? But I must stop myself. . . . Feelings, which are life and death to the heart, look too much like truisms on paper.

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[1] 1835, Feb. 21—June 30—August 2—the day of mourning for our Beloved Son and Brother, Henry, whose soul is in the hand of God!—whose infinite mercy preserve us all—for the future meeting, in love, joy, and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord!

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

The prayer:—

O God, whose never-failing Providence ordereth all things both in Heaven and Earth! Whose mercy is over all Thy works! But for Thy Son's sake regardeth chiefly the Children of Men! Give Thy servants grace humbly to accept with faith and hope all Thy dispensations; and when Thou art pleased to take from them One, naturally and dearly beloved, then comfort Thou Thy servants with the thought, that it is Thy will! And let them still remember, that in a very few years, with Thee only as days, themselves also and all their generation shall be gathered unto their Fathers,—that they may apply their hearts unto wisdom! And, whenever the day of their visitation cometh, do not Thou forsake them! But grant that Thy servants and all their Brethren may, by Thy mighty power, be supported under their affliction, and delivered out of their distress! And so long as it shall be Thy good pleasure for them to continue, grant that they may always profit in that which shall befall them, as Thou wouldst have them profit,—that their repentance may be still renewed,—their faith increased,—and that they may grow in grace,—and give Thee thanks always even to their lives' end, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son our Lord! Amen!

[To the Honourable Arthur Gordon

2nd September 1870.

I wish I could, in some faint degree, express the true and real sympathy we feel for the long-continued anxiety and trial, which Lady Aberdeen has had to endure on your nephew's account, now brought to so sad a close.

It brings back to my mind the most painful (in some respects) of all my own early recollections, when I lost a brother at sea, whose fate was for many months uncertain, and was never cleared up by any positive intelligence. My Father's long and patient suffering, at that time, is vividly impressed upon my memory; and I am, therefore, not wholly unable to understand what Lady Aberdeen has had to go through. She has, I know, the *one* source of strength and consolation which is sufficient for every trial; and I am glad to hear from you, that the announcement of her son's loss was accompanied by so strong a testimony to his personal character and conduct. R. P.]

Edwin Palmer, aged eleven, wrote on Sunday, 25th October 1835, from Mixbury to his sister Eleanor then at Hastings:—

I have taken this opportunity of writing to you though Horsley is doing the same. My greyhound had the misfortune about a fortnight ago to hurt one of his eyes, which has consequently become blind. Since we had Fly (the dog we borrowed to run with mine) we have caught several things—namely, one full-grown hare, a brace of leverets, and two brace of rabbits: one of the rabbits we caught in the garden which abounds with them (Mama has had some very fine dahlias late in the year): Horsley's dog that broke his leg is still at Mixbury, as it cannot walk on its leg; we are seldom out coursing less than twice a week, though sometimes three or four times. You will hear from Horsley all the particulars of his visit to Oxford, therefore I shall say nothing about it, excepting that he bought some fire-works there which he let off on the night of his return; this set my fancy agoing, so we asked for and obtained leave to go to Buckingham together yesterday morning in the gig and bought two sky-rockets, two Roman candles, a Bengal light, and six Cathrinweels, which we let off at night to the admiration of everybody, only Mama was alarmed thinking that one of the rockets flew over *the house*, but she was mistaken, as one went towards the top of the garden, and the other only over the poplar trees towards *the church*. You have got by the basket the last melon off my bed, but I cannot warrant its goodness. Pray tell Mary to pick up and bring home as great a store of unpolished pebbles as she conveniently can and do the same yourself. I hope that Miss Wall, my Aunt Mary, yourself, Mary, and Emma, are quite well, pray give my love to them all. The house at Mixbury is getting on slowly, though all the work outside is done, they have pulled down the back and garret staircases, and the wall of the pantry, they have also pulled down that piece of wall of the room opposite the nursery, against which the wardrobe used to stand. I have got no more to say now, except that Mama is the same as common, so believe me, ever your affectionate brother, EDWIN PALMER.

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CHAPTER XII

HAVERHOLME—REMOVAL TO LONDON—RELATIONS AND FRIENDS THERE

1835–1836

Haverholme Priory, where I spent that long vacation, was a place as different from Eastwell as it would be easy to imagine. On the border of the fen country of Lincolnshire, where no hill was to be seen, near the small market-town of Sleaford, Sir Jenison Gordon built a house in a spurious Gothic style, and formed a deer-park out of grass fields thrown together, and wooded chiefly with trees in the lines of the old hedgerows. On his death, he left the place to Lord Winchilsea. It was there that my pupil's mother died; there, in the church of Ewerby—one of that beautiful series of Lincolnshire churches with lofty spires, which constitute the most remarkable feature of a region flat and (to eyes which cannot see beauty everywhere) uninteresting—or in its churchyard, she was buried. This association gave sacredness to the place, and was well suited to the frame of mind arising out of my own sorrows. The peculiar botany of the fens, and the wonderful system of drainage by which they had been reclaimed and were maintained, gave interest to my walks and rides, which, as I was no sportsman, were often solitary. The whole time, not necessarily allowed for health and exercise, was well employed, both by Lord Maidstone and by myself. I then read through carefully, for the first time, all that remains of Livy and Polybius ; I also broke ground in my studies for the Bar, by following the advice which I had received from Mr. Walters, a conveyancer into whose chambers I was to go as a pupil in November, and making myself master, as far as an unassisted novice could, of the six volumes of Cruise's *Digest of the English Law of Real Property.*

When November came, after a farewell visit to Oxford, I removed to London. Of my professional studies and friends I shall hereafter speak ; the family associations, into which I was now brought more closely than before, are entitled to the first remembrance.

My Aunt Elizabeth, who inherited her Mother's partiality to me, offered to make her house in Great Cumberland Street my home upon my first coming to London, until I should have chambers of my own. I accepted her offer gratefully, and resided with her for more than six months ; and I continued, during the rest of her life, to enjoy her constant affection and confidence. She was a woman of gifts and accomplishments which, but for the drawback of lameness from her childhood and infirm health in later life, might have made her an ornament of society. Nor was she, by natural disposition, indisposed towards society; she thought for herself, was well read, and had a masculine element in her character, which, if it made her less gentle than my Aunt Mary, might perhaps have enabled her to exercise a wider influence. The society in which she lived was limited; but it included several persons with whom it was a privilege to be acquainted, and for a share of whose friendship I was indebted to her. My aunt's life had been, for many years, one of habitual self-denial; she had borne many crosses, and had attained to a most real and unaffected humility. Careful of her moderate means, she was very generous and charitable; and what she saved by retrenching her own comforts she spent upon the poor, with a simplicity and privacy which kept her good deeds from the knowledge of her nearest friends.

Of my Father's brothers, George, the eldest, owner of Nazing, was a genial, kindly gentleman, interested to the last in the welfare of the seafaring class, among whom he had spent the earlier years of his life. He was a partner in the house of business in Kings' Arms Yard, and he devoted much of his time to the improvement of lifeboats, with useful results, which are still honourably remembered by those most conversant with that subject. In 1836, he entered Parliament, as member for his own division of Essex, in the Conservative interest, and retained that position for several successive Parliaments; but it may be doubted whether the honour was worth to him the money it cost. My Father evidently thought not; for he wrote, after the issue of the contest in 1836, that he was glad of his brother's success, but "could not rejoice that he was a member of Parliament." As a member of Parliament, however, he did some good work. He introduced a bill to regulate the timber-carrying trade, and to restrain the practice of lading vessels engaged in it with deck cargoes, which, at the close of the season, seldom reached port, and often endangered the safety of the ships. In 1843 he obtained the appointment of a committee, to inquire into the circumstances and causes of many (then recent) shipwrecks of British vessels. For these efforts towards the prevention of such misfortunes he had, doubtless, a motive in my brother Henry's loss, as well as in his own nautical sympathies.

With him, and with all his children, from the time of my coming to London, I lived on terms of frequent and familiar intercourse. One of his sons, my cousin William Palmer, was at the Bar; and I hold his memory in too much esteem to be content with the mere mention of his name. He passed through Oxford, and, at the time of which I speak, he lived in the Temple. He suffered from an infirmity of body which he felt sensitively; but this did not prevent him from being popular in the society which he frequented, into which he brought a vein of quaint humour, as well as a spirit of unselfish benevolence. He formed, and induced me to become a member of, a small association, which (although I do not suppose Dickens ever heard of it) might have been the prototype of the "Pickwick Club." It was called "The Pantological Society," and its meetings and discussions, during the year or two that it lasted, had a strong "Pickwickian" flavour. Half serious, half a satire on the pretensions of some of the associations of the day, I remember it chiefly as illustrating the lighter part of a very amiable but peculiar character. Conservative in all his instincts, but especially in those of which family affection was the mainspring, he was an antiquarian, a genealogist, and a zealous Mercer. When any duty was to be done, the full depth and strength of his character appeared. Among other good deeds, he was one of the founders of the "House of Charity," first established in Rose Court, and now in Greek Street, Soho. From the time of its foundation till his last illness, he took part personally in the reception and entertainments within its walls of the homeless poor. He died in 1858.

My uncle Horsley was in 1835-36, and for many years afterwards, one of the merchants of highest reputation in the City of London. He filled with distinction the offices, first of Deputy-Governor, and then of Governor, of the Bank of England; and his authority was great on monetary and financial questions, though his views were not the same with those of Samuel Jones Lloyd (afterwards Lord Overstone), which prevailed with Sir Robert Peel. He was in politics a moderate Conservative, and a Free Trader when Free Trade was not generally popular. He was on several occasions invited to enter into political life, and was once offered (but declined) the

Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade. Twice he endeavoured to obtain a seat in Parliament—for Ashburton in 1835, and for the City of London in 1837—but on both occasions he was unsuccessful; the Reforming party having then, in the City, an unshaken predominance.

Between him and my Father there was a very warm affection, and, in all matters of business, he was my Father's trusted adviser. He and William Howley, successively Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury, married sisters; beautiful and accomplished women, and both (the elder, Mrs. Howley, especially) possessed of a remarkable charm of manner. For the sake, probably, of being near Fulham Palace, my uncle purchased from the last Lord Egremont the pleasant villa called Hurlingham (which since his time has passed into the hands of a shooting club), with its beautiful gardens and riverside walks, adorned with stately trees, on the left bank of the Thames. There he lived when I came to London in 1835. Nazing was too far off for me to be very often there, but at Hurlingham I was a frequent visitor, always receiving from my uncle and aunt a cordial welcome, and enjoying the comfort and beauty of the place and its society. All my Nazing cousins were older than myself; Elizabeth, the youngest of them, who in 1830 married Mr. Robert Biddulph of Ledbury in Herefordshire, was three or four years older. But of my Hurlingham cousins all but one were younger than I was. I met there constantly the Pollens and Cockerells, who were their cousins on the mother's side, and Charles Wynne, who married one of Hungerford Pollen's sisters; Mrs. Sulivan, a sister of Lord Palmerston, their neighbour in the next villa down stream, and her family; and all the members of Bishop Blomfield's family. Through these relations I became a visitor at Lambeth and Addington. It has been my fortune to be acquainted with all the Primates who have occupied those houses from that time until now, but no Archbishop of my time has exceeded Dr. Howley in learning, or in gentleness and meekness; nor could any lady exceed Mrs. Howley in the tact and grace with which she performed her duties.

I had also the advantage of knowing an admirable man, distinguished at Oxford in the days when my Father was young, and afterwards in the profession of the law, Sir John Richardson, who married a daughter of Sir Charles Hudson, the husband of that heiress of Wanlip who carried out of the male line the ancestral estates of my Father's family. Lady Richardson was thus a cousin, in the second or third degree, of my Father. Sir John Richardson had been a Judge in the Court of Common Pleas, and his reputation upon the Bench stood high; but he suffered from chronic asthma, and was obliged to relinquish his office after holding it for only a few years. They had three sons, who all survived their parents, but died unmarried before middle age. The eldest, Joseph, is mentioned in Thomas Mozley's *Reminiscences.* They had also a daughter, still living, who in 1841, soon after her father's death, married George Augustus

Selwyn, and in a spirit worthy of his own shared his apostolic labours in New Zealand.

Sir John and Lady Richardson lived on friendly terms with many of the best Churchmen of the old school—the Freres, the Selwyns, Joshua Watson, Sir Robert Inglis, and others of note in their day. One of those with whom they had been intimate before I knew them was William Stevens, known under the name of "Nobody," and founder of a private club called "Nobody's Friends," which survives (under the same name) till this day. That designation originated in the modesty of Mr. Stevens, who inscribed upon a volume of his compositions on religious subjects, which had been commended by bishops, a Greek title, signifying "Nobody's Works." I have heard Sir John Richardson say that, when he first came to London, he was straitened in his means, and received substantial help from Mr. Stevens, whose liberality in such cases was great. It was natural that the student should express his desire to be enabled at some future time to prove his gratitude to his benefactor. "Yes," said Mr. Stevens, "there is a return which you may make me, if ever you are able; it is, to befriend other young men who may want it, as it has been my endeavour to befriend you." The time so looked forward to came, and Sir John Richardson made the suggested return. There was no man of his generation who showed more genuine and ungrudging kindness to young men than Sir John Richardson. I have no doubt he gave to many of them much secret aid; how much or to whom cannot be known, for his manner of doing good was as considerate as it was generous. What he did in other ways, I know from my own experience. My Father esteemed him highly, and as early as 1832 consulted him about me; and after I came to London he treated me like a son. His health prevented him or Lady Richardson from often leaving home, and they made me welcome to their house and their table whenever I liked to come, without the ceremony of invitation. Their sincerity was evident, so I took them at their word. If ever there was true hospitality, it was in that house. Their manner of living was simple, equally removed from meanness and luxury; and the society which surrounded them was of the best kind, in the best sense of the word. I had the benefit of it for several years. Lady Richardson (though she seemed the stronger of the two) died first, in January 1839; her husband followed her in April 1841.

It may not be out of place to record the advice which Sir John Richardson gave my Father about my own studies. "It was best" (so my Father repotred him as saying) "for a young man to be engaged exclusively in academical pursuits and objects while yet at the university, and to apply himself as exclusively to his profession when he came to town. *Totus in illis*[1] was his expression; not that friendships were not to be preserved, or society to be shunned, or the intercourse and acquaintance of mankind not to be sought and cultivated, but all with reference to the one great object; and that itself to a greater." I was impatient of the idea of giving myself up entirely to law before I could taste its rewards. My Father rejoined:—

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[1] "Entirely taken up with these things" (Horace, *Sat.* lib. i. sat. ix. v. 2).

> I think you have taken me too literally as to the *totus in illis*, and that I shall appear to have done little justice to the good sense and good advice of Sir John Richardson. I meant no more than that the principal and immediate object ought to be still in view as such, and that neither present agreeables nor future aspirations should in effect be allowed to supplant it in the mind. There is nothing like singleness of view and purpose to the attainment of eminence and assurance of success. Whatever a man is to be, in private or in public, in the maturity of years, will depend upon the success of his efforts in his vigour and his strength; and if there be real ability, this will again depend upon the clear and single view he takes, and the undivided attention he bestows upon his object.

Towards the close of the long vacation of 1835, I paid a visit to my Father's first cousin, Mr. Archdale Palmer, at Cheam near Epsom. One of the best private schools of that day was established at Cheam, the master being Dr. Mayo, a very able man, who in its conduct had adopted Pestalozzi's system; and it was popular with those who held "Evangelical" opinions in religion. Mr. Archdale Palmer and his wife were of that way of thinking; and, even if it had been otherwise, it would have been natural for them to take an interest in such a school, some of the pupils in which happened then to be youths of great promise, receiving there the whole preliminary education intended to prepare them for the university. One of these, a lad of eighteen, of pale, thoughtful countenance, I met at dinner in Mr. Archdale Palmer's house, and was much attracted by him. This was Samuel Waldegrave, afterwards my brother-in-law, and Bishop of Carlisle. When he went to Oxford as a Commoner of Balliol, in the following year, I gave him introductions to my friends there; and he, in return, introduced me to his own family, then living at No. 4 Harley Street, in London.

His father, a Post-Captain in the navy, who had seen a good deal of service,[1] and bore a high personal as well as professional character, was a younger son of the fourth Earl Waldegrave; his mother being a daughter of the second Earl, and of Maria, his beautiful Countess, who afterwards married the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George the Third. Captain Waldegrave had, in 1836, no prospect of succeeding to the honours of his family; his nephew, the seventh Earl, was still young and unmarried. His wife was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Whig statesman Samuel Whitbread, by Lady Elizabeth Grey, sister of the Premier of 1831.

Captain and Mrs. Waldegrave were, in their religious views, "Evangelical." Mrs. Waldegrave's health, when I first knew her, was broken, so much that she could seldom move from place to place, even in her own house, without help. But her mind was wonderfully strong, clear, and bright. In understanding and attainments not inferior to Lady Winchilsea (for she knew Latin and Greek as well as Hebrew), she excelled her in those undefinable gifts which make the influence of a gentle, brave, and sympathetic woman more powerful for good than, perhaps, anything else upon earth. She was indeed one of those rare women whose whole life, manner, and conversation is at once so high-toned and so spiritual, so entirely free from every kind of affectation or unreality, that all who are admitted to their society feel refreshed, and strengthened by it, as by a purer atmosphere. I saw much of her from my first introduction till 1838, when Captain Waldegrave went to sea again; and his family, during his absence, lived in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth. I visited her there once, in 1839, but I did not see her again, after Captain Waldegrave's return to England. Her health continued to decline, and she died in 1843.[1]

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[1] He afterwards took part in the attack on Acre, commanding the *Revenge*, under Admiral Sir R. Stopford, in 1840.

With Captain and Mrs. Waldegrave I associate Sir Benjamin and Lady Brodie, into whose house at Hampstead I was also admitted on most agreeable terms as early as 1836. Those families, afterwards so closely connected,[2] were not in 1836-39 known to each other. Sir Benjamin's eldest son—destined to tread with distinction, as a man of science, in his father's steps—had become acquainted with Frederic Faber at Harrow, and went into residence at Balliol just when I left Oxford. A strong attachment sprang up between them, and to Faber I owed my introduction to his parents, which soon ripened into a fast and permanent friendship.

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[1] Mr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, when on a visit to my Father in 1892 said to me, "It is a loss for you that you did not know your Grandmother, Mrs. Waldegrave. I was more impressed by her, on the one occasion when we met, than by any of the many remarkable women it has been my good fortune to meet in the course of my long life. Very remarkable she was—very remarkable. Her bright, keen intellect, her quick sympathy, absolute simplicity, and above all her religion. It filled her whole being."—S. M. P.

[2] Sir Benjamin Brodie's second son married Captain and Mrs. Waldegrave's third daughter.

Lady Brodie was a typical "Evangelical," exuberant in her zeal, and also in her kindness of heart. Sir Benjamin was not demonstrative, especially on theological subjects, as to which he thought independently for himself. But he was great, not in his profession only, and in scientific acquirements (which made him the first surgeon of his day, and a most worthy President of the Royal Society), but in the whole character of his mind—firm, strong, just, and liberal—the soul of honour and uprightness.

CHAPTER XIII

LINCOLN'S INN—LEGAL TUTORS AND FRIENDS—MY UNCLE SIR RALPH PALMER—CALL TO THE BAR

1836–1837

My residence in Great Cumberland Street was not of long continuance. I am afraid that the difference between the early hours and methodical ways of my aunt's household and my later hours (for I then worked at night) and less regular habits, may have tried her more than she cared to let me know; if so, she bore with characteristic equanimity whatever inconvenience her kindness may have caused. But in the spring of 1836 a set of freehold chambers on the Chapel Staircase in Lincoln's Inn came into the market. They were close to the entrance into the chapel, consisting of a business room, just large enough to hold my library and tables, with a small clerk's room adjoining, and, on an upper floor, two or three small bedrooms. My Uncle Ralph, when he went to India, had invested a sum of money for my benefit, to help in giving me a good start at the Bar, if I should live to enter that profession. This, with its accumulations, and with some aid which was otherwise forthcoming without trespassing upon my Father's means, was sufficient to buy and furnish those chambers. I took possession of them early in May 1836; and on that occasion my Father wrote to me:—

> I wish you joy of having got into your chambers—a house of your own; and, I trust, in time to come, a house of business too. Your cousin William was loud in the praise of your staircase; and hoped, as he said, to see the day when it should be worn with the feet of your clients. An older acquaintance of the Chancery Bar told me the same had been the chambers of Leach, the late Master of the Rolls. Whether so or not, I know not; but he also as kindly added, that he hoped you might draw as much business to them as Leach had. Only let me add my trust, and my injunction, that you may still remember it is the *Chapel* staircase; and, while it is also my wish and recommendation that you should hold them as long as you are permitted, on that account, that you consider yourself as dwelling within the sacred precinct; *and that you suffer no business hereafter, nor other pretence of man, to desecrate the time, and deprive you of the seventh day's rest.* So shall you be enabled to leave your business when you may be called upon, or when you may yourself judge it to be convenient, and want neither hope nor comfort for the remainder of life. So shall you also find yourself quite above it, should you, like many others, live to see your business leave you.

I left Oxford with the determination to act upon the substance of Sir John Richardson's advice, and to postpone society and its pleasures to law. I went through the course, usual at that time for a man intending to practise at the Chancery Bar: one year's pupilage in a conveyancer's chambers, and another with an Equity draftsman. The descent, from the flowers of history, poetry, and philosophy, to those dry bones of technical systems, and especially to the dull copying-clerk's work and mechanical processes of conveyancing, was dispiriting enough. It enabled me (so I thought) to understand why there were so many more Cambridge than Oxford men eminent in the law — Lyndhurst, Bickersteth, Alderson, Maule, Pollock, Parke, Jacob, —several of them senior, all high, wranglers. They had come from the austerities of abstract mathematical science, in which the imagination is kept under control and the logical faculty severely tasked, to something which was, at all events, human and practical. But an Oxford man seemed to come from humanity in its highest intellectual forms, to a mundane art so narrow and conventional as to have the austerity without the beauty and dignity of science.

Henry Halford Vaughan, who understood these things, wrote me a letter of encouragement.

> Your account of yourself does not quite satisfy me, though I do not wonder at it. The posture of any liberal mind on finding itself, after so many walks in the "serene temples of the wise," suddenly condemned to the anvil of a conveyancer's chambers, must be what you relate of yourself. I never *drew* at all; but Preston used to lay hold of me on my first appearance in the morning, and made me wear away my finger-ends in writing opinions, which he dictated so fast, that my mind never entertained a single proposition as it went down to the paper; and he could not bear to be stopped by any questions whatever. . . . But I believe, for a Chancery barrister, *drawing* is necessary. In course of time you will be reconciled to it. There is a real beauty, though often a latent one, in whatever the human mind creates upon necessity. It is impossible to look on a Gothic building without feeling this. It was only meant for something strong that would keep out a bad climate;

and how many ages were men in finding out its exceeding beauty! So, I believe, that even in a *deed* there is a τὸ καλόν,[1] a real one, and such as able men discover, who have dwelt in the company of such subjects; and I have no doubt that, within no great distance of time, its parts and arrangements will carry to your mind a charm, such as it requires perhaps some imagination to realise at present.

It was doubtless upon this principle that Preston, whose faculties (not contemptible) had come to be absorbed, not in general jurisprudence, but in positive English law, as it then was, thought it "the perfection of human reason"; for attributing which saying to Preston, Vaughan is also my authority. I believe, he added, that "no one who did not think so could succeed as a lawyer." Tried by that test, I was myself one of the many who had no legitimate claim to succeed; for I never was fascinated by the beauties of conveyancing. I did, however, learn to appreciate in that art a certain symmetry and completeness, not unworthy of admiration. As mathematics is thought by many to be the best practice of logic, so the conveyancing of that day was as good practice as could well be imagined in the exact (however formal and technical) use of language. It did not affect conciseness, or object to a multiplicity of words where a few might have seemed more apt to express an intelligible meaning. But to be popularly intelligible was no part of the draftsman's aim. It was, for his purpose, better and safer that he should be understood by the initiated, and interpreted by them to the world at large. The words, though many, had meaning; and they were so put together as to leave nothing elliptical, nothing to be supplied by inference, nothing dependent on punctuation. It would, of course, have been the destruction of all style to apply this method to any other kind of composition; but I have found benefit through life, for all the purposes of speaking and writing and criticism and interpretation of documents, from what I learnt in Mr. Walters's chambers. He thoroughly understood his art, and was devoted to it; living a solitary life, a widower with only one child. I saw him in his chambers only; and in that, as in some other respects, my change, at the end of the first year, to an Equity draftsman's chambers was agreeable.

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[1] The Beautiful.

The Equity draftsman, to whom I went in the autumn of 1836, was Mr. James Booth. I was his only pupil. The consideration of controversial questions arising out of the transactions of real life, and the preparation of Chancery pleadings, which either required or gave room for the skilful arrangement and marshalling of facts, the suggestion of argumentative inferences from them, and other forms of intellectual sword-play, and at the same time called into full exercise the faculties of analysis and patient attention, interested me more than the eternal repetition, and adaptation to all the varieties of contracts, of the methods and precedents of conveyancing. Besides which, this was the business which I should myself for some years have to do.

The subjects of litigation are almost infinite in their variety; ethics, and the elements of the peculiar knowledge necessary for almost every branch of human affairs, enter largely into them. Mr. Booth's practice, which (although neither very great nor very lucrative) was sufficient to give me constant employment, and a complete practical insight into the nature of my future work, had a wide range. He possessed the confidence of, and received a considerable share of his business from, one of the largest agency firms in London (Messrs. Field and Co.), who represented great Liverpool houses. It embraced many of the most important branches of mercantile law, and also some of those interesting questions, in which the rights of religious bodies were concerned,—Mr. Booth having been junior counsel in the great suit (known as Lady Hewley's case) concerning those Presbyterian endowments in the north of England which had passed into Unitarian hands.[1]

I soon had the satisfaction of finding myself useful to Mr. Booth as a pupil, and feeling that I possessed his confidence and regard. I felt, also, that I was rapidly acquiring the practical knowledge which would stand me in good stead when I should have to walk alone. I was brought into personal contact with Mr. Edwin Wilkins Field, and others of Mr. Booth's clients; and, although it was not from them that my first briefs came, the knowledge which they had so gained of me led several of them, in the course of time, to bring a share of business to me, after Mr. Booth had accepted the office of permanent legal Secretary to the Board of Trade, and left the Bar.

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[1] See *A Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment*, by Roundell, Earl of Selborne, chapter xii., part vi., "Dissenters' Chapels Act."

It was in Mr. Booth's chambers that my acquaintance with John Romilly, Master of the Rolls in after years (the Judge before whom, for a long time, I chiefly practised, and always my kind friend), first began. Mr. Booth was on terms of familiar friendship, not with him only, but with other members of his family, and also with Mrs. Marcet and Miss Harriet Martineau; all of whom I had the advantage of meeting at his house, not in large mixed parties, but in that smaller and more intimate society, in which people have the best chance of becoming well acquainted with each other. I wish it had been possible for me, even in these circumstances, to become well acquainted with Harriet Martineau. But she could not hear a single word which was not shouted through her long trumpet; a difficult operation for any one, and particularly for a young man only just known to her. Nor did she, on those occasions, talk very freely herself.

I was called to the Bar, while my uncle still lived, on the 7th of June 1837, the same day with John Rolt—a man then unknown to me, but in the days to come one of my most successful and honourable competitors. My time with Mr. Booth had not then expired, and, after I left his chambers, business (of course) did not come at once.

My occupations, during the years of pupilage and those which succeeded them, were not exclusively legal. I lived a good deal by myself, cutting off, as far as personal expenditure was concerned, all superfluities. I taught myself at that time to read French, chiefly out of Rousseau's works, on a sumptuous edition of which I had, not wisely, laid out some of my prize-money at Oxford; but I learnt French by a method (called "Hamiltonian") too little laborious and scientific; so that, although I could read and understand any French book, with the occasional help of a dictionary, I could not write the language with propriety, or speak it at all. This I had great reason to regret, when I came into contact with foreigners who could not speak English. I had leisure enough for a good deal of other reading; it was in those years that I first studied the *Republic*, and most of the other writings of Plato, and read the poetry of Milton, not (as before) in a fragmentary way, but all through. The *Republic* suited my taste better than Aristotle's *Ethics*, both in its manner of projecting its ethical system upon the foreground of an imaginary polity, and in the higher and more spiritual conception of human nature and virtue, which it seemed to me to present. For Milton my admiration was not diminished by a more thorough knowledge. I still continued to think him our greatest poet, after Shakespeare; but I learnt to understand the dislike of such men as Keble for his mythological treatment of the highest subjects, and to prefer the sweetness and perfect melody of *Lycidas* and some others of his minor poems to his more elaborate works, sublime as some parts of those works are. I made acquaintance at this time also with the writings of Carlyle,—not to become one of his worshippers. The style, even of his *French Revolution*—unlike anything that I had before read—was too much like chopped straw to satisfy my taste, notwithstanding the passages of splendid pictorial and dramatic power which relieved and lighted it up, all the more vividly, perhaps, on account of the spasmodic sententiousness of his general manner. Nor was I able to discover in him any light for the formation or direction of positive, as well as negative, moral judgments. My nature was not so constituted as to be satisfied with mere iconoclasm (though I allow the reasonableness of destroying idols), nor with the substitution of an idolatry of strength for spiritual forms of belief and Christian morality.

Many evenings during the vacations of that period were spent at Mixbury in reading aloud to my Mother and my sisters Scott's novels, some of the poems of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Byron, and Southey's *Thalaba*, *Kehama*, and *Roderick*. Those poems of Southey have always seemed to me very fine, nor have I been able to understand why they have not attained a larger measure of popularity. A great man, John Henry Newman, had the same admiration for *Thalaba*.[1]

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[1] *Apologia*, p. 99.

CHAPTER XIV

EARLY YEARS IN LONDON—RELIGIOUS AND ACADEMICAL INTERESTS

1836–1837

My mind was by degrees drawn towards theological studies. This was owing partly to the influences which surrounded me. Looking back now, I see cause to be thankful that they did not all tend in one direction. I was preserved from the danger, which might otherwise have been real and great, of surrendering too much my own perceptions of truth, and my consciousness of moral responsibility, to the government of other men.

My Father's influence—he was one of the best examples of an English Churchman of the old school, who had been taught by experience to fear and distrust emotional forms of religious enthusiasm, as leading to deviations, not only from Church order, but sometimes from sound doctrines and even morality—my Father's was naturally the most constant and powerful of all the influences acting upon me. Some of my best friends were in these respects like him—

Claughton, and Charles Browne Dalton, the chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, whom I had known slightly at Oxford, and with whom I associated a good deal in London. One of his sisters had married into the Frere family, members of which I met frequently in Sir John Richardson's house. He was a good biblical scholar, and a master of Hebrew as well as Greek. I attempted to learn Hebrew with his assistance, but (I am sorry to say) did not persevere. I learnt, however, much from him, in the way of moderation and sobriety of thought, and was confirmed by him in the habit of bringing theological systems to the test of Scripture.

It was, I think, by Dalton's means that I was brought to join a small society, chiefly of young clergymen from Oxford (good men all, who adhered steadily throughout their lives to the Church of England), which was formed for the study of the Fathers of the four first centuries. From the beginning of the Oxford Movement in 1833, "the Fathers" were extolled as a sort of Court of final appeal. Dr. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel, had some years before preached and published a sermon on "Unauthoritative Tradition," which was commended equally by Archbishop Whately and by the authors of the *Tracts for the Times*. It was a clear statement of the importance and value of the testimony of the early Christian writers to those things, the knowledge of which, as having existed in the Church from its original foundation, is assumed rather than systematically taught in the Scriptures of the New

Testament. I am not sure that the leaders of the Oxford Movement dogmatically propounded a view of the Fathers which went further than this. But, in the spirit and tone of the prevalent language of their school, the difference between authoritative and unauthoritative tradition was soon lost sight of. The voice of "the Fathers" (treated as if they had spoken with one voice) was represented as that of the Church, and the real meaning of Scripture as inaccessible, or not safely accessible, except through them. It was not uncommon to hear the teaching of those who (with the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England) found in the Scriptures a "Rule of Faith," or test of doctrine, called Bibliolatry. Very few were already familiar with the Fathers; and many, who felt the difficulty of accepting their traditions at second-hand from a small number of learned men, were led to wish for that kind of learning. It was in such a desire that the "Patristic" association in London, of which I have spoken, originated. We read together the *Apostolical Fathers* and *Justin Martyr*, and some works of the Alexandrian writers. For my own part, when I came to perceive the real nature and magnitude of the field before us, and the extremely wide difference between the idea of half-inspired wisdom with which I had begun, and the true character of the works of the Alexandrian school upon which I was entering, I retired from an attempt, as to which I saw clearly that it would not bring the satisfaction expected from it, while its accomplishment would be impossible without too great an encroachment upon the time required for my proper duties.

My Father once said to my brother William—repeating, unless I am mistaken, some words of Bishop Horsley, who knew the Fathers well—that "the Fathers must be read with caution." When Isaac Taylor, in his *Ancient Christianity*, collected out of the Fathers many things tending to disturb the ideal conception of a golden primitive age of pure faith and practice; and when William Goode, afterwards Dean of Ripon, in his *Divine Rule of Faith and Practice*, called the Fathers themselves as witnesses in favour of the direct use of Scripture for the decision of controversies, some of those who placed confidence in the Oxford divines, but were themselves ignorant of the Fathers, waited anxiously for answers which never came. I remember a reply once made to myself, when I asked whether anybody was going to answer Isaac Taylor, whose work I perceived to be producing in some quarters a considerable effect. I was told that in a little time he would answer himself, which he never did. It seemed plain that, although the advocates of Patristic authority might be powerful in attack, they were weak in defence. It was reserved for William George Ward, when he had become the most advanced and uncompromising disciple of the Oxford Movement, to demonstrate the impossibility of resting the faith of ordinary Christians on such a foundation, in essays contributed to the *British Critic*, which he afterwards collected in his *Ideal of a Christian Church*.

Next to the home influence which surrounded me, none contributed more to preserve the balance of my mind than that of the excellent representatives of "Evangelical" opinion, with whom I had been brought into contact. There were many things in that system, particularly the Calvinistic tenets held by the most powerful of its teachers, with which I never agreed; and it always seemed to me defective, as leaving too much out of sight the organic side of Christianity. But in its spirituality, in its constant presentation of Christ and His work as the foundation of faith and practice, and in its reverence for the Scriptures, I thought it set an example which all might have done well to follow. My brother William, with whom I had many arguments on such points (for both of us when young were too much given to disputation), called this my "twist." Whether it deserved that name or not, it never ceased. Modified, no doubt, it was by the effect on my mind of William's own line of thought, and of the teaching of the Oxford school. But many years of affectionate relations with Evangelicals of the best type confirmed and made permanent not only my sympathy with and respect for them personally, but my appreciation of those elements in their system which had struck me from the first as really Evangelical.

I kept up my interest in all that went on at Oxford, and was in frequent correspondence with friends there. Into the Hampden controversy of 1836 (though I was not yet a Master of Arts, and had no vote in the convocation of the University) I entered keenly; not trusting to extracts, but purchasing and carefully reading the *Bampton Lectures.* Their perusal left on my mind the impression that the case was a legitimate one for the academical censure passed upon Dr. Hampden at the instance of the leaders of (what was then called) the "Tractarian" movement, but in which Churchmen of the old school, such as my Father and my uncle Henry Roundell, and also most "Evangelicals," concurred. That the University might, upon a just occasion, refuse its confidence in matters depending on its own laws to a professor nominated by the advisers of the Crown; and that, by so asserting its independence on that particular occasion, it did something to check, for the future, academical appointments without regard to the fitness of the persons appointed, I am still disposed to think. But, as to Dr. Hampden's case, my maturer judgment is, that such men as Edward Denison, Claughton, and Henry Liddell, who declined to take part in the censure, were right. They thought the *Bampton Lectures* open to various objections, and fairly provocative of controversy; and that their author, though an able man and of high academical reputation, had no pretension to the character of a theologian which could justify his appointment to the principal chair of divinity in a great University. But they did not think the proceedings which were actually taken warranted by these reasons. Edward Denison, soon to be Bishop of Salisbury (who had been himself designated by many for the office to which Hampden was appointed), compared those proceedings, from the University pulpit, to the scene in the theatre at Ephesus, when "the more part knew not wherefore they were come together"; but "all with one voice, about the space of two hours, cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The truth is, that most readers gave Hampden credit for meaning more than he said; and his previous publication of a pamphlet in favour of the admission of Dissenters to the University may perhaps have affected their judgment. The *Bampton Lectures* appeared to be directed against all definite or dogmatic theology. But they were capable of a construction, which would reduce their argument to a protest against the abuse of human logic on theological subjects; against a confusion of the form with the substance of revelation; and against disregard of the history and structure of the books of Scripture. Bishop Wilberforce was probably well advised, when some years later he came to the conclusion that there was nothing in them which could have been judicially condemned, as exceeding the liberty of thought allowed by the Church of England to her ministers.

Another Oxford event of interest to me, which occurred early in 1836, was the conversion of Frederic Faber to the views of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman. He had been a strong "Evangelical" and Calvinist, and had collected round him a number of young men, sons of Evangelical parents, over whom he exercised a considerable religious influence. But his opinions underwent a sudden change after hearing a sermon on "Sin after Baptism," preached by Dr. Pusey before the University on Septuagesima Sunday, 1836. As he had been before dissatisfied with me for not agreeing with his Calvinism, so now he was dissatisfied with what he called my "ingrained Protestantism." He visited Cambridge in that year, and made an acquaintance, which soon resulted in close intimacy, with George Smythe (afterwards Lord Strangford), Lord John Manners, and Alexander Beresford Hope. These men when they entered public life (with a few others of the same turn) became known as the "Young England" party. Mr. Disraeli cultivated them, and drew the portraits of some of them in his *Coningsby* and *Tancred.* They seemed to aim at a paradoxical combination of High Church and Tory ideas with popular sympathies. The influence of their society upon Frederic Faber's mind may be traced in several of his publications; not least in a work entitled *Foreign Churches and Peoples*, which he wrote after a tour on the Continent, in which it was suggested that the Papacy ought to throw in its lot with the democratic current of the time. These seemed to me fanciful dreams, and did not increase his influence over my mind.

Later, in 1836, there was a contest for the Professorship of Political Economy at Oxford between Frederick Denison Maurice, Herman Merivale, and Travers Twiss. I knew little of Maurice personally, nor was he yet much known to the public, but I warmly espoused his cause. Writing to my brother William, I said :—

> My decided opinion is, that Maurice is quite as able a man as Merivale, and infinitely a safer one than either Merivale or Twiss. He is a man who has always paid particular attention to philosophy, and has always taken his philosophical premisses as much from the spiritual world revealed to us in the Bible, as from the sensible world by which our bodies are surrounded. He would, as I understand, if elected, endeavour to try the popular principles of political economy by the test of principles higher and more certain than themselves; and particularly to recall the attention of his hearers to that interference of moral considerations, which in practice will be sure to affect, if not materially to disturb, those results which modern economists have generally reasoned out by mere arithmetical calculation. All this seems to be very much needed in the present state of the science; and Oxford is just the place from which it ought to come. . . . And surely political economy has a connection with politics; and it is perhaps just as capable of being made the vehicle of particular views in that science, as moral philosophy is in theology.

My Father, on account of the emigrants from Mixbury who were settled in Upper Canada, took a lively interest in the ecclesiastical state of that province; and he entered into a correspondence in 1836 with Mr. Arthur Palmer (not a relative), the Rector of Guelph, to which township several of the Mixbury emigrants had gone. He was very much moved by a statement which Mr. Arthur Palmer sent him, as to the condition, at that juncture, of the Canadian Church. The "Clergy Reserves," which had been intended for the support of a parochial system in the province, were held in suspense, and some change in their appropriation was contemplated both by the Colonial and by the Home Governments. The Dissenters and the Roman Catholics had received pecuniary help from the State; the Church was receiving none. Mr. Gladstone, with whom I had formed an acquaintance—which I was very willing to improve—during my first year as an undergraduate at Oxford, had been Under-Secretary for the Colonies during Sir Robert Peel's short administration in 1835; and I thought him the best person to consult on this subject. He wrote me the following answer:—

> I have read with painful interest the letter you sent me, and which I now return. I conceive that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is the best and proper medium for communicating with the Colonial Office upon the subject. You will observe how two questions are mixed up in it,—that of the Clergy Reserves and that of the grants to Presbyterians and others. As regards the former, I trust that no measure of alienation could lie on the tables of Parliament for thirty days without an address, at least from the Lords, against it. As regards the second, the practicability of using it as an instrument for extracting pecuniary aid for the Church depends very much upon the former. I have no doubt that both the S.P.G. Society and the Bishops of the North American Provinces have already been in treaty with the Colonial Office, though probably without effect. As we have a prospect, I imagine, of some speedy proposal (perhaps it may be contained in the Report of the Commissioners), I do not know whether anything can be done before it comes forward. But the facts of this letter are such as ought to be accessible.

I had further communications with Mr. Gladstone on the same subject, both in 1836 and in 1837. The prosecution of it led to my first acquaintance with Sir George Grey, then Under-Secretary for the Colonies. I was introduced to him for that purpose by Mrs. Waldegrave, who was much attached to him, being his first cousin, both on his father's and on his mother's side. Of my friendship with him in later life I shall have occasion to speak. When I saw him at this time he held out no hope of anything being done for the Canadian Church, explaining that the Government had determined on surrendering into the hands of the Provincial Assemblies those revenues of Upper Canada, out of which the grants to Dissenters and Roman Catholics had been made, and on discontinuing, in the meantime, all such grants, leaving it to those Assemblies to decide, for the future, what grants (if any) should be made in the colony for religious purposes. As to the Clergy Reserves, negotiations were pending with the Colonial authorities.

My Father under these circumstances drew up and circulated a paper, with a view to direct public attention to, and obtain aid for, the Church in Guelph and its neighbourhood; and some funds were subscribed for that object, chiefly by members and friends of our family. He wrote to Mr. Arthur Palmer, on the 10th April 1837, that "unless the tide should turn, it was quite clear that the Church henceforth had nothing to expect of favour or affection from the ruling powers, and that she would find it no easy matter to preserve her own." He added:—

> The measure dealt out to the Colonies is, no doubt, intended for us all. . . . It remains for us, however, each one to do his own duty, certainly not to relax in our endeavours to consider what may have been exceptionable in our view and practice; to trim our lamps, and so leave to Providence the event. We certainly have the advantage of the Romanist in a pure and

uncorrupt doctrine; and we must endeavour to recover the advantage he undoubtedly possesses in the discipline of his Church, however that discipline may be abused. We have also every advantage of the Sectary, in point of lawful order, place, and learning; let us exceed him in zeal also, and all will be well. We can be no advocates for the voluntary system, as exonerating Government from the very first of its duties. But I think the inculcation of personal sacrifices on private Christians, for the uses and charities of the Church, has been long too much neglected. We have been deficient, surely, as ministers, in respect of the office to which we have devoted ourselves, and the rule by which we are bound. One particular, above all others, as affecting the present question, the disuse of the offertory in the Communion Service presents. We cannot, I think, too soon or too earnestly recur to this, and press upon our people the duty of contributing towards the object the Church has in view, while we dwell on the great end of the glory of God and the salvation of mankind. Were zeal, however, but more awakened as of old, we should not only be secure of a due supply of all things necessary, and not only preserve our actual endowments, but have every prospect of obtaining fresh ones as occasion required. How were those very endowments originally acquired, of which our adversaries are seeking by law to deprive us? *Not by law or Government, but by the zeal and goodwill of individuals*, Government itself following in the train. I press the offertory most strongly on your attention, in the particular circumstances in which you stand. Assistance may be essentially necessary; and I hope you will obtain it. But, if the infant Church you serve is to grow to maturity and extend its Communion, the principle of vitality, health, and expansion must exist within itself. Wherever the Church is found, there it must contend; and, while its armoury is to be the Word of God, the qualities by which this may be successfully used are devotion, zeal, and personal sacrifice.

One consequence of my Father's interest in the Canadian Church was that I was brought into connection with an association called the "Upper Canada Clergy Society," formed for the purpose of aiding in the supply of clergy to that province. Some of Captain Waldegrave's friends, whom I had met at his house, took an active part in it; and, besides these Mr. Gladstone, Sir Walter Farquhar, and Richard (afterwards Lord Richard) Cavendish, were members of its Committee, which I was invited to join. My Father, when I informed him of this, wrote (12th May 1837):—

> With respect to the Upper Canada Clergy Society, you must use your discretion. I advise you to take no part in any joint concern, without well knowing and approving the discretion of others with whom you are to act. The goodness of the object is not enough. I hope discreet zeal and sound and sober piety have not absolutely left the world; but there is a great deal of an opposite character abroad, in whose proceedings I would take no share. Societies and joint-stock companies are twin children of the age, whether legitimate or otherwise, I will not say. The object proposed by the Society in question must be dear to an Englishman and a Christian. But I doubt whether it can legitimately act as an original, independent, and self-created agency. Something more than the sanction of the Bishop, and the welcome of some individual clergy, is necessary. It must act together with the Bishop and clergy, in union with and subserviency to them. I shall be glad to have your opinion, however, of the tone of the meeting, and its proceedings. You are to consider, also, if you accept a place on the Committee, how far you commit yourself to a responsibility, the calls of which may be inconvenient on your time and thoughts.

The names which I have mentioned, and others, justified confidence, and I joined the Committee, on which my Father wrote again:—

> Since you are a member of the Committee, I recommend you to attend all meetings while you are in London, and observe well the tone of its proceedings, and who appears to lead. If the judgment of its promoters is of that sort which we should

approve, and which we trust it is, you will render an essential service by attending closely to the verbiage of its communications and of its future reports forming its addresses to the public. The object it has in view is worthy of all attention, and of the energies of the whole Christian community. But there is no shutting one's eyes to the fact that societies are the rage, and therefore not a little doubtful as to their character and results.

This was wise advice; and I have since acted in its spirit, declining, as a general rule, to connect myself with any new association or undertaking, whether for philanthropic or for other objects, for the practical conduct of which it would not be convenient for me to assume responsibility.

Only one thing of importance to me arose out of my connection with this Society. I had composed, in a much too florid and ambitious style (not justifying, I must confess, my Father's expectation of advantage from such attention as I might be able to pay to "the verbiage" of the Society's communications), the draft of a letter, intended to be sent by the Committee to the Society's principal missionary. This Mr. Gladstone saw, and he spoke of it to me in terms of kindly-expressed criticism. "Too good," were the words which he used, emphasising them, so as to make it plain to me that the composition was not to his taste. I date from that criticism, of which I felt the justice, a dislike to an ambitious and rhetorical manner of writing, which has since grown upon me and has become a confirmed habit of my mind.

After a time, the Upper Canada Clergy Society came to an end. It was resolved, against my judgment and that of some other members of the Committee, to enlarge the sphere of its operations, and to convert it into a general "Colonial Church Society." Against this I protested, and drew up and circulated a paper of reasons, which my Father approved. That ground was already occupied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; and I was unable either to take part in any opposition to that Society, or to justify competition with it on its own ground, if opposition was not intended. I therefore withdrew from co-operation with those who thought otherwise, of whom Mr. Gladstone was not one.

Mrs. Waldegrave's regard for me was proved by her keeping some letters which she received from me about that time. There was only one of them which I think it worth while to mention here. I had helped a friend of hers in collecting a sum of money for a young man at Oxford, whose nearest relations had cast him off in consequence of his taking a religious turn, and proposing to offer himself for holy orders in the Church of England. But this had scarcely been done, when he changed his views, and joined the Plymouth Brethren. The question then arose, what should be done with the money collected? and I was consulted on that point. I advised that it should still be employed for his benefit, in any way which might be most kindred to the purpose for which it had been subscribed. He had acted, I thought, from a mistaken sense of duty; and, if so, I could not regret that I had been induced to take an interest in him. And, as to his separation from the Church, I said :—

"I know nothing which should prevent me, or any other, from doing the same, if I could be brought to think lightly of the nature or obligation of Church communion. If I had no other reason for belonging to the Church than because I believed that it taught the truth, I should probably have long since ceased to belong to it; because, when a young man begins to think, it is impossible that he should understand such great matters all at once, and difficulties and scruples will inevitably arise concerning things of greater or less importance. When a man supposes that his communion with the Church ought to depend entirely upon his individual judgment concerning the doctrines she teaches, it becomes a matter of conscience with him to decide all questions which arise, singly and by himself, with despatch, and with a leaning to the side which is most opposed to his personal and secular interests. I mean, that conscience acquires a direct leaning to dissent; because there seems to be nothing independently of the controverted matter on the side of the Church, except personal interest. This is not a frame of mind to encourage a calm investigation, or to produce a right judgment on such important matters. But, on the other hand, if it be supposed that communion with the Church is the bond of Christian fellowship designed by God Himself—a bond to which are attached peculiar blessings and peculiar means of grace, and one from which no man can sever himself without losing high privileges now, and incurring an awful responsibility hereafter—such considerations will surely be attended with God's grace, and prevent those who seek with prayer from so pursuing their inquiries, as to end in a difference from the Church, unless the Church really differs from the truth."

My mind has always been inclined to seek after elements of truth in all forms of opinion which have at any time had power among men, however disguised and overlaid with errors that truth might be; and, when I was young, my imagination co-operated with that inclination. My cousin William preserved a contribution of mine in the spring of 1837, to the Pantological Society, upon the subject of astrology, probably not more than half-serious, which was an example of that tendency. Some of its thoughts may have been derived from Babbage's supernumerary *Bridgewater Treatise;* others turned upon the existence of a typical and antitypical correspondence between the natural and moral world, for which the language of many parts of Scripture certainly affords ground, and which thinkers of a certain temperament in all ages have entertained, though minds differently constituted have rejected them as fanciful. Those were thoughts which Frederic Faber and I used often to interchange with each other; I see no more cause to reject them now than I did when young. It is hardly necessary to say that I was not in 1837, any more than since, a believer in astrology; but I have never been in the habit of pronouncing things impossible on *a priori* grounds, which assume that all things in heaven and earth can be measured by our philosophy. My "pantological" paper only contained arguments in support of the proposition, "That no sufficient *a priori* objection can be alleged against the possibility of there being an established relation between the positions and conditions of the constituents of the physical universe and the state of the earth, or the fortunes and dispositions of its inhabitants."

CHAPTER XV

OXFORD FRIENDS IN LONDON—QUESTIONS OF COLLEGE REFORM—YOUNGER BROTHERS AT CHARTERHOUSE—MY UNCLE RALPH'S DEATH.

1836–1838

Some of the Oxford friends whom I saw most frequently in London had been drawn into lines of thought very opposite to my own, particularly Vaughan and Twisleton. They were men of whom I and many others had formed the highest expectations; both were ambitious, Vaughan of literary, and Twisleton of political distinction; and, as I look back upon what they then were, the fact that they should both have passed away without leaving any mark upon the world brings home to me vividly the uncertainty of human hopes.

Vaughan was the son of a judge, a member of a distinguished family (among his brothers were Sir Henry Halford, the Court physician, and Sir Charles Vaughan, British Minister at Washington), who had risen to the Bench more by power as an advocate than by any reputation for profound knowledge of law. He was a strong and masculine, perhaps rather secular-minded, man. My friend, his son, had, in my judgment, no rival among his Oxford contemporaries, in natural force and vigour of intellect. He gained a Fellowship at Oriel; and, after the usual probationer's residence there, returned to London very much opposed to the ruling influences of that College. The gossip of Golightly—Newman's curate at St. Mary's, but detesting his vicar's opinions and tendencies—had been continually poured into his ears, and had produced a distrust of the good faith of the leaders of the Tract movement, which some other persons shared, and which afterwards, when publicly avowed by Charles Kingsley, provoked from Newman his celebrated *Apologia*. Vaughan was called to the Bar, but did not practise; and subsided early into a Clerkship of Assize in Wales, which his father gave him. He turned to metaphysics. Kant and other Germans did not satisfy him; he was no idealist. David Hume became his master, and for a long time he was understood to be engaged on a philosophical work, which never saw the light, the manuscript being in an unaccountable manner lost or destroyed.

Twisleton was a cadet of a noble family of some note in English history, to the honours of which his eldest brother succeeded. He was of a quick, impulsive temperament, enthusiastic; his taste was excellent, his bearing and manners refined and attractive. When a boy at Winchester, he had been distinguished for the purity and religious tone of his character. His politics were, like those of his ancestors, Liberal. At Oxford, or soon after leaving it, he became a student of German philosophy and theology, and he imbibed the spirit of German Rationalism. His mind was disturbed by questions as to the possibility of divine revelation, and others not less fundamentally touching the conditions of human existence; he found no way of escape from difficulties, which to me seemed unreal.

To my reason and moral sense, materialistic ideas were always repugnant; nor did it ever seem to me that the men who yielded to them were the better or happier for doing so. But it was beneficial, in more than one way, to be in contact with minds over which those ideas appeared to have power. My faith was strengthened by knowing the intellectual perplexities of other men, without being myself disturbed by them; and I learnt that it was possible to have sympathy with, and to see goodness and virtue in, those who were troubled with such difficulties and unable to find rest for their souls.

My brother William had left Durham in the summer of 1836, and returned to Oxford. In that and the following year his mind and my own were a good deal occupied by questions affecting the College of which we were Fellows. The oaths which we had taken bound us with great strictness to the observance of the Founder's statutes, and not to seek any change in them, or any dispensation from them, from Pope, King, or any other authority. In point of fact, they were in many respects not observed; and the President (among others) was equally opposed to any departure from them where they were observed, and to any restoration of their observance where they were departed from. Others, of whom I was one, considered that their obligation had ceased on all points in which they had been overruled by a superior authority to which obedience was due (as, for instance, by the laws as to religion made at the time of the Reformation), and also as to secondary matters affecting the routine of daily life, concerning which changes of manners had made a return to them impracticable without detriment to more important objects of the Foundation. But we thought their obligation still in force, and the duty of endeavouring to return to them imperative, where they were departed from without any such reasons, and without benefit to the main objects of the Foundation. This was the case as to the tenure of the scholarships called "Demyships." The Founder had expressly directed that his "demies" should be superannuated at the age of twenty-five, and he had not given them any right of succession to Fellowships. Obedience to the statutes on those points would have ensured a quicker and more frequent succession to "demyships," and would in that way have admitted many more poor students to the benefits of the Foundation, and the Fellowships would have been open to free competition among all persons possessing the statutory qualifications of them; both which objects were desirable in themselves and perfectly practicable. But the practice was to allow the demies to remain without superannuation (however old they might be) till they succeeded to Fellowships, or married, or became disqualified by succession to property; and they were elected by preference to all vacant Fellowships for which they were otherwise qualified. The President persuaded himself that there had never been a time when it was otherwise; but I ascertained, on looking through the records of the College, that this was not so, and that this departure from the statutes came in at the period of the Restoration, probably because the demies who had been deprived under the Commonwealth were considered to have an equitable claim to restitution, although they might have passed the age of superannuation under the statutes. Attempts had been made before my time (my uncle Henry Roundell, when a Fellow, took part in them) to correct that abuse; I was myself zealous against it, and drew up and circulated in the College an abstract of statistical proofs of the observance of the law of superannuation down to the time of the Commonwealth, and of its discontinuance after the Restoration. My brother William did not differ from me in principle, but he thought that the responsibility belonged to the President and College officers, rather than to those Fellows who, like ourselves, had only the power of voting at a general College meeting; and that any measures for reform ought to originate with them. This was not at all likely to happen.

At the beginning of the session of 1837, a motion was made or threatened in the House of Lords by the then Earl of Radnor, for an inquiry by a Parliamentary Commission into the Universities and Colleges, with a view to the reform of whatever might be considered amiss in them; and those who objected to any such inquiry at Oxford were in a state of much uneasiness. Our President prepared a petition against it, taking up very high ground, and appearing to place the obligation of obedience to our Founder's statutes above that of submission to any Act which Parliament might pass. On this point my brother and I differed, and a brisk correspondence followed. He maintained, with the President, the doctrine of resistance, and thought the occasion one for imitating the opposition, successful and popular in its results, which had been offered by Magdalen College to the illegal commands of King James the Second in 1688. I thought that precedent by no means in point. The view expressed in the following extract from a letter, which I wrote to him on the 29th of March 1837, is that to which I have always adhered:—

> You will say that we have sworn not to divulge secrets, etc., and, therefore, if they require us to give evidence, and we comply, we are guilty of a breach of our oath, and so do evil. This does not seem to me to be either a just view of the facts of the case, or (even upon its own representation) sound morality. Surely, if a subject voluntarily swears to withhold from his Sovereign an act of obedience which, without such oath, he would be bound to render, such an oath is, like Herod's, immoral and void *ab initio*. It were a greater sin to observe than to break it. But you say that the law has recognised the Society where such oaths (according to your doctrine) are administered; and you would argue, no doubt, that by so doing it has sanctioned and justified the taking of such oaths, and has given them a

validity and binding force which they would not otherwise have possessed. I shall raise no question here, though I think one might well be raised; but shall content myself with taking issue upon the matter of fact. Are such oaths administered at all? Above all, can it be imagined for a single instant, that they are so in contemplation of law, or that the law would ever have recognised our Society if they were? And, if not, it is a mere equivocation to pretend that they have received that sanction which can alone give them validity. Surely when one swears to obey the expressed will of the Founder, there is a reservation of the superior duty of obedience to the present or future law of the land, as clear and as necessary, as self-evident, as there is of the primary duty of obedience to God, when we are commanded in Scripture to "submit ourselves to every ordinance of man." In both, it is implied, not expressed; nor can I for a moment doubt that its manifest necessity, in the one case as in the other, was the only reason why it was not expressed. Can it be imagined that William of Waynflete intended his Fellows to set their Sovereign at defiance; or that the despotic Sovereigns of those times would have given countenance to such a principle, or permitted bodies known to be governed by statutes of such a character to exist? As for the prohibition to carry questions into the King's court, or to invite the exertion of the royal power, he must have a more logical head than I have, who can discover in this a prohibition to "obey" that power, when once exerted. Why have we not masses performed in the chapel for the soul of our Founder? Why are a thousand petty injunctions neglected or disregarded, which it has become impossible to observe without sacrificing the primary to the secondary intention? Clearly, because these oaths have always been understood with such reservations as, in fact, were implied in them from the first. To take points which are disputed, and of which it cannot so certainly be said that our observance of the Founder's statutes, in those respects, would endanger the primary objects of his Foundation,—how does the President defend the non-superannuation of demies? Why, by alleging that, although their superannuation is certainly enjoined in the statutes, yet it cannot be proved that such was ever the practice. How then must he, the framer of the petition, have understood the oath which he has taken? Indeed, my dear William, I do not think we are to obey just what and when we please. I cannot interpret my oath loosely when I wish to retain an ancient practice, strictly when I fear a modern innovation. And, though I have little confidence in the wisdom or good intentions of those by whom the supreme power of the land we live in is now chiefly directed, yet, as long as it enjoins me nothing contrary to the Word of God, I feel that I am bound to obey it. I am conscious of no power, by my own voluntary act, to limit or qualify this duty of obedience. I know also that I have never, to my knowledge, consented or attempted to bind myself to disobedience. And according to these principles I hope I shall act, as occasion may require.

The threatened storm blew over for that time, but not before some correspondence had taken place between the President and the Visitor concerning the statutes, nor without arousing a strong feeling in the College that the statutes ought to be observed as to the superannuation of demies. A proposition for that purpose was brought forward (I think by myself) at a general College meeting; but the President, then eighty-two years old, and held in reverence by us all, made such an appeal to us for forbearance during his time (he had governed the College ever since 1791), that it was impossible to resist it. He continued to be President for eighteen years longer, dying in his hundredth year; and nothing was done until shortly before his death, when the dreaded Parliamentary interference at last came, and was universally submitted to.

Surrounded as I was, in those days, by most of the elements of earthly happiness, I was nevertheless not at peace with myself. I had then, and for years afterwards, sensible experience of that conflict between the flesh and the spirit, which St. Paul describes; I was as one engaged in a continual struggle with evil spirits, reasserting their power as often as they seemed to be cast out. I was regular and sincere in the observances of religion; I was mindful of my Father's advice not to forget that I lived next door to the chapel (in which there was daily service), and not to let business, or anything else, encroach upon the consecration of the Lord's day to religion and rest. Once I broke in upon that day upon a supposition of necessity, when there was none; I never did so afterwards, without a real necessity which our Lord's own precepts and example would have warranted. Sometimes, when the pressure upon my soul was very severe, I tried the effect of bodily mortifications. But neither those remedies, nor the shadow of death often crossing my path, were powerful enough to effect a cure.

To my brothers Horsley and Edwin (boys ten and twelve years younger than myself) I was indebted for the purest, and most purifying, of all my pleasures in those days. Archbishop Howley had promised my Father a nomination to the Foundation of Charterhouse for Edwin, who went to that school at the beginning of 1836, Dr. Saunders being then Headmaster. He was accompanied by his cousin Henry Roundell, of the same age, and by Henry Liddell's younger brother William, who had spent much of his time at Fringford, Mr. Liddell (his father) wishing him to be brought up with the only son of my uncle, the friend of his own youth. Horsley joined them, a year later, at the time when the Archbishop's promise as to Edwin was fulfilled. All these boys used to come to me on leave for Saturdays, and (as many of them as I could take in) for Sundays—my brothers every week as long as they were at school. I loved them tenderly; a love which has certainly not been diminished by years. Edwin was a boy of excellent ability and great aptitude for learning, which has since borne fruit. Horsley, who looked forward to a merchant's life, was not so promising a scholar, but he had manly tastes and inclinations, and good dispositions in abundance. My enjoyment of their company, and my interest in their studies and pursuits, was increased by the satisfaction it gave to my Father, who wrote to me, respecting Edwin, in February 1836:—

> I feel much confidence of good resulting, by the blessing of God, from your attention to your brother. If you yourself owed me anything, and surely it was but little, you are taking the very best means possible of rendering me a grateful return.

From the beginning, I did what was in my power, by following their school-work, criticising their exercises, and assisting in the direction of their tastes. I was myself fond of the drama, and often took them to the principal theatres to see the plays of Shakespeare and others of our best dramatists performed. I communicated to them my taste for natural history, entomology especially; and many were the delightful Saturday excursions which we made to the heaths and woods at Hampstead, High-gate, and Wimbledon, or to Anerley near Dulwich —sometimes as far as Darenth wood in Kent. We made collections, and when we were not together, we corresponded on these subjects, as well as about their verse-exercises and other school-work.

FROM EDWIN PALMER TO HIS SISTER ELEANOR

LINCOLN'S INN, 13*th August* 1837.

I am much obliged to you for taking out the Dogs. We have played three cricket-matches against the fellows who have been at Charterhouse this quarter; in the first we were beaten by fifty runs, in the second *we beat them* by two or three runs, and in the third they beat us by eighty runs in a single innings. The Charterhouse eleven is going to play a match against the Clarence Club, at Maulseyhurst, about fourteen miles from London; I and Horsley shall not go to see it, but make another excursion into the country instead with Roundell.

I have been for the last *two* weeks at the Top of my form; but that will not be often enough to make me mark Top at the last Day of the Quarter, so *I must try again next Quarter.* Horsley, as you have perhaps heard, sports a tail-coat, but I do not think his appearance is much improved by it. We have made great additions to my Butterfly Collection as we have now 109 specimens or more, for I have not counted lately.—Believe me, your ever affectionate brother, E. PALMER.

My uncle Sir Ralph Palmer, to whose kindness I owed so much, completed his term of judicial service at Madras in 1835; and in June 1836 returned to England. His health had not appeared to suffer from the climate of India; he had been equal to his duties, and was popular, both on the Bench and in the society of the Presidency. In his correspondence, regularly kept up with his brothers and sisters, and not least with my Father, he described every event of interest in his Indian life; so as to make his temporary separation from them felt as little as possible.

To him my Father had written in November 1835:—

> . . . I know that nothing is so effectual as the zealous performance of the duties of life in all its relations, for God's sake, for knowing His will; while nothing either is so good a preservative against the dangers of temptation as useful and constant occupation. With these two, and daily prayers for grace, with the faithful and diligent use of the means appointed, public worship and confession, the sacraments, and the written Word, we look forward together to a more joyful meeting still—to one in which we shall be for ever perfected, and never more divided; when we shall be reunited also to those who are gone but a little time before,—our parents from whom we derived this blessed hope, our children to whom we imparted it, and our brethren whom we loved; and all by the infinite love and mercy of God our Saviour.

When my uncle arrived, he was thought but little changed. To me, whose early recollection of him turned chiefly on field sports (for he rented, for two or three years, the shooting of Mixbury, and of the adjoining parish of Westbury), he appeared a cheerful man, of shrewd intelligence, not likely to remain inactive in the world. But he had not been two years at home, when it pleased God to cut short the hopes entertained of happy days to come, during which he, like his brothers, might have seen his children growing up around him, and might, in the Judicial Committee or elsewhere, have done good service to the State.

He died suddenly, at Willey Park, from heart disease, on the 25th January 1838. To me he had been especially generous; nor did his generosity cease with his life, for by his will he left me his law library, a valuable and most useful gift. My brother William and I both felt this loss as a warning of the unsubstantial character of earthly hopes, and a new call to the higher life. He wrote to me:—

> What you say of yourself and of the effect our severe loss has had upon your mind is very affecting to me. But such is our nature, that no impressions usually last long, unless by supernatural assistance. The influence of the senses from without is constant, and has a decided tendency to evil. It is exceedingly subtle, and its effects remain, whereas our own efforts from within are exceedingly weak and transient. The effects of any, even the smallest, sin seem indelible—the tear of repentance is dry in a minute. And the worst evil is, that we are so disposed to relax in our efforts, and either not sufficiently to desire and seek aid from above, or, the moment we have obtained it in any degree, to forget our danger. I trust, however, by God's goodness, and our mutual prayer for one another, that this our weakness and danger will, in the end, be brought to strength and victory. In the meantime, as the struggle will, doubtless, be painful and difficult, I hope we shall never any of us forget that it is common, and that we have great need of one another's assistance; that when we are least watchful and most cast down ourselves, we may be defended and comforted by the prayers of those whom we love. And this consideration will of itself be a strength to us, and our general charity for others will be increased. And then, further, while we are living upon the earth and engaged in the same warfare, so we may certainly profit no less by preserving communion with the dead, and with the whole Church whose warfare is now finished: *συναγωνιζώμεθα σὺν τοῖς ἀγωνιζομένοις, καὶ μὴ λειπώμεθα τῶν προφθασάντων.*[1]

My Father, on his return from Willey, where he spent some days assisting and comforting my aunt after the funeral, wrote thus to my brothers at Charterhouse (15th February 1838):—

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[1] Let us contend together with those who contend; and let us not fall short of those who have finished their course before us.

"How forcibly does this sudden and unlooked-for loss of your uncle—as dear to me in youth as Roundell is now to you, and you to one another—how forcibly does it inculcate the same lesson with a no less grievous affliction some three years since: not to attach ourselves too closely to the flattering hopes of enjoyment here, but, letting our desires hang more loosely about us, to look a little farther on and fix our minds, through faith and trust in the mercy of God, on the certainty of our removal hence, and the uncertainty of the time.

"It is hardly to be expected that youth will be disposed to entertain thoughts of the end, or indeed be fully able to apprehend it, before it has in a manner entered on the beginning. However, the young will clearly perceive the reason of those lessons of wisdom, which their elders, believing the Scriptures of the Word of God, so anxiously endeavour to enforce, to improve by all possible means the time and opportunity which never will return; and, while they are honestly and ardently desirous to deserve praise, and to be conspicuous for excellence of every description, and to be foremost in the race, not to be over-anxious in other respects as to their state and future in life, but serving God of the very will, to be ready for every turn, indifferent to all, and content to leave the upshot to what His good Providence shall ordain. What it ordains, that it will find the means of bringing about; and we may be sure that He who made us as we are, and made nothing idly or in vain, will in due time, if we depend upon Him, satisfy to the full every honest desire of our nature. He will also, as we advance, and as we ourselves desire and seek it, open to us more fully the mysteries of His Word. If we are wise, and not foolish, He will show us how to trim our lamps with abundance of oil. If we do not think Him a hard master, and so be disposed to bury it in the earth, He will enable us, every one, to improve the talent He has given. And He shall pour into our hearts and minds a portion of the Spirit which was in Himself, when He laid down His life for our sakes; so that we shall be rich in those good works of active benevolence and charity to others, which He will reward hereafter as done to Himself. God bless you, my dear sons! teach you to love and fear Him, and love one another! May you be a help to one another, and an honour to one another, as you advance; nor forget your early love, but be a mutual joy and satisfaction in old age; and, finally, see an offspring, as I see mine this day!"

CHAPTER XVI

ILLNESSES OF EDWIN AND MY FATHER—OTHER FAMILY SORROWS—BEGINNING OF BUSINESS

1838–1839

In the same month of February 1838 Edwin's school course was interrupted by whooping-cough; and for some weeks he was under my care in Lincoln's Inn. He was then in his fourteenth year, the disorder affected him seriously, and my anxiety was great. I do not remember to have suffered more acute distress in the whole course of my life, than for a few minutes or seconds during that time—they seemed hours—when his mind appeared to wander, and he spoke incoherently, in a sort of waking dream. The relief was proportionately great, when, on his really awaking the incoherence passed away. But he became so ill, that it was necessary for him to go home to Mixbury; and the reports which reached me during the rest of the spring and summer were progressively worse. When the long vacation came, we all went to Sandgate for sea air, from which our kind friend Dr. Latham[1] hoped for improvement. There, every day when Edwin could bear it, my dear Father—though he was never himself on the water without suffering great discomfort, which did not cease when he returned to land—went out with him in a boat for hours together, as far as wind and weather would permit. For a great part of the time that we were there Edwin seemed to get worse, the whooping-cough appeared to degenerate into a rapid consumption, and he was at last reduced to such a state of weakness that no hope was entertained of his recovery. It pleased God, however, to send a blessing upon Dr. Latham's treatment of the case and my Father's patient love; nature seconded the method of counter-irritation which was used; at the very crisis of the disorder a favourable turn came, and he recovered so as to be able in the following year to return to Charterhouse, which Horsley had in the meantime left.

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[1] Dr. Peter Reve Latham, President of the College of Physicians.

After the family had returned to Mixbury, and I to my work in London, comforted by this happy change from so great a danger to steady convalescence, my Father himself was taken dangerously ill. The accumulated pressure of my Mother's state and his watchfulness over Edwin, together with his mourning for my brother Henry and my Uncle Ralph, proved too much for his strength, and a blood-vessel broke upon the lungs early in November 1838. The first alarm which reached me was by a letter from Edwin, as to his being prayed for in church; and his condition soon became more critical. I joined my brothers at Mixbury on the 8th of December; there seemed to be then no room for hope. There could not be a life, the continuance of which there were stronger reasons (according to human judgment) for desiring. To my brother William and myself, who had entered upon our several callings, his experience, wisdom, and loving counsel, were invaluable; the rest of the family looked to him for everything—my Mother, still suffering from chronic ill-health; my two elder sisters, one just twenty, the other eighteen; and the rest, down to my youngest sister, who was only seven, in different stages of education.

On the 12th of December 1838, a day never to be forgotten by any of us, we heard from London that Dr. Latham, the physician and friend in whom we had so much reason to place confidence, and who had peculiar skill in pulmonary cases, was coming down two days afterwards to see my Father, and advise upon his case. By one of those remarkable instances of the many-sided applications of the Scriptures to human affairs, of which all who are accustomed to resort to them for guidance and strength must have had experience, we received encouragement from one of the lessons for the day, which William and I, with our hearts full to overflowing, read together in the study at Mixbury. It was that chapter of Isaiah in which Hezekiah is described as lying on what seemed to be the bed of death, and praying very earnestly for life; and the prophet as sent to him with an assurance, accompanied by a miraculous sign, that he should recover, and that his life should be prolonged for fifteen years. Dr. Latham came on the 14th of December; he pronounced the case to be one of an unusual kind, not excluding hope. His care and attention, until my Father was out of danger, were unremitting; and he refused remuneration, though pressed to accept what was usual under the circumstances. My Father recovered; and, like Hezekiah, he also lived for nearly fifteen years afterwards.[1]

My Uncle Horsley's affection for him was during that illness very warmly expressed. "I had been your Father's pair" (he wrote to me on the 11th December) "in our family, from my infancy. . . . Whatever, dear Roundell, may be the termination, rest upon my affection for him and you all. So long as I may be blessed with health and worldly prosperity, you shall always have the advantage of either, so far as they may be commanded."

Little did we anticipate, when this was written, that within a few months my Father would be convalescent, and my uncle's own home desolate. In June 1839 the house at Hurlingham was invaded by malignant scarlet fever. The second of my uncle's four daughters took it severely; her mother, nursing her tenderly and assiduously, took it also, and to her it proved fatal, with great suddenness, on the 25th of June 1839. My cousin survived her mother for only a few days, and on the 2nd of July I followed them both together to the grave.

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[1] The exact prolongation of his life, from the 12th of December 1838, was fourteen years and two hundred and ninety days. He died on the 28th September 1853.

On receiving the intelligence of the first of these losses, my Father wrote, both to my uncle and to myself, giving expression to his feelings towards a brother and a sister-in-law, "who had never failed in the truest love and affection for him; both giving the best and most certain proof in all the intercourse of life, and in that effectual assistance on every occasion, for which he could make no return, but in the acknowledgment of it"; and praying that we might be enabled "to read the lesson right, and profit, as God would have them most who suffer most." To me he said: "God bless you, my dear Roundell, who are entering upon life; in the course of which, should Providence call you to wealth and honour, which I do not desire for you but to do good, grant that you may still wear them with the sackcloth of humility and mortification in your heart."

It was in that year (1839) that I had my first chance, and made my first real start, at the Bar. One or two friends had previously caused "consent briefs," in uncontested matters, to be sent to me; and I had also represented my Uncle George as counsel before an arbitrator, in a question about a right of way over part of the Nazing estate. My first appearance in Court was upon one of those "consent briefs," in an administration suit of Elwes *v.* Elwes, in which some members of a family who had been for many years neighbours and friends of my Father at Mixbury were concerned. My Father's hopes for me were higher than he might perhaps have cared at that time to tell me; he expressed them when thanking his friend (Mr. Ellis) who had caused the brief to be sent to me: "It may be rather presumptuous" (he wrote on the 5th of April 1838) "to be thinking now of future distinction, I must own; but yet I feel the time may come, when the circumstance of his having received his first brief from such a person may be as gratifying to the gentleman from whom he received it, as, I am sure, it will always be to himself that he received it from a friend of yours." This, however, was not business of a kind which could be reckoned upon as leading to more. My total receipts in fees, from my call in June 1837 to the end of 1838, were twenty-six guineas. I was, however, in earnest about my profession; and in February 1838 I engaged a regular clerk. This was William Parkins, who had been in my Father's service at Mixbury for twelve years, and whose capacity and integrity qualified him for that employment; besides which he was devoted in his attachment to the whole family, and to myself in particular, and always regarded our interests as his own. From that time forward, till his death, he was my clerk, cashier, bookkeeper, and faithful friend —a man of thorough uprightness and Christian principle, who in all things considered my honour and duty as well as my interest, and never sought for himself, directly or indirectly, any profit or advantage beyond that which properly came to him in the regular course of business. He was the son of a village tradesman, first of Finmere, and afterwards of Shalstone in the same neighbourhood, in the churchyard of which place his remains, with those of his wife (who had also been in my Father's service), now rest. He took pains with his own improvement, and had received from nature the gifts of good sense and quick practical intelligence. The duties of the only or principal clerk of a barrister in good practice are very important. Great trust and confidence have to be placed in him; he is the necessary medium of communication as to retainers, briefs, engagements in the different Courts, consultations, cases for opinions, and the entry and receipt of fees, between his employer and the solicitors from whom business comes and their clerks. If he is wanting in integrity, or in discretion, or in consideration and respect for all the different classes of persons with whom he is brought into contact, his employer's reputation and interest may suffer. To all these duties, in every stage of my professional life, Parkins was more than equal. He was most conscientious and regular in their performance, and was respected by every one. He proved also, by the force of his character and principles, to be an excellent educator of the junior clerks who successively served under him, when the increase of business required that assistance. They grew up men of sterling worth, intelligent, faithful, and upright, like himself.

To the great City house of Messrs. Freshfield, the solicitors to the Bank of England, who were at the head of their branch of the profession, I was indebted for my first opportunity; and, as long as I remained at the junior Bar, they gave me from that time a steady support, and were my principal clients. My

Uncle Horsley, whose position in the City and in the Bank made his recommendation influential, had (I have no doubt) spoken a word in my favour; the head of the house also (a man well known in the House of Commons) had been my Uncle Ralph's friend, and they were accustomed to send him business when he was at the Bar. My University successes would never, by themselves, have procured me a brief; but they may have helped to accredit anything which was said in my favour, and to encourage those who felt any kindness towards myself or my relations to give me a trial.

In this way it happened that about the end of April 1839 a brief was left at my chambers to appear as third counsel in opposition to a motion about to be made on the equity side of the Court of Exchequer, for the appointment of a Receiver in a suit just instituted of Knight *v.* Marjoribanks. The suit related to a land speculation in Australia, in which an officer in the army named Latour, for whom (or for whose estate) the plaintiff Knight was a trustee, had been engaged as a partner with Messrs. Marjoribanks and Ferrers, merchants in London, and with an eminent surgeon, brother to Dr. Keate, the celebrated Headmaster of Eton. Colonel Latour had fallen into difficulties, and had not been able to contribute the sums necessary on his part to carry on the undertaking; his partners advanced the money for him upon the security of his share, and in the result he had relinquished his whole interest to them in consideration of a release from all claims. Finding, or thinking, that the speculation was likely to turn out profitable, he instituted this suit, accusing them of having obtained his share by concealment of facts and other improper means, and seeking to recover possession of it by the aid of the Court. The object of the motion, which I was instructed by Messrs. Freshfield to oppose, was to place the property under the management of an agent to be appointed by the Court, until the litigation, which threatened to be (as it proved) long and costly, should be determined.

It may be presumed that everything of essential importance to the defence against this motion had been said by my two leaders, who were (I think) Mr. Simpkinson and Mr. Oliver Anderdon, when I rose to address Baron Alderson, the presiding Judge. But my seniors, as it happened, had not dwelt much upon the particular line of argument which had occurred to myself. They had, if my memory serves me right, gone into a discussion of the circumstances of the case, as appearing upon the affidavits for and against the motion. But it appeared to me that, independently of the merits of the case (so far as they could be known from those imperfect materials), the general principle, well established in the Court of Chancery, that the Court ought not to interfere with the state of possession before the hearing of a cause, without some proof of danger to the property (of which in that case there was none), furnished a complete answer to the motion. In speaking, as I did for some little time, I relied upon this rule, and quoted some of the authorities in support of it, and only referred to the facts, as giving it additional force, on account of the speculative nature of the undertaking, and the admitted failure of Colonel Latour to contribute to its expenses.

When I had done, and after the motion had been refused, Baron Alderson, then a stranger to me, but to whose generous nature it was a pleasure to give encouragement to a beginner whom he thought of good promise, privately handed down to Mr. James Freshfield, who was present in Court, a few words on a slip of paper, commending the part which I had taken in the argument. And Mr. Freshfield wrote in the following terms to my Uncle Horsley, who sent his letter on to Mixbury, making all the family jubilant:—

> I am sure it will afford you pleasure to hear that your nephew, Mr. Roundell Palmer, so acquitted himself yesterday as to excite the observation and approval of his auditors, including members of the Bar; and that he did so under the difficult circumstance of having to follow two gentlemen on the same side, who had of course urged every point which their ingenuity or experience could suggest. From all I can learn, I offer my confident opinion that your nephew's fortune is in his own power, and that his exertions will not be more beneficial to himself than to his clients. Pray report to him this opinion; as my being unable to meet him at your house has hitherto prevented my making his acquaintance.

Mr. James Freshfield and I did not long remain strangers to each other. I became a frequent guest at his country house in Reigate, and from him and his brothers I received constant proofs of friendship for many years. In the summer of 1839 I was able to tell my Father, with some exultation, that I had "passed," since the commencement of the year, "the rubicon of £100,"—the whole year's receipts were 165 guineas. This did not prevent me from keeping up with my brother Edwin, until his return to school, a regular correspondence about his Latin verse compositions, and his entomological pursuits; and when the long vacation came, I was his companion in a tour along the south coast, visiting Winchester, Southampton, Lyndhurst, the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, Chichester, Brighton, and Hastings; revisiting our haunts of the preceding year at Hythe, Sandgate, and Folkestone; crossing over to France (for one night only), from Dover, to see William and Horsley, who were then at Abbeville; and returning, rather hurriedly, from St. Valery to Gravesend, to keep an engagement to visit an old friend of my Father in North Kent. Health and entomology were our principal objects, but business was not neglected. It was while I was detained at Portsmouth by papers which had followed me from London, that I called on Mrs. Waldegrave and her daughters at the house in Anglesey-ville, which they occupied while Captain Waldegrave was at sea, and saw my future wife's mother for the last time.

CHAPTER XVII

MY BROTHER WILLIAM

1827–1837

The history of my brother William's remarkable mind and character deserves a separate biography; and, if time and strength are granted me, I may perhaps be able to pay that tribute to his memory. Much that would be material for that purpose might be out of place in these memorials; but I shall speak of him here so far as his history is inseparable from my Father's and from my own. When, in March 1855, after my Father's death, he finally left the Church of England, he divided the time which he had devoted to ecclesiastical studies and investigations into three periods—the two earlier of seven years each, the last of eight. The first of those periods, which he described as "spent in the investigation of the Anglican tradition received from his Father, and its needful supplement," ended in 1840. Before speaking of the occurrences of that year, in which his name must be prominent, some retrospect is necessary.

He had by nature a powerful intellect, strong will, and ambitious temperament. It was a disadvantage to him when he went to college to be a boy among men, and at the same time superior in natural abilities, and in the desire of distinction, to most of those around him. He laboured hard to make himself a good scholar, and did so; but at each step of the race, during his undergraduate course, he felt himself thrown back by having to work, as it were, against time. In several competitions for the "Ireland Scholarship" (an honour which he very much wished to gain), Shrewsbury men, well "crammed," but not otherwise remarkable, distanced him; nor did he win the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse, in which he greatly excelled, till just before he took his degree. He did everything very well, but nothing without the discipline of previous disappointments.

His inclination, at first, was not to take Orders; he was not attracted by the conditions of a country clergyman's life; he interested himself for a time a good deal in politics, and his inclination might have been towards a political career if there had been an opening for him in that direction. But there was no prospect of any such opening; and for the law or medicine, which seemed to be the alternatives to Holy Orders, he was not inclined. My Father did not dissemble the desire which he had always felt to see his first-born son dedicated to God's service in the ministry of the Church, but he put no pressure upon William, except that his choice of a profession for life should be made from the highest motives, whatever it might be:—

> Certainly (he wrote on the 11th November 1831) as it has been the object of my earnest daily prayer for you, from your very birth, that you might become a fit and able minister of the Church of God, it must have been most agreeable to my wishes had you been disposed to consider that as your profession; but not by any means, unless you might be actuated in such a disposition by the Spirit that leads men to embrace the Gospel and its promises as their chief good, the Spirit that is able to raise one's mind above the objects and ambitions of a common man, that prompted and excited the Apostles of our Lord to devote their lives to the promotion of the one great object of their Master's love in the salvation of the souls of men. Be sure, whatever might be my ambition, I dare not to choose for you the Church as a profession, unless, with some such mind as this, you also choose it for yourself.

When the University of Durham was founded in 1832, it was proposed to William to be its first classical tutor, and he accepted the offer. My Father, on the 1st of May 1832, when advising him on that subject, said that "the more weighty point" as to the choice of a profession might yet be deferred.

> But whenever you turn your thoughts that way, I beg you to bear in mind that my wish with regard to the Church is not a primary, but a secondary one. The first, the paramount, the only wish of my heart is, that, without a predilection or choice of your own, you should devotedly and effectually give yourself to that which reason and reflection, in your particular case, suggest as the calling of God.

It was not till the autumn of 1833 that William went to Durham. He remained there, contributing usefully to the settlement of questions which arose as to the constitution, organisation, and work of the new University, till the summer of 1836, when he relinquished that post, and was succeeded in it by our friend John Thomas. His mind had, in the meantime, taken a distinctly ecclesiastical turn, and a great part of his vacations had been spent upon the Continent. When he first visited Paris and Tours, in 1833 and 1834, his object was to acquire the French language, of which he soon became a master. The study of the churches and religious state of Western Europe then began to occupy his mind. He took an independent line of his own, and was not then influenced by what was going on at Oxford, unless indirectly, through such friends as Christie and Harrison.

At Tours, in 1834, he lodged with Abbé Robert, a French priest, of much *bonhomie* and simplicity of character, but not otherwise remarkable, and became acquainted with the Archbishop, a dignified and moderate representative of the old Gallican school, who had been an emigrant in England, and had taught French (among others) to my master, Dr. Williams. He was impressed by these examples of the clerical order in France much more favourably than by the tone and spirit of the Protestantism, English and foreign, which he met with in that country. The latter appeared to him to differ, more than the former, from the temper and spirit of the Church of England. In the Easter vacation of 1835, he was for some time the guest at Paris of M. Monod, who had been Moderator of the French Calvinists; and on that occasion, besides obtaining an insight into the Calvinistic system, he met and had much conversation with priests of opposite opinions—two, whom he described as much more learned and enlightened than those whom he had known at Tours (of whom one had been engaged in a controversy, in the *Univers* paper, against Mr. Newman), and three, who had revolted from the French Church, and opened a chapel of their own, calling it *l'Eglise Française*, and were then engaged in making a Liturgy. Of these he received the worst impression, describing them as mixing up Roman errors with other heresies.

Early in 1836, my Father, at Dr. Routh's suggestion, recalled his attention to the necessity for a decision, whether he would take Holy Orders or not; the tenure of his Fellowship depending on that question. About the same time I urged upon him that he would do well to leave Durham and return to Oxford, where I thought a larger field of usefulness would be open to him. Bishop Van Mildert, the founder of Durham University, was recently dead; and Dr. Maltby, who had been appointed to succeed him, was expected to make changes in a latitudinarian direction. He answered me, that his return to Oxford was not improbable, but added, "The motives you suggest are not, I think, applicable. They all imply the *liberum arbitrum*[1] in such matters, a doctrine that I have long ago discarded, and I hope never shall return to." The principle on which he had resolved to act led him, however, to the same practical conclusion, which my Father and I desired; he determined on leaving Durham, and on offering himself for Holy Orders.

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[1] Free Will.

In the summer of that year (1836), after taking leave of Durham, William went to Switzerland, and visited the Vaudois, against whom he had contracted prejudices, which were removed by intercourse with them. In a letter from Aosta, he reported that some ladies who had joined the Roman Church, and to whom he explained his view of the controversy between the churches, said that, if they had so understood it, they would not have changed their communion; and that a priest with whom he conversed there called him "a good Catholic," and wanted to know the difference. He "mentioned Mariolatry," and referred to Keble's *Christian Year*, which he put into the priest's hands. The priest would not admit that there was any difference, while a Presbyterian gentleman, from whom William had borrowed the *Christian Year*, found fault with its doctrine, and "vilified our Prayer-book." In the Vaudois country, he saw much of M. Adolphe Monod, and other French Protestants, and had a passing controversial discussion with the Bishop of Pignerol. He reported of the Vaudois pastors, that they were desirous of cultivating the Anglican connection, and were "all more or less Episcopalians, and were finding their way towards the adoption of our Liturgy, and of the Apostolical succession"; and he expressed a wish to be placed on a committee, formed in England for helping the Vaudois congregations. On his return through Paris, he was introduced to the Abbé de Lamennais; "but I found him," he said, "more wrong-headed, and less interesting, than any other person that I ever met."

On his return to Oxford, in the autumn of 1836, he wrote to me (24th November):—

> I have had a good deal to do, and so have not been much out of College. But I have already seen and heard enough to convince me, that a very great change has taken place in public opinion since I was here three years ago. I observe that weak men, like ——, speak of the "High Church" party as dominant, or likely to be so, and show a disposition to join it, and on the other hand, men like —— complain bitterly of the change of public opinion. Several people I have met here speak of the Evangelical clergy as overwhelmingly numerous in the South, and as violently opposed to the Oxford notions. I do not think that this has ever yet appeared, and I am disposed to question whether it is true.

I answered him, on the 28th of November:—

> Concerning the Evangelicals of the South, and what you have heard of them, I think it is certainly true that, as a body, they are considerably opposed to what you hold to be the Catholic doctrine of the Church; and that, because those who put it strongly forward have made it the centre of a very large and complicated system of theology, the general tendency of which is (or is conceived by them, the Evangelicals, to be) to represent the formal and external part of religion as no less immutable than the spiritual, and no less essential to the Christian scheme. Both parties allow that the form without the spirit is nothing, but the Oxford school assert that there is no spirit without the form. This the Evangelicals object to, both on speculative grounds as inconsistent with their views of spiritual doctrine, and practically as tending to superstition in the individual mind, and as greatly curtailing or obstructing the province of Christian charity. . . . I think this is a faithful account of their objections, upon which I offer no comments,

though my manner of stating them will show you that I do not consider them altogether unfounded.

He replied that he thought

> The only way of attacking or defending either party must be by taking one or more doctrines in detail. . . . Since I returned, I have heard plenty of party language, especially against the "Oxford opinions," as some call them; but it is singular enough, that I have not once heard any doctrine specified. I mean to abstain carefully from reading the Oxford *Tracts*, or attending any of Pusey's lectures, till such time as I have sifted the matter in conversation with the different classes of objectors. I suppose I shall meet with something tangible at last. At present, I see no difference whatever between such men as Sewell,[1] Claughton, or Hamilton,[2] and the party whom, nevertheless, they are constantly (more or less) in the habit of condemning. Claughton, indeed, says Hampden's affair is the only cause of difference. In the rest, I see a difference of disposition and tendency, but not of doctrine. It seems to me they are all essentially Anglican; having the formal doctrines, more or less developed, and attaching more or less importance to their development, in proportion to their *knowledge*. With Arnold's followers it is quite another thing; Ward,[3] for instance, shows his differences whenever he opens his mouth.

I thought he was right in considering that there was no essential difference between the more serious men of all parties at Oxford, except the followers of the Rationalistic school; and I mentioned to him some particular objections against parts of the teaching of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman, which then had weight with myself, and which I thought likely to have weight with others. We now know much more of the divergences of opinion among the writers of the *Tracts for the Times*, and of the actual state of mind, at the end of 1836, of Mr. Newman and Mr. Keble, the true leaders of that movement, than was generally understood then. Richard Hurrell Froude had died in that year; and in the touching and beautiful description of him, which Cardinal Newman has given us in his *Apologia*, we see that the current had already set in in favour of mediæval theology and practice, admiration for the Church of Rome, and dislike for the English as well as the Continental Reformation. Of this there had been some indication in the autumn of 1836, in the opposition offered to the erection of the "Martyrs' Memorial" at Oxford; but it was not until the publication of Froude's *Remains*, two years later, that the departure from the original "Anglican" position of the *Tracts for the Times* became manifest.

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[1] The Rev. William Sewell of Exeter College.

[2] Afterward Bishop of Salisbury; then Fellow of Merton, and incumbent of St. Peter's Church, Oxford.

[3] My schoolfellow, William George Ward, then Fellow and Tutor of Balliol.

William was ordained deacon, by Bishop Bagot of Oxford, on the 8th of December 1836. He had then no scruples about the English, nor any leaning to the Roman Communion. But he had entered upon an independent line of thought, which he was bent upon following up; and the virtues of his character were alloyed with some combativeness, perhaps with excessive tenacity. Claughton (in a letter of that year to myself) called him ὁ μέγας, ὁ πολεμικός, ὁ λογομάχος.[1] It is common enough for young men of great mental activity to be combative; but they generally find out, before long, that there are disturbing forces operating everywhere, to which the ideal of abstract and absolute perfection, which they begin by setting up as a rule for themselves and others, must yield. My brother William had not that flexibility; and, for want of it, he was always more or less out of his element, and leading forlorn hopes in the battle of life.

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[1] The great, the polemical, the disputatious.

When officiating in the church at Mixbury, he felt scruples as to some ritual matters, as to which my Father wisely said: "Conscience, I know, must be satisfied; but then discretion should be used. And there is some danger of doing serious injury for want of it, by insisting stiffly on a form which may be more correct, in opposition to one that is established, though it be less so, in matters not essential." In his College he drew upon himself observation, by wearing above his surplice (as no one then did) a "stole" over one shoulder, which he regarded as the proper "ornament" of a deacon.[1] My Father remonstrated against any such singularity about externals, not only because it caused him to be "alluded to in print as 'affecting the rags of Popery,'" but because it might stand in the way of his usefulness in the

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[1] Dr. Pusey sent for William and advised him to discontinue his practice of wearing the stole over the left shoulder, "As you are one of us, and must be careful not to give offence in unimportant matters." William thanked him for his kind intentions, but added, "As I did not ask your advice, I shall hold myself at liberty to do as I think best," and he ended, in repeating this to us, "What business was it of his? He is not the President of Magdalen." William was never really one of any party, he was his own party!—EMILY F. PALMER.

College. "I wonder much," he said, "that you do not perceive, that the width of a scarf, and the manner in which it is worn, is a matter of very great indifference; that the object of all such things is a grave and decent modesty; and that, if by lapse of time or otherwise, some general change in practice has supervened, a return to the ancient mode in an individual by its singularity defeats the primary intention, and seems only to provoke animadversion on himself." My Father also took exception to a proposition, laid down by a writer in the *British Magazine*, that "it seemed hard to tie every clergyman down to an exact conformity with what had been expressly authorised, when he had good evidence from orthodox Catholic antiquity for some apparent innovation in such a point as a stole or scarf"; expressing his hope that my brother did not adopt it, and asking him to "note down, chapter and verse, his authority for the distinction that ought to be adopted by deacons in the English Church, in the manner of wearing the common scarf." William, however (who never proceeded beyond the order of deacon), continued his own practice, without, as far as I know, alleging for it any Anglican authority.

CHAPTER XVIII

WILLIAM'S STUDY OF FOREIGN CHURCHES

1837–1839

It was, I think, in the autumn of 1837, that William began to interest himself in the Oriental Churches; and first in the Nestorian Churches of Chaldaea and Kurdistan. Mr. Christian Rassam of Mosul, a very intelligent member of that Communion—the same who, with his younger brother Hormuzd Rassam, gave useful assistance to Sir Henry Layard in his excavations at Nineveh—came to England in that year. He was introduced to my brother; and, wishing to consult some manuscripts in the Bodleian, was invited by him to Magdalen College, and afterwards was my Father's guest at Mixbury, where we all became interested in the objects which he had in view. The letter (25th October 1837) which led to my Father's invitation thus told his history:—

> The Oriental who is staying with me is so very interesting a person that I should have wished you to see him. He is a Chaldaean from Mosul, the ancient Nineveh, on the banks of the Tigris. He says that there are thirty thousand Chaldean Christians, who are only nominally subject to the Porte and the

Shah of Persia, inhabiting the mountains of Kurdistan on the west bank of the Tigris. They are Nestorians, though as in the case of the Christians of Malabar, their heresy (if it ever were a heresy, which is doubtful) has long since evaporated. They agree with us, I may say, in all things; not even allowing such ornaments as our altar-pieces or the bas-reliefs in New College Chapel. They have preserved a Liturgy and services, of which the greater part (the whole of the Liturgy) is as old as the separation at the beginning of the fifth century. It is in three large volumes, and is in the vulgar tongue. My friend's great-grandfather was a Spaniard of wealth who was sent by the Pope to attempt to reconcile the Nestorians. He died at Aleppo, having first married a woman of that place and leaving a family. His grandfather, with his sisters, removed to Mosul or Nineveh, and married into the first Christian family there, and was the means of reconciling twenty-five bishoprics in *the plain* to Rome; while the great mass of the Chaldaeans in the mountains remain, as they have ever been, Nestorians. However, the reunion is scarcely more than nominal; for the Pope was obliged to concede to them the use of their ancient liturgies unchanged, the marriage of bishops and priests, and many other points. And now, he says, his family and connections will support him in undoing what his grandfather did. He was to have been educated at Rome himself, and to have been their chief Bishop; but, stopping at Cairo on his way, an uncle of his who was there dissuaded him, telling him "the Pope was a bad fellow"; and, having accidentally fallen in with some pious though ill-informed missionaries in Egypt, he learnt so much English as enabled him to translate several books into Arabic for the Church Missionary Society at Malta. There he married an English lady; and from thence he engaged to accompany Colonel Chesney on the Euphrates expedition, which he did for three years without pay or remuneration, and managed everything for them. The Government is now going to send him back as English Consul.

Mr. Rassam's object in visiting this country was partly mercantile, to promote trade between England and Mesopotamia. In this he was seconded by Colonel Chesney, who thought that opening the navigation of the Euphrates and Tigris might be productive of great benefits, commercial and political. Through him my Father and brother were brought into communication with Colonel Chesney, and my Father did what he was able, through my Uncle Horsley, to recommend their views to some of the principal merchants trading with the Levant. Mr. Rassam also desired, in religious and other ways, to improve the condition of his fellow-countrymen, in which we wished to help him; and my Father found the means of doing so by interesting Sir Francis Beaufort and Archbishop Howley in his plans. He returned to Mosul in February 1838, having spent much of his time at Mixbury and in Oxford. My brother kept up a correspondence with him for many years; and when in 1848 he sent his younger brother Hormuzd (afterwards the innocent cause of war between England and Abyssinia) to this country to finish his education he consigned him to William's care. Hormuzd Rassam then spent a considerable time at Mixbury. Constancy and fidelity were qualities in which William resembled my Father; he never neglected or dropped a friend.

In the Michaelmas term of 1837 William was appointed public examiner at Oxford, and held that office for the usual time. Early in 1838 he was made tutor in his own college. Whoever else might be an unfriendly critic of anything that he did, the President of Magdalen was not. Dr. Routh was always his friend, admiring the strength, simplicity, and disinterestedness of his character, sympathising with his pursuits, and agreeing to a large extent (though not wholly) in his disposition to be cosmopolitan in his views, and to try all theological questions, which might reasonably be considered open, by a Catholic and Primitive rather than a merely Anglican standard. Dr. Routh would have been glad to see him devote himself to College work sufficiently to acquire a position and influence worthy of his abilities. If he thought at all about his own successor, I believe there was no one whom he would have been better pleased to see qualifying himself for that succession than William, who certainly excelled all the other members of the Society in learning and intellectual power, and was not excelled by any of them in virtue. But motives of that sort found no entrance into William's mind. When the tutorship became vacant, and he expected the offer to be made to him by the President, he wrote to one of my aunts (5th January 1838) that it would be inconsistent with his sense of duty to the Founder to decline it; but that he "would be much embarrassed by having to accept it." The sequel proved that it was not easily compatible with his prolonged visits to foreign countries, and personal observation of the state of religion in them; and when matters came to such a point that it was necessary to choose between the two, he was not sorry to be relieved from the tutorship.

Two personal influences which had been powerful with him in the same moderating direction with my Father's were removed in 1838. Benjamin Harrison, a man in many respects (though not in force or tenacity of purpose) like-minded with himself,—who when he first went to Tours had warned him to avoid and decline the negative appellation of "Protestant" with which Englishmen were so often content,—was appointed in August of that year domestic chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury; and was from that time identified with the *status quo* of the English Church, and the measures taken or accepted by the Episcopacy of the day—a position from which my brother's mind was continually recoiling. Hugh James Rose, who had been Professor of Divinity at Durham during the earlier years of William's tutorship there, and to whom he looked up with well-deserved reverence, died of consumption not long afterwards.

Mr. Rose was a Cambridge man of great reputation. Before the days of the *Tracts* he had been engaged in a controversy with Dr. Pusey on the subject of the "Neological" or "Rationalistic" theology of Germany, which he denounced generally, and which Dr. Pusey partially defended. He was (Dr. Pusey was not) one of those first concerned in the religious movement which produced the *Tracts for the Times*. But he was not able to follow their later developments. When Froude's *Remains* were published, and were followed by a violent denunciation of the whole Oxford Movement by Dr. Faussett (Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity), from the University pulpit, William wrote to him, disapproving strongly both of the book and of the sermon. Mr. Rose expressed full agreement with him on both points; adding that "the defence offered (by Mr. Keble, in his Preface to Froude's *Remains*) for the publication of such matters seemed to him singularly unsatisfactory." On the 19th of September 1838, on the eve of leaving this country to pass the winter in Italy (whence he never returned), Mr. Rose wrote to him in touching words:—

> I see that the waves at Oxford do not quite subside. . . . I am utterly wearied with controversies, and heartily wish I could hear no more of them for the remainder of my life. I should be too thankful to be left to those points of Scripture only which are clear to all, and which alone are necessary to salvation. System after system, and theory after theory, about things to a certainty respecting which we can never come on this side the grave, at last become hateful in the highest degree. That child-like faith which, knowing that God has promised, is sure that His promise will be made good, and seeks not to know how—that is the faith to pray for and desire.

With this my Father agreed. Writing some months later (8th July 1839) to William he said:—

> I profess myself to be one of those who, with your late excellent friend, Mr. Rose, have more delight in contemplating wherein we all agree than in moving controversy; when, from the prejudice of their own partial views and particular apprehensions, men are too apt to misunderstand those on the other side, and themselves run into error.

In the summer of 1839 William, accompanied by my brother Horsley, again visited France, going to Rennes, Nantes, Angers, and Tours, and remaining for some time with M. Robert at Abbeville, where Edwin and I joined them for one night. From Tours he wrote to my Father, speaking strongly of the bad impression produced upon him by "the sort of (English) clergy who were met with abroad," and saying—

> Surely, surely, we have enough to do with the beam in our own eye, before we preach against "the Catholics." And yet are not the most moderate and judicious among us for ever speaking as if the whole sin of division rested upon the foreign Churches, or upon our own Romanist dissenters?

He returned with an increased disposition to look favourably upon some tenets and customs of the Roman Church, and particularly on their view and practice of confession; and with a sense of filial duty and self-abasement which tempered, in a remarkable manner, his independence of mind, he proposed to make my Father his Confessor. My Father answered, with the utmost tenderness and affection, that if he was indeed in the position contemplated by the Church of England (in the First Exhortation in the Communion office), of a person who cannot "quiet his own conscience" by the means there generally recommended, he would not refuse to do the part of the minister in that case, even to his own son, or wish his own feelings to be considered. But if the request were made (as in reality it was) under the influence of other views of the necessity or propriety of that sort of confession, he could not, consistently with his sense of duty, encourage it.

> In the exercise (he said) of our functions, we are restrained by the order and discipline of the Church whose servants we are. That Church discourages the use of private confession, as practised in some other Churches. It directs us to lead the people in a form of confession at once general and particular in

the daily service; and again, in one still more passionate, in that for the Communion; which are followed, in either instance, by an Absolution pronounced by the Priest or Bishop. And with this, I think, repentance and faith should be content. In two cases only, as it appears to me, has the Church provided for the exercise of the "Priest's" function in private,—indulgent, with true maternal love, to the weakness of our sinful nature, in the person of an individual, whom she visits in time of sickness; or whom she calls to a participation of that holy rite which she considers generally necessary to salvation.

At Abbeville, in 1839, my brother had met a lady, nearly related to Mr. George Spencer, who had been converted from the English to the Roman Church at a time when such conversions were rare. He was a younger brother of that Lord Spencer, who (as Lord Althorp) led the House of Commons under Earl Grey's administration. He had been a pupil of Bishop Blomfield, and he had given up, from motives the conscientiousness of which nobody could doubt, what might have been great prospects in the English Church. He devoted himself to an ascetic life, and became, I think, a Carmelite monk, before the Oxford Movement began. His abilities and learning were, probably, not great, but his energy, force of character, and unflinching self-sacrifice, went far to make up for the want of those qualifications.

The lady to whom I have referred was led, by conversations with my brother, to look upon him as a hopeful subject for conversion; and the effect of a letter which she wrote about him to Mr. Spencer, then at Oscott, was such that Mr. Spencer, on the 21st of October, opened a correspondence with him in "a long and very pleasing letter" (to use William's words), which he answered at length. Their correspondence continued at intervals till the end of March following, when it ceased; and, during its progress, each invited the other to visit him personally. William, with more regard to prudential considerations than was usual with him, declined to go to Oscott; but Mr. Spencer came to Oxford, and was William's guest at Magdalen during the greater part of the Christmas vacation. Not only did he fail to persuade William to follow his example, but Mr. Spencer's Superiors interposed, rather abruptly, to bring the controversy to a close, and forbade him to read more of my brother's letters. The effect produced, on both sides, was the opposite of that intended. Mr. Spencer had met with an antagonist beyond his strength; William was confirmed in the belief that the true representative of Catholicity in this country was the English, and not the Roman Church. He spoke at that time with satisfaction of the readmission of one who had been a convert to Romanism to the English Communion, and of the prospect of another similar reconversion following. And his interest in other churches, separate from Rome, was keen and active. He was visited at Oxford by a Syrian Bishop just before Mr. Spencer came, and by a clergyman of the Episcopal Church of the United States, who spent Christmas with us (my Father and my Aunt Mary always made his foreign friends welcome) at Mixbury and Finmere. His own account long afterwards of his theological opinions at this time was that he "had arrived, in his own mind, at an agreement with the Church called Eastern, or 'Orthodox,' upon all points of doctrine, except that relating to the Holy Spirit."

The interest which he felt in the cause of Church unity had led him, in the spring of 1839, when the Czarevitch (afterwards the Emperor Alexander II.) visited Oxford, to present a petition to him, praying that some capable Russian ecclesiastic might be sent to live in Magdalen College, and to examine the theology of the Anglican Churches; and also asking for the protection of His Imperial Highness, if, "after a time," he should himself go to Russia, "to study there the theology and the ritual of the Russian Church." He composed and privately printed, in that or the following year, a Latin treatise on the Thirty-nine Articles, for the use of his pupils, at Magdalen, which was read and approved by Dr. Routh; taking, as the governing rule for their interpretation, the principle of "agreement with the known sense of the Fathers and of the Church," laid down in the English canon (which never had legal authority) of A.D. 1571, and explaining them according to what he understood as the sense of the Fathers, "even if in any places they might be suspiciously or ambiguously worded." Of this treatise Cardinal Newman has said that its "spirit and drift is the same as that of Tract 90 of the *Tracts for the Times*," although it was written a year before that Tract, and was unknown to the Cardinal until after my brother's death. I may also describe in the words of the Cardinal's preface to the *Notes* of

William's visit to the Russian Church in the year 1840-41, the view of the "Catholic Church" which he then took, and which he was engaged in an endeavour practically to work out for fifteen years.

> He considered it at present to exist in three main branches, or rather in a triple presence—the Latin, the Greek, and the Anglican; these three being one and the same Church, distinguishable from each other only by secondary, fortuitous, and local, though important characteristics. . . . Christians generally, wherever they were, were bound to recognise, and had a claim to be recognised by, that one; ceasing to belong to the Anglican Church, as Anglican, when they were at Rome; and ignoring Rome, as Rome, when they found themselves at Moscow, etc. This (adds the Cardinal) I conceive to be the formal teaching of Anglicanism; this is what we held and professed at Oxford forty years ago; this is what Mr. Palmer intensely believed, and energetically acted upon, when we went to Russia. It was his motive cause for going there.[1]

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[1] *Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Years* 1840-41, by the late William Palmer, M.A., formerly Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Edited by Cardinal Newman. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. 1882.

CHAPTER XIX

DEATH OF JOHN CURRER—WILLIAM AND THE CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY

1840

We were all deeply moved by a calamity which, early in 1840, deprived my Mother's family of the brightest, and one of the best beloved, of its younger members. My uncle Currer,[1] who then lived at York, had five sons. Of the two elder, one had passed through Oxford, and the other had entered the army; neither of them had remarkable abilities. But it was otherwise with the three younger, one of whom, Henry, died when at school in York. John, the elder of the survivors, was a favourite pupil of Christopher Wordsworth at Harrow, and had been for nearly two years at Balliol. He was a youth of high promise, frank, ingenuous, agreeable in looks and manners, of more than usual physical strength and stature, and distinguished in manly exercises, as well as by scholarship. On the 6th of February 1840 he was sculling on the Isis with a friend of the same college, Stephen

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[1] He resumed the name of Roundell on succeeding to Gledstone.

Cave, afterwards a man of some note in public life, who held office under one of Lord Derby's administrations, and was sent upon a financial mission to Egypt. The weather was cold and the river was high; and, as they approached the weir where the water ran over into Sandford "lasher," the force of the current was so great as to make the boat unmanageable. It was swept down the weir under the bar or rail intended for a protection, and was swamped in the deep water below. The oarsmen caught at the bar with their bodies in the torrent, but, being unable to keep hold of it, were carried away; and, although Cave, who escaped, made every effort to save him, my cousin was drowned.

If general sympathy, and universal testimony to the esteem in which he was held, could be of any comfort to his family, it was not wanting. Dr. Jenkyns, Master of Balliol, writing to my uncle, said: "I have lost one of the best and most generally-esteemed and popular members of my College." Robert Scott, his tutor, wrote thus to me of "his dear pupil":—

> You heard from me at Christmas with what satisfaction I regarded him, and how highly in every respect he had won to himself the respect and affection of us all.

Dr. Wordsworth, whose knowledge of him went further back, wrote:—

> I have known no one of his age whose death has seemed to be either a greater loss to his friends, or a greater gain to himself, than that of my much-loved pupil, your cousin.

His fellow-students at Balliol resolved to erect a tablet in their chapel to his memory, and Mr. Arthur Anson, one of their number, was deputed to write to my brother William as to the inscription. He said:—

> The deep interest you took in everything connected with your late cousin, as well as your near relationship, have induced his friends and companions to apply to you, in connection with your brother, Mr. Roundell Palmer, to write an inscription for a tablet, which it is proposed to erect in our college chapel. I need hardly tell you that every single member of the College has been most zealous and eager to join in raising a monument as a small tribute to the high estimation in which he was held by us all, and our deep regret at his loss.

William sent me an inscription which he had prepared. It seemed to me (as it does still) touching and beautiful; and that opinion was shared by others, particularly our friend John Thomas, whose opinions on theological subjects were decidedly Protestant. It was sent, approved by us both, to Mr. Anson; and I have no reason to doubt that the subscribers whom he represented would gladly have adopted it. But the controversial atmosphere of the University was then in a highly sensitive state; and Dr. Jenkyns, the kindest of men, who had borne so warm a testimony to my lost cousin, and whom nothing less than an idea of positive duty could have made captious on such an occasion, thought there was some savour of superstition about it, and would not allow it to be put up in the chapel. A more colourless inscription was therefore substituted. I wonder whether any one would now be found to concur in, or even to understand, Dr. Jenkyns's objection. The offending words were these—no doubt it was the latter part (made up chiefly from the Vulgate translation of some verses in Psalms lxix. and ciii., and in the 40th chapter of Isaiah) which gave offence :—

JOHANNI RICHARDSON CURRER
Hujus Collegii alumno,
Qui, cum esset vix annos XX natus,
VIII. Id. Feb. Anno Domini MDCCCXL.
In flumine apud Sandford demersus obiit,
Amici et aequales sui
H.M.P. CC.

Intraverunt aquae, carissime, usque ad animam tuam,
  Venisti in altitudinem aquarum, et tempestas demersit te.
Ne te demergat tempestas aquae, neque absorbeat te
  Profundum, neque urgeat super te puteus os suum,
Sed Qui replet in bonis desideria sperantium in se,
  Qui senibus etiam ut aquilae juventutem renovat,
Renovet tibi amabilem istam juventutem tuam,
  Et in misericordia et miserationibus coronet te.
Amen.

William proposed to surmount this with the same emblems of faith and immortality which my Father had placed on my brother Tom's gravestone in Mixbury churchyard—the Cross, and the caterpillar, chrysalis, and perfect insect of the ocellated "sphinx," or hawk-moth. Nor can I doubt that, when he wrote the inscription, our own Henry, as well as John Currer, was in his thoughts.

I here add a rude translation, which I made at the time, of (what I suppose to be) the offending lines :—

O well-beloved, the waters came, they entered to thy soul,
Yea, the deep waters and the storm over thy life did roll.
Let not the tempest drown thee quite, nor let the watery deep
Swallow thee up, nor let the pit her mouth upon thee keep:
But He, who fills the yearning soul whose trust is in His truth
With all good things, and to the old, like eagles, brings back youth,
Oh! may His grace renew to thee that lovely youth of thine,
And with His mercy and tender love crown thee in life divine.

To both William and myself the year 1840 was an epoch of transition from the privacy of domestic and collegiate or professional to larger and more public spheres of activity. This, in his case, began with an assault upon the "Society system" in the Church of England, as represented by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; in which (though with some misgiving) I consented to act the part of Sancho Panza to his Don Quixote.

That Society had been for some years previously troubled by frequent contests at its monthly general meetings between a small but resolute body of Evangelical clergymen, who thought some of the publications issued under the direction of its Tract Committee doctrinally objectionable, and the defenders of those publications, London clergy, who represented the traditions of old High Church Anglicanism, rather than any new impulse of the Oxford school. Those contests were carried on with much acrimony. On one occasion Archbishop

Howley, who was in the chair, had to interpose, and to remind the disputants that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."[1] Among others who were scandalised by them was my brother William; they led him to see in the system which both the contending parties represented, an evil more radical than the contention itself.

> I confess (he said, writing to me as early as April 1837) I regard the party squabbles of the Society as disgraceful in themselves, and ruinous to the Church; but they are necessary evils in a democratical and anti-catholic association. If the most important duties of the Church are to be exercised on anti-church principles, the Church herself will in time lose her Catholic character, for the character is formed of particular actions. Till such things are done through the Priest of each parish and the Bishop of each diocese, and farthings received as well as pounds, and not at banks or by treasurers, but upon altars, or at least in church, we shall not see (I fear) much improvement.

In the principle thus expressed my Father agreed. He subscribed (as we did) to the great Church Societies; but, even as to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, he wrote (16th June 1838):—

> I should like to see the objects of the Society taken up *by the Church.* The Church should lead; the Society might be made its agent and handmaid. Something more, therefore, than the Bishop's permission, approbation, and connivance, is (so far as I can see) essential to accomplishing the object. I feel no confidence in the usefulness of societies, *per se*, to effect objects truly and properly ecclesiastical where a Church exists. If the powers of the Church be dormant and oppressed, let us combine to revive and awaken them.

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[1] St. James i. 20.

When, therefore, in April 1840, my brother determined to bring these views in a practical shape before the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and to ask that Society to submit its whole existing constitution and regulations to the body of Bishops for their revision, in order that it might become an organ of the Church subordinate to and controlled by Episcopal authority, he knew that, as far as my Father and I myself were concerned, there would be no difference from him in principle, and that the question with us would resolve itself into one of discretion. He requested me, rather suddenly, to give in his name notice of a motion for this purpose, to be made at the next monthly meeting of the Society, which I did with the feelings expressed in the following letter (7th April 1840):—

> I have done your bidding to-day—not without some tremor of nerve, I assure you. To my apprehension, the members of the Christian Knowledge Society present received your notice much in the same way that they might have received a thunderbolt if it had fallen among them. Some were disposed to laugh at what evidently seemed to them to be the extravagance of the proposition. . . . If you had given me the least opportunity of considering the matter before it was necessary to act, I should have discussed it with you by letter, and suggested several objections to the course you have taken; as it was, I could not take upon myself the responsibility of neglecting, possibly on a principle of cowardice alone, to execute your commission. I hope you consulted Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman, or some other persons of influence, before venturing upon so decided a step. And, above all, I hope that you will, in speaking upon the motion, use the most guarded temperance and calmness and discretion of language, accommodating yourself as far as possible to what you

ought to know of the probable state of opinion in the Society. Nothing but the most exemplary discretion on your part can prevent the discussion from assuming a very strong and perhaps personal and disgraceful character. Whatever happens, do not let us be agitators, or adopt anything in the least resembling their tone.

I stated my expectation that we might be met by the objection that the consent of the Bishops ought to have been asked, or by a statement made on their authority that they disapproved of the motion; "which might perhaps leave us in a minority of two."

He assured me that he quite concurred in my view of the manner in which the question ought to be treated, adding:—

I have not mentioned my intention to anybody, nor do I intend to trouble myself about anybody's vote or opinion, for I do not intend to act or speak upon any general or party considerations of expediency for the good of the Church, but simply to discharge my own private duty and conscience; being now, and having placed myself from the first, in a false position by becoming a member of the Society at all, which I did without due consideration.

In another letter, of the 29th April, he told me that Dr. Pusey would not help, but wished the notice to be withdrawn. But my brother was not the man to give such a notice and afterwards withdraw it, at Dr. Pusey's or any other man's bidding.

He was, accordingly, in his place and made the motion on the 6th of May 1840. Dr. Russell, rector of Bishopsgate, and formerly Headmaster of Charterhouse, was in the chair; and though opposed, like the rest of the standing Committee of the Society, to the motion, he set aside all technical and preliminary objections (of which several were offered), and obtained for him a very fair and patient hearing. The meeting was a large one, 257 members voting, and others being present during the whole or part of the discussion. Mr. Cunningham, vicar of Harrow, raised the point which I had anticipated, inquiring whether the Bishops had been previously consulted by the mover, and suggesting that it was scarcely respectful towards them to discuss such propositions without first ascertaining their sentiments and obtaining their consent. My brother, prepared for that question, met it with some adroitness, saying that it would be answered in the course of his address. He proceeded to deliver a written address, which occupied about an hour in reading.

He renounced (I quote from an account of the proceedings, which I wrote at the time to my Father) all idea of setting up as a Reformer, or undertaking to teach or correct others. His object, he said, was simply to discharge a duty which he found cast upon him in consequence of his own fault (which he was desirous to correct) in having so long acted as member of a Society which seemed to be trespassing upon the Episcopal function. . . . He entirely disclaimed all party connection or party designs, and professed his strong abhorrence of the current phases of party distinction within the Church; declaring his belief in the existence of the true principles of churchmanship among all such parties, and imputing whatever errors might exist to human infirmity and other accidental causes. With regard to the Bishops, he considered that, even if they should at any time think proper to acquiesce in any usurpation of their office of government by the flocks which they ought to govern, such an acquiescence would neither divest themselves of the right of government, nor justify his, or any other man's, usurpation. . . . But he would not so judge of the Bishops; he would take it for granted (as he really believed the fact to be) that they would hail with sincere satisfaction any amendment among their people, even in those things in which they might have judged it expedient to tolerate much imperfection for a time. He thought it, therefore, needless and improper to consult the Bishops in the first instance — first, because their opinion could make no difference in his duty, arising (as it did) not from considerations of expediency, but from the obligation of repentance for a personal fault; secondly, because he had a right to assume their concurrence, if acting in their true Episcopal character; and, thirdly, because their opinion, if given merely as members of the Society, would carry no Episcopal authority, and therefore would be of little value, except as the judgment of seniors and betters, of whom there were many others in the Society entitled, from one like him, to almost unlimited deference and respect; but who could not affect by any suggestion of expediency his personal duty in this matter.

Upon the whole (I wrote), the speech was listened to with much respect and attention. Throughout it was much more religious in its tone than is usual at these meetings, scarcely less so than a sermon. Its language, also, was very unflinching, and it contained some theological statements which were by many impatiently heard. But, upon the whole, I must praise our opponents for their forbearance. . . . I think (to say nothing of the *reading* it) it was a speech which no other man in the room would have made, but the tone and courage of which most right-minded men would admire. In a rhetorical point of view, it might have been framed more skilfully, and better and more concisely expressed in many parts. It was delivered, on the whole, calmly and without excitement, though not so persuasively as if it had not been written. The temper with which he took interruption was perfect.

He was followed by Mr. Arthur Perceval, one of those originally concerned in the *Tracts for the Times*, but who did not agree with the later developments of their principal authors. He expressed an entire general concurrence in William's views and feelings, and in the spirit of his motion; but thought it advisable (in order, as I understood, to obviate objections of a legal and technical nature) to limit the proposed revision of the Constitution and Rules of the Society to "regulations for the future government of that part of the Society's operations which related to the selection and circulation of books and tracts"; and he moved, as an amendment, that an address should be presented from the Society to the Archbishops and Bishops of both the English provinces, requesting them to frame such regulations, "to be submitted for the adoption of the Society." When he had done speaking, Mr. Rochfort Clarke, a lawyer of ability, generally understood to have much to do with the organ of the "Evangelical" party called the *Record*, moved the previous question; which, on a division, was carried by a majority of 27 only, the numbers being 142 for and 115 against it. "This," I wrote, "considering that Dr. Pusey, Mr. Newman, and their friends were absent, and that no exertion had been made to muster supporters for the motion, may be considered a virtual triumph. It infinitely surpassed the expectations we had been led to form of the numbers of those who might be found on our side." Mr. Perceval gave notice that he would, at a future meeting, bring forward his amendment as a substantive motion. But this was not done, I think, because some of the leading bishops dissuaded it.

My brother accepted the vote of the meeting as sufficient, so far as he was himself concerned. He published his speech, and, having done what he thought his duty, withdrew from the Society. Many others besides my Father and myself thought that he had done good service.

In May 1840 Abbé Robert, my brother's host at Abbeville and Tours, visited us at Lincoln's Inn and Oxford, and also spent a week or more at Mixbury. He had decided, with the zest and simplicity of a schoolboy, upon giving himself a thorough holiday, making himself an Englishman while in England, and seeing the country. So he equipped himself, among other habiliments which he supposed to be appropriate to such an occasion, in a blue coat with bright brass buttons, and was driven from Buckingham to Mixbury, and about the country, in a gig of my Father's, not too elastic in its springs, and which, with the family chariot, the phaeton, and the shay, had descended to the year 1840 from prehistoric times. He was about three weeks altogether in England; and, after his return, he gave his countrymen the benefit of his observations of English life and manners in a small volume, in which kindly mention was made of Mixbury, not without some embellishments. The horses of all work appeared there as high-mettled steeds, good specimens of the famous English breed; the ancient vehicles were transformed into "*beaux char-à-bancs*."[1]

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[1] Perhaps owing to the fact that the gig was always called "the Chair."—E. F. P.

This was a pleasant episode; and, so far as one example could go, it justified William's opinion that the spirit of the rank and file of the Gallican clergy was not very widely different from that of our own.

CHAPTER XX

WILLIAM'S FIRST VISIT TO RUSSIA

1840–1841

THE views and feelings which actuated William in 1839, when he presented his petition to the Czarevitch at Oxford, led him in the summer of 1840 to visit Russia, and to claim admission to the Communion of the Russian Church, not as a convert or seceder from his own Church, but as a member of the One Catholic Church, of which he regarded the Russian as a true branch, having within its own territory exclusive authority and spiritual jurisdiction. He had carefully studied the Patristic and other literature bearing upon the controversies between Constantinople and Rome, and had satisfied himself that the existing separation rested rather upon mutual misunderstandings than upon any real difference of essential doctrine between the Latin and the Oriental Churches. A correspondence, with a view to union, had passed in the reign of Peter the Great between the Scottish and English Nonjuring Bishops and the Russian and Greek "Orthodox" Churches. It was initiated by the Scottish Bishops in 1716, and came to an end upon the death of Peter in 1725. The Russian Synod (then, as now, exercising Patriarchal authority, under Imperial control) had shown a more conciliatory disposition than the Eastern Patriarchs; and when the negotiation terminated, the Russian High Chancellor promised that "the Imperial Government would cause it to be renewed upon the first convenient opportunity." The Church of England took no part in it; and the fact that it had been going on was first brought to the knowledge of Archbishop Wake, then Primate, in 1724, by the chaplain of the British Embassy at Constantinople. Archbishop Wake, in September 1725, addressed a letter to Chrysanthus, Patriarch of Jerusalem, denouncing the whole proceeding as schismatical; but at the same time affirming the identity of the faith of the Church of England, "in every fundamental article," with that of the Eastern Church; and adding,—"We shall not cease, at least in spirit and effect (since otherwise, owing to our distance from you, we cannot), to hold communion with you, and to pray for your peace and happiness."[1] That Archbishop was a liberal Churchman, and had been engaged in a correspondence of a similar character with the heads of the Gallican Church. It cannot be doubted that he would gladly have seen anything done, consistent with the independence and the doctrinal position of the Church of England, which might have had a tendency, in East or West, to heal the divisions of Christendom.

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[1] *The Orthodox Church of the East in the Eighteenth Century.* By the Rev. George Williams, London, 1868. Appendix to Introduction, pp. lv.-lviii.

My brother (as was his custom) regarded the subject from his own point of view, as an individual Churchman, aspiring to no public mission, and not proposing to himself general or public ends. He looked upon the actual cessation or suspension of intercommunion between the Churches as something which ought not to be, and which might properly be treated by good Christians (unless un-Catholic terms of communion were required of them) as though it were not. He desired, therefore, to go to Russia with those credentials, which in earlier times were usual and canonical, when a Christian leaving one diocese sought reception and communion in another. Dr. Routh approved of his purpose, saying: "It will lead to nothing, I fear, sir, for a separation there unhappily is; but it will show that there are some among us who wish it were otherwise." He gave him letters commendatory, and proposed, at a meeting of the Fellows, that the seal of Magdalen College should be put to them; but this was objected to, among others by Mr. Sibthorp, then an Evangelical, who within a year afterwards became a Roman Catholic. So Dr. Routh signed them himself. The document was in a form which William had prepared, and Dr. Routh had revised and altered. It commended him to the Emperor and the Russian Bishops, "and especially to the most holy spiritual Synod, that, by their favour and protection, he might become acquainted with the doctrines, rites, and ceremonies of the Russian Church, and might learn the Russian language, either in some spiritual academy or elsewhere." The Russian Archbishops and Bishops were asked, "and even adjured, in the name of Christ," to "examine him as to the orthodoxy of his faith with a charitable mind; and if they found in him all that was necessary to the integrity of the true and saving faith, then to admit him to communion in the sacraments." And he was enjoined to "submit and conform himself in all things to the injunctions and admonitions of the Russian Bishops, only neither affirming anything nor doing anything contrary to the faith and doctrine of the British Churches."

My brother's next step (also taken with Dr. Routh's approval) was to see the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth, and ask for his Grace's counter-signature to these letters. This Archbishop Howley at first seemed willing to give, but after reading the document (which William left with his friend Harrison the chaplain) he declined to do so; saying that "he would give letters commendatory as to a person going on a visit of inquiry, but he would altogether object to a clergyman of our Church offering himself for that kind of examination to the bishops and clergy of the Russian Church, with a view of joining, if permitted, their communion." These words seemed to my brother to indicate some misapprehension of his purpose; he therefore saw Harrison again, and offered explanations. Hearing, however, no more, he left for St. Petersburg on the 11th of August 1840, and arrived there on the 19th. My Father, on receiving his account of what had passed at Lambeth, put his letter into Mrs. Howley's hands, who read it to the Archbishop. Through her my Father learnt (as he informed William) that his Grace was much pleased with the letter, and wished my Father to know "that he considered William's success as standing a much better chance without his signature, as no suspicion could attach to an individual acting independently, but if authorised by his Grace it might create alarm. His declining, therefore, to sign the paper was a matter of caution, equally beneficial to all parties." It was added that William had created an interest, and had left a favourable impression behind him, at Lambeth; and some of his subsequent letters from Russia were seen at Lambeth or Addington, and were not disapproved there.

Lord Clanricarde, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, who was then in London, entered into William's objects with more appreciation, and with a more intelligent and discriminating knowledge of ecclesiastical questions, than might have been expected from him by any one acquainted only with his general reputation. To him William was indebted for valuable introductions, particularly to Count Pratasoff, the Emperor's "Ober-Prokuror" in the Synod of the Russian Church. Although a layman and a courtier, Count Pratasoff understood ecclesiastical affairs well, and was religiously minded. He communicated with my brother freely, and in a most friendly manner; and by his means William found ready access to all those in the Russian capital whose position might enable them to advance his objects. Among the most prominent of them were M. Mouravieff, the historian of the Russian Church (a layman and Unter-Prokuror), and other distinguished members of the Count's "Chancery"; Archbishop Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow, and the Arch-Priest Koutnevich, two very active members of the Synod; the priests or "Proto-Popes" of the principal churches of St. Petersburg; the Rector of the "Spiritual Academy" there; and the Archimandrites of the chief monasteries. William spent a week in the "Sergiefsky Hermitage," where the monks were of a higher social grade than is usual in Russia; and, after a time, took lodgings in the house of a young secular priest, named Fortunatoff, who had passed with distinction through the Spiritual Academy. He was diligent in his Russian studies, and before long was able to read and speak the Russian language. He saw much of the chaplains to the British Embassy and the English factory at Cronstadt. Both were good men; the latter, Mr. Blackmore, had translated into English Mouravieff's history, and other documents illustrative of the Russian Church.

My brother did not, during that visit, see the Emperor Nicholas, or any of his sons, except in public; but, by Count Pratasoff's suggestion, he wrote a letter explaining the objects with which he had come to Russia, and soliciting the Emperor's favour for his undertaking, which was officially submitted by the Count to his Majesty. The Emperor expressed to some of those who had the nearest access to him considerable interest in the matter; and the Grand-Duchess Alexandra informed Mr. Law, the chaplain to the Embassy (from whom she took English lessons), that her father had told her that William was sent by the University of Oxford to ascertain "what possibility there might be of bringing about a union of the Churches." The fear of being supposed to claim such a mission was one reason with him for not seeking an interview with the Emperor; another motive may have been that he preferred, on the question of communion, to deal only with the ecclesiastical authorities. But the interest in his proceedings felt in the highest quarter, as well as the help which he received from Count Pratasoff, gave him access on terms of confidence and friendship to the houses and families of some of the most powerful Russian nobles.

He remained for nine months at St. Petersburg, and in May 1841 visited Moscow. In the middle of June he returned to St. Petersburg, and thence to England on the 24th of July 1841.

His conversations on religious and ecclesiastical subjects during those eleven months, and his observations on all that he saw and heard, were recorded in Journals, from which extracts were published in 1882 by Cardinal Newman, under the title, *Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Years 1840, 1841.*

Notwithstanding all differences, doctrinal, ceremonial, and practical (which seemed less to him than they would have done to most Englishmen), he found opinions widely prevailing as to the relations of Church and State, and of different Churches to each other, and as to the existence of a spiritual though not formal unity, much like those which he had left behind him at home. The views of some of the most considerable persons, clerical as well as lay, with whom he came in contact were on those points "broader" than his own. With great stiffness and tenacity as to their own dogmatic statements, ceremonies, and usages, they combined an indistinctness, amounting in his eyes to laxity, as to the general Catholic doctrine concerning the Church. In their conversation, the word "Catholic" (without the qualification Roman) was used, more frequently even than it is in England, to describe the Roman communion; to which, nevertheless, their divines imputed formal heresy. The clergy with whom he discussed controverted questions, such as the Procession of the Holy Spirit, Transubstantiation, the Invocation of Saints, and the veneration of "Icons," were acute and skilful, sometimes learned, disputants; and they often spoke as if all outside the "Orthodox" Church must be heretics. But they did not consistently hold that opinion. They agreed, generally, in the tone and spirit of an observation made to him by M. Skreepitsin, a member of the Ober-Prokuror's Chancery: "Our Church has, and we have, one good point; that is, its tolerance. We are not like Rome, which anathematises all others; we have our own rite, but can be at peace with others, for they are all essentially one." Language like this was held also by the Arch-Priest Koutnevich, and by the "Proto-Popes" of the greater Churches in St. Petersburg.

Both the Russian and the Eastern branch of the "Orthodox" Church had been, for a long time, going almost as far back as to the fifteenth century, affected by foreign influences; sometimes Protestant, sometimes Roman. Their theological language had been coloured, and on some important points was finally determined, by Roman influence. Recently, under the Emperor Alexander I., Protestant influence was in the ascendant. The Bible Society was introduced into Russia in 1811; the Emperor himself became its patron, and his minister Prince Alexander Galitzin its President. From 1814 to the death of that Emperor, it had in Russia 280 affiliated societies. Two successive Metropolitans of Moscow, Platon and Philaret, supported it, and publicly advocated the principle of "holding to the Divine Word alone." But a reaction set in shortly after Alexander's death; and the reconciliation to the Russian Church of 1,500,000 Lithuanian "Uniats" in 1839 (after they had been united on special terms with Rome for more than two centuries) strengthened that reaction, and led to the public discouragement of Protestant tendencies by the higher clergy. Still, in 1840-41, the secular clergy were accused by the monks of "Liberalism," and of "reading Lutheran and other foreign books." The Archimandrite of the Sergiefsky Hermitage told William that "the Russian clergy were the most accessible of all in the world to new and foreign opinions," and that "the Spiritual Academy was infected with innovating principles." The proportion of learned clergy to the whole number was small. The education of the higher ranks of the people was in the hands of foreign preceptors and governesses, some Protestant, some Roman Catholic, some of no religion at all. They had few opportunities of getting religious advice and instruction by conversing with their clergy, with whom they never mixed in society. "Young people," said Prince Meshchersky, formerly Ober-Prokuror, "pick up just those notions of religion which float in worldly, fashionable society, and those are either Protestant or Catholic"; by which he meant "Roman." As for the poor, they were uneducated and superstitious; not catechetically instructed in the doctrines of their church; often ignorant of the elements of religion.

My brother's ruling ideas were unintelligible, even to such a man as Archbishop Philaret of Moscow. "Your language," he said, "suits well enough for the fourth century, but it is out of place in the present state of the world. Such a wish for unity of communion is very good and laudable; it is to be hoped that such feelings may become general, and then, in due time, the necessary steps may be taken by the authorities on all sides. But, as things are, individuals cannot be treated with or recognised in the first instance; now, at any rate, there is division." To the answer, "I do not see meanwhile, how individuals can either be exonerated of their duty to the local Church in which they find themselves, or have lost their right to the Sacraments"; he replied, "In a case of necessity such a claim might be considered; yours is not such, because there is an English Church here to which you can go." The Archimandrite and the Vicar of the Sergiefsky Hermitage also asked, "Why have not the English a Bishop at Petersburg?" William said, "The Anglican Church has never yet invaded the dioceses of other Bishops"; and he added in his journal, "They did not seem to see how it could be an invasion."

In a letter to Dr. Routh on the 12th December 1840 (read to M. Fortunatoff, and sent after hearing his criticism), he thus summed up his experience, down to that time:—

1. That the Church of England, considered as differing from common Protestantism, is even less known in Russia than in France.

2. That the Russian clergy are either less careful or less willing than the French to distinguish between the necessary faith and secondary matters; and, again, between what is intrinsically necessary, and what is necessary only from obedience to authority, whether local or universal.

3. That they are not clear respecting the definition of the visible Catholic Church, but are either vaguely Liberal, or narrowly Greek; the forms used in the reception of individual proselytes requiring them to anathematise indiscriminately, as soul-destroying heresies, the errors of the Papists, the Lutherans, and the Calvinists.

4. That they make no clear distinction between Apostolical Churches holding the necessary faith, as the Roman and the Anglican, and others which are plainly heretical, as the Nestorian; nor, again, between an orthodox Church which is on its own territory and has there a legitimate jurisdiction, and those which are intrusive and schismatical, setting up altar against altar.

5. That they would be much afraid of taking any steps

which would scandalise the Lithuanian Uniats, or the Austrian Slavonians of the Greek rite, or their own ignorant peasants, or their own dissenters (raskolniks), or the Greeks of the Levant; and such a step it would be to admit an Anglican to communion without his renouncing Anglicanism.

His application to be admitted to Communion was, under such circumstances, necessarily unsuccessful. The Synod would not deal with him as an individual. Archbishop Philaret, to whom he applied on entering his diocese of Moscow, declared "absolute submission" to be necessary for the reception of communion from a diocesan Bishop; and that the Synod alone could "make union or reconciliation with any concession or allowance, great or small." He was assured that the Metropolitan of Moscow would be, of all men, the best pleased "to be enabled to enter upon a public negotiation for unity," and the most desirous that the English Bishops should write, with that view, to the Russian Synod. And M. Mouravieff took leave of him, on the 2nd July 1841, with these words:—"With respect to the communion, though, as things are, there are obstacles to our giving it to you, I hope the time may come when it may be otherwise. Meanwhile, we must on both sides content ourselves with the consciousness, that there is a unity of spirit between us, and a desire, ours not less than yours, of a visible and formal union."

He returned, therefore, with his object unaccomplished; having gained much goodwill in Russia, and leaving behind him many friends.

Nor can it be doubted that his visits to Russia, of which this was the first, did good. "Labours such as his" (said Cardinal Newman, in the Preface to his *Notes* of that visit), "so Christian in their aim, so disinterested and self-sacrificing in their circumstances, are, in a religious point of view, never wasted, never lost."

CHAPTER XXI

LITERARY INTERESTS

1840-1843

My professional business continued gradually to increase; but I had still, in 1840, much vacant time. I was intimate with James Robert Hope (afterwards Hope-Scott), who then lived in Lincoln's Inn. We had many pursuits and sympathies in common. The possibility, however, of future difference even then crossed our minds. I remember a conversation with him in which we glanced at contingencies, like the parting of waters, which would oblige some of those who were then of one mind to remain under great discouragement in the Church of England, and others to go over to Rome. We understood each other, though the thought was not openly spoken; he was (in the case supposed) for the latter, and I for the former alternative. It was, I think, in 1840, that we planned together a work on charitable and eleemosynary foundations, in which he was to have taken the historical, and I the legal part. Some preparation was made for it, but the plan dropped through. He united a peculiar charm and refinement of person and manners with a strong character and an acute well-balanced intellect. His subsequent change of religious communion, together with a fastidious temperament, led him to prefer the unambitious but lucrative occupation of the Parliamentary Bar, in which he obtained undisputed pre-eminence, to the struggles of public life. If it had been otherwise, he might very probably have risen to the highest political station.

During those years, my interest in Oxford, and in the public schools, was as active as ever. I was seldom absent from Lord's cricket-ground, when the matches between Eton, Harrow, and Winchester were played, or from the annual Wykehamist dinners, of which I was for some time secretary. I was often drawn to Winchester by my friendship for Warden Barter, and for Dr. Moberly and Charles Wordsworth, who, in 1835, succeeded Dr. Williams and Mr. Ridding as Head and Second Masters. Wordsworth married a beautiful wife, to whom he formed a romantic attachment at Paris, when personally a stranger to her; he lost her in 1839, and sympathy with him in so great a sorrow made the tie between him and his friends still closer than before. I was a frequent guest of his brother Christopher (afterwards Bishop of Lincoln) at Harrow, of which school he became Headmaster on the promotion of Dr. Longley to the Bishopric of Ripon. Both at Winchester and at Harrow, I undertook more than once the duty of examining for scholarships; and Christopher Wordsworth sometimes consulted me as to the merits of the verse-exercises of his best pupils, when competing for prizes.

My interest in Charles Wordsworth and his work was the cause of my proposing, in 1840, to review his and other Greek grammars in the *British Critic*, of which John Henry Newman was then editor. My offer to do so was accepted, and in that way I first became acquainted with Newman. This was my earliest essay in periodical literature since the days of the *Oxford University Magazine*. It was followed by other contributions to the *British Critic*. Newman wished me to take up the subject of Turkey, as to which I had expressed to him a dislike of the general policy of our Governments. His suggestions about it, in a letter dated the 10th of November 1840, have not lost interest.

> As to Turkey, I wish to believe that we are bound by treaty to support it, treaty of many years' standing; and, as Joshua might not break faith with the Gibeonites, much less may we with the Ottomans. Does not this in a way defend us? For what we know, but a little more will be required of us. The Empire is dying. Nor do I think that, in matter of fact, we are propping it up. We are, without needlessly hastening the catastrophe, preparing for the consequences attendant on its dissolution. It seems as if Russia must develop upon Constantinople;—not being a politician, I cannot be sorry for this. And, were I ever so sorry, can it be helped? Can we stop the natural course of things? The only thing is to try and observe faith and truth, and to protect our own people at home whom any blow struck at our commerce might distress. Now, is it not a narrow and jealous policy, and quite imbecile in its effects, to attempt to stop the development of Russia? Is not the right policy to attempt, if truth and justice allow, to gain an equiva-

lent? And is not that what we seem to be in the way of doing, as regards Turkey when it falls to pieces? I hope you will not think these questions of questionable morality. As to France, it is difficult to call her a Christian nation. Certainly, if she went to war, it would be under the stimulus of the unchristian party.

In looking back upon my contributions to the *British Critic*, I find nothing which I should care to rescue from oblivion, unless it were a translation of Shelley's *Arethusa* into a Latin metre imitated from the original, which I offered to William Linwood, an accomplished Oxford scholar, for his *Anthologia* (published 1846), but which he rejected, as offending against metrical rule, or classical purity, or both. Nevertheless, I have some parental kindness for it. Of the Turkish question I did not make myself master, so as to be able to write upon it while Newman remained editor; and afterwards other things occupied my thoughts.

A more perilous departure from the strict course of my profession, and one which (if I had not taken pains to confine the knowledge of it to as few persons as possible) might perhaps have seriously interfered with my prospects, was an engagement to write for the *Times*. It came about in this way.

On the 10th of June 1840 there appeared in that paper a letter, with the signature, "A Layman of the Church"; in which the principles and rules of the National School Society were assailed, and a very high (I thought extravagant) doctrine, as to the powers and prerogatives of the Crown in ecclesiastical matters, was advanced. Such inflated notions of the royal supremacy seemed to me then (as they always have, and do still) constitutionally false, and intolerable in principle. The "Layman's" letter had been editorially credited with "excellent learning." I was not of that opinion; and I took upon myself to demolish it on all points, in a letter signed "Another Layman," which appeared in the *Times* of the 13th July. I suppose I may have been successful, because there was no reply. My card had been enclosed to the editor, Mr. Thomas Barnes; and I received from him soon afterwards a letter requesting me to call upon him, which I did. The consequence was, that I was asked, and agreed, to write regularly for the paper; and I contributed to it many leading articles for three years, beginning on the 1st September 1840, and ending on the 10th August 1843. For this work—requiring considerable labour, and visits at late hours to Printing-House Square—I received very liberal remuneration. I then acquired some experience of the practice, certainly not without moral danger, of writing hastily, smartly, and perhaps censoriously, about matters of which I had no adequate knowledge. On the other hand, I had many opportunities of expressing, as forcibly as I could, my opinions on subjects in which I took a real interest. I was enabled to defend my Oxford friends from what I thought unjust obloquy; to strike hard blows at the practice of duelling, for which Lord Cardigan's trial, and some other duels, fatal or ridiculous, which shocked the public conscience, gave occasion; to exhibit in a strong light some of the objections to the scheme of the Jerusalem Bishopric; and to indicate, if not the policy to be followed, at least some dangers to be avoided, by Sir Robert Peel's Government on its accession to office in the summer of 1841. It gives me pleasure to recall the fact that it fell to me to express, in such measure as I could, the public feelings and hopes upon the birth and baptism of the Prince of Wales.

Besides the practice in thinking and writing, and the substantial profit, resulting from this connection with the *Times*, I had the advantage of personal intercourse with its editors, and with Mr. Walter the chief proprietor, and his son; who, by his manly carriage and high tone of character, while still a boy at Eton, had attracted the notice and esteem of George Selwyn; and with whom, in 1840-41, I formed a friendship, never since interrupted. Mr. Barnes died soon after I knew him. He was succeeded by John Delane, son of the treasurer of the paper, an Oxford man of about my own age, frank, shrewd, and of a kindly nature; who, in later years, became a person of considerable importance. But it was only by degrees, after Mr. Barnes's death, that the management of the paper really passed into his hands; at first he was lieutenant under Mr. Walter, who himself superintended the concern. Mr. Walter always treated me with kindness and confidence. He was a man of great benevolence, strong prejudices, and inflexible tenacity of will. His conversation was very interesting; especially when he related anecdotes (as he was wont to do) about the early days of the

Times; how he defeated, by extraordinary resolution and energy, a strike of the whole printing staff of the paper on one Saturday, and astonished them by its appearance on Monday at the usual time, and in proper form; what stratagems he employed during the war to obtain the earliest intelligence of battles and other important events, and how he was aided by the dilatoriness of those who had to send, and the folly of those who had to carry, official despatches announcing them; what pains he once took to save from capital punishment a poor youth convicted of stealing a watch in the eastern suburbs of London, of whose innocence he felt sure, and thought he had clear proof; and how callous and inexorable he found the authorities of the Home Office, of which Lord Sidmouth was then the head.

My Father regarded my connection with the *Times* with some apprehension; though many things which I wrote in it were approved by him. In a letter of the 1st December 1840, he said that he thought I had "rather indiscreetly multiplied my unprofessional engagements"; and expressed a dislike for the anonymous style, and the editorial "*We.*"—"I don't like the identification which this style implies with the whole conduct of a publication, whose columns we cannot command on every subject, and of which it would not be uncharitable to say that its first principle is its own sale, measuring its work by that." On the 28th June 1841, Mr. James Freshfield called at my chambers, wishing to see me on business, when my Father happened to be there, and

I was not. This made him anxious, and he wrote:—

"It is better to be at home, if not in Court, during business hours; and I strongly recommend this to your consideration; as you intend and hope to make character and employment as a lawyer the business of your life, always saving the *first* object. If not, the early blossoms, however promising (depend upon it), will fall off. Again, I am a little apprehensive that a certain other engagement, which is not your occupation, and which is admitted as an useful, interesting, and profitable fill-up till the call of professional business is sufficient of itself, may, if not carefully watched and very discreetly managed, be found to stand materially in the way.

"There are three points, on this head, to be guarded against. The first I have touched on before: the habit of writing as a partisan, by which we incur the danger of adopting and recommending false and scandalous views of men and things, which (charity apart) are undoubtedly entitled to be regarded with a certain degree of awe and reverence, as they are regarded also by the Providence of God, and made the instruments of bringing about purposes of His own. Secondly, the money profit; which is great, and of which the value may be so felt, as to make one lose sight of our first intention of not considering this an object, until it gives a sordid character to moral culpability arising out of the first objection. The third point is the inconvenience attending an employment which requires a sort of seclusion and secrecy in the conduct of it, so as not to fall under the observation of persons who may have business with one of another kind. The two first of these I see no remedy for, but in your own care and watchfulness; for the temptations are very great. For the third, a separate apartment might suffice. . . . After all, I would have you even consider, whether (all things considered) it would not be more prudent to give up altogether an engagement, so fascinating and intrusive, with so many plausible reasons to recommend it, and withal so lucrative; but which may in the end involve you in politics before the time, and in such a way as to make you less able to render service to the cause of good government, virtue, and religion hereafter, should it please God ever to require your services as a public man in the regular way of your calling; which alone I think we should consider *His*. Do not misunderstand me, as absolutely advising or suggesting that the connection with the *Times* should be given up,—but only *considered.* It must depend upon your own strength, and consciousness of strength. But with a view to success in your profession, I feel that you must not allow other pursuits of a more agreeable sort to interfere, —politics, schools, literature, religious questions."

My Father did not urge the matter further, but the time came when I thought it right to act upon what was evidently the leaning of his judgment. My professional business receded a little in 1841, but it increased in the following year; and in the autumn of 1843, as well for that reason, as because there was some divergence of opinion between Mr. Walter and myself as to the endeavours of Bishops Blomfield and Phillpotts to make the usages of the Church more conformable to the Rubrics (which he strongly opposed, and I as decidedly approved), I ceased to write in the *Times;* and I have never since been an ordinary contributor to any newspaper.

CHAPTER XXII

TRACT 90—ROMANISING TENDENCIES AT OXFORD

In February 1841 the "Tractarian" movement reached its climax in the publication of the famous Tract No. 90, on the Thirty-nine Articles, by Mr. Newman, and a heated controversy followed. At the instance of Bishop Bagot of Oxford, the Tracts were discontinued. He had been, of all the Bishops, the most friendly to the movement; but he was unable to justify a method of interpretation, the effect (if not the object) of which seemed to be to attenuate as much as possible the meaning, and practically to nullify the authority, of important parts of the document interpreted. By his influence, an understanding was arrived at with the Archbishop of Canterbury, that, if the issue of the *Tracts* were brought to a close, no general declaration against their principles or doctrines would be made by the Bishops. Mr. Newman, in the summer of 1841, retired from Oxford to Littlemore; but he did not resign the Vicarage of St. Mary's till September 1843.

My Father's views of Tract 90 were expressed in a letter to me, dated the 25th March 1841.

> I have read the Tract and Letter [to Dr. Jelf]. For the former, I must say, that to me it is indiscreet and unsatisfactory enough. . . . As to Mr. Newman's final excuse, in his letter to Dr. Jelf, in regard to the persons for whose benefit it was intended, not moving in his circle, I can be no judge; but at all events he seems to have not considered the effect it was likely to have upon those for whose benefit he says it was not intended, and into whose hands it was sure to fall. And I must add, that the opinions to which he evidently leans, and the practices also which he seems to favour,—for which he would thus open a door,—appear to me to have been those from which worse corruptions have arisen. Comparatively harmless, and of much greater antiquity, they have been the seeds of the very errors and corruptions of the Romish Church; by which (as it seems to me), having no certain warranty themselves to stand upon, as by their proper and perfect fruit, they are condemned.

My brother William's influence upon me was greater then than at any other time, before or afterwards. I knew the similarity of his interpretation of some things in the Thirty-nine Articles to Newman's; and I may perhaps have been, like him, disposed to lay more stress than it would fairly bear upon the principle of bringing in, upon disputable points, the authority of the early Church and the Catholic Fathers. My desire for unity in the Church was equal to his own; and I could not accept, for the solution of large ecclesiastical questions, any insular rule. I was startled at some things in the Tract; but, on the whole, I was disposed to go further in its defence than I should go now.

I wrote William a long letter, on the 19th of March, in which I gave him a detailed account of all that had taken place at Oxford. I mentioned the opinions which (as I understood) some divines known for their moderation,—Dr. Hook, Mr. Perceval, Dr. Moberly, even Mr. Palmer of Worcester College,—had expressed in favour of the Tract, when it first appeared. For myself, I said that "I thought it would have been easy, without weakening in any degree the conclusions which were really aimed at, to have written certain passages in a way less open to criticism. I approved of the design, but doubted whether it was very well executed." I then spoke of communications which had been going on between Mr. Ambrose Lisle Phillips, a zealous English Romanist, and Bloxam, a Fellow of Magdalen (since Annalist of that College, and in his old age incumbent of a benefice in its gift), who was then Newman's curate at St. Mary's. This was a curious episode in the movement, and I therefore extract the account which I gave of it, showing the disturbance, at that time, of many men's minds.

> While all this has been going on, some circumstances of a more private nature, connected with the effect and tendency of the Catholic School of Theology at Oxford, have taken place, in which I feel no doubt you will take much interest. Mr. Ambrose Phillips of Garendon Park having, by some accident, become acquainted with Bloxam of Magdalen, has entered into a correspondence with him, so far dissimilar from yours with Mr. Spencer that neither party seems to aim at the conversion of the other. Mr. Phillips (for Bloxam showed me the letter) actually professes to recognise the Catholicity of the English Church, as represented in the Prayer-book, and in the lives and doctrine of such of her living members as do not Protestantise. He seems to long for the reformation of many corruptions (the existence of which he admits, though he strenuously denies the justice of the statements at page 7 of Mr. Newman's letter to Dr. Jelf) in his own communion; he disclaims the authority, as

infallible or irreversibly binding, of any dogmatic teaching within the Roman Churches, which does not rest on the decrees of a General Council; he complains of Mr. Newman for seeming, in his letter to Dr. Jelf, to place the *Catechism* of Trent *pari passu*, in point of authority, with the Council; he objects to the expression "Roman Catholic Church," and vindicates that of "French," "Italian," "English," etc., "Catholic Churches." And, finally, he says that he has no idea of the conversion of England to Catholicity, or of the restoration of unity in the Church, through any proselytising of his own party; but that he places all his confidence in the revival of Catholic principles within the English Church herself. He defends his own position upon grounds which seem to me sophistical enough; comparing it to that of communities following the Greek or the Armenian Rite, in Italy, etc., with consent of the Catholic Church generally; and thinking it *safer* than that of persons who are involved and mixed up with a mass of heresy, in a Church shut out from Catholic communion, like our own. I ought to add, that these views, whether tenable or not, are evidently honest; for he published a long letter in the *Tablet* (a Romish newspaper), vindicating the Catholicity of our doctrine, as expressed in the Prayer-book, upon a variety of points; and was in the next number violently attacked for so doing, and accused of being little better than a heretic himself. He has since republished this, and followed it up with another letter (promising more) in the *Univers*, which he tells Bloxam is a paper circulated throughout Roman Catholic Europe, and regularly taken in by the Pope himself. The Editor of the *Univers* gives him much more encouragement than the Editor of the *Tablet* did. He proposes to visit Bloxam at Oxford shortly; but Mr. Newman has declined making his acquaintance, though not without sincere expressions of regret.

I ought to mention that Bloxam, in his replies to Mr. Phillips, acted throughout under Newman's advice; and that advice was, first, to impress upon him the absolute impossibility of anything in the nature of a negotiation for unity, or even remotely tending that way, being undertaken on the part of the English Church by private clergymen. Mr. Phillips seemed very eager for some such thing, and was constantly referring to Archbishop Wake; saying he was sure there was a greater opportunity now than then or at any previous time. Mr. Newman, of course, pointed out that, now as then, the Bishops would be the persons to communicate with. Secondly, Mr. Newman expressed his hopelessness, under present circumstances, of the issue of any such negotiations; referring to the Archbishop of Canterbury's late charge. Thirdly, he said that the only way which he could imagine would be by a practical reformation, and development of the fruits of sanctity (which seemed to him to be at present very much wanting), in the Roman Catholic Churches themselves. He did not suggest that it would be Mr. Phillips's duty to reconcile himself to the Church of England, and, I conceive, for this reason; that he doubts, in his own private opinion (I mention this quite confidentially, since it is an opinion which I know he does not choose to make public), whether precedents may not be found in the history of the Primitive Church to justify the doctrine, that the Romanists in England and Ireland continue Catholic in spite of their schism.

You will be sorry to hear (though indeed you might collect something of it from Mr. Newman's letter to Dr. Jelf) that Dr. Wiseman's arguments against the Anglican doctrine that a Church may be Catholic, though insulated from the communion of all other Catholic Churches, and his attempt to demonstrate the exclusive Catholicity of the Roman communion from its perfect unity within itself, its local omnipresence throughout the world, and the testimony borne to it and against themselves by all other communions abandoning the word Catholic, and acquiescing in names of a sectarian character, — have been dangerously effective with some of those who have had opportunities of personal intercourse and friendship with the leaders of the Oxford school. I know not how many of them there may be, or whether they include clergy as well as laity; but I am very sure that this is, at present, a source of distress and perplexity to their teachers, far greater than anything which their adversaries can do in the way of censure.

William, while criticising some parts of Tract 90, in his reply (from St. Petersburg) to my letter, stated his agreement with its principles; and added that the charge of "advocating evasion of the Articles" might be brought against himself as justly as against its author. Other parts of his reply showed great dissatisfaction with the actual state of things in the Church of England, but no change from his former point of view, and no nearer approach to Rome. "Some things," he said, "both in your letter and in the Tract, and the accompanying printed Letter, which you sent me, made me feel that my fears were not altogether unfounded when I anticipated a danger of Popery, in some cases at least, from the personal influence of individuals and their writings. If Church principles are formed or developed naturally, then I think there can be no fear, unless we can suppose that the Church herself is wrong, and the Pope right; in which case, the sooner we are all Papists the better. But if people who have been careless, or Establishment men, or Evangelicals, or Dissenters, are converted as to a new school, and become followers of personal influences, there must always be danger (for some at least) lest the Pope's school, and his huge weight of authority, should overbear an influence similar in kind and vastly inferior in degree, however some inherent advantages in the cause of our Church, and many external or personal circumstances, may tend to overbalance that danger in the many."

When William arrived in England in the summer of that year, he found a general election going on, which was followed by a change of Ministry. On reaching Oxford he was dissatisfied with the altered tone of some of his friends there; and it may be inferred, from what he wrote to me in August, that, but for the proceedings soon afterwards taken as to the Jerusalem Bishopric, he might have maintained his own separate line, without taking any part in acrimonious controversies.

> Bloxam (he wrote) has shown me his correspondence, which, between ourselves, has given me great alarm and anxiety. The first letter of Mr. Phillips delighted me, and it is impossible to be too thankful that a Christian ἦθος[1] is beginning to spread among the Romanists. But when I read on, and found with what views Mr. Phillips and his superiors are desirous of assuming an attitude of friendly interest,—with what a tacit (rather, *expressed*) understanding with one at least of the leaders of the school here (for alas! I can call it nothing else now)—and with what a close and frequent communication of mutual plans, all *conceding*, as it seems to me, the existence of our own Church, and making continuance in her only a matter of *policy*, and that of a somewhat questionable character,—I was exceedingly surprised and distressed. Talk of individuals straggling towards Romanism! If Mr. Phillips's letters do not, throughout the whole series, mistake the answers of his correspondents (which I have not seen), the leaders themselves are setting all their followers "on an inclined plane," to borrow Dr. Faussett's expression. All this comes, as it seems to me, from that theory of which we talked in London; nor do I see how our Church can stand, as separate, against them, except she excommunicate them; and if she does that, and rightly, we have nothing to do with them but to convert them. I pray God it may all turn to good; but now I am not at all surprised that you thought my tone changed; for there has been a change indeed here since I left England, or else I was very much in the dark before. I hope before long I shall know better how the land really lies.

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[1] *Ēthos*—a tone or character of mind.

CHAPTER XXIII

JERUSALEM BISHOPRIC

1841–1842

Soon after the meeting of the new Parliament, the scheme for the establishment of an English bishop at Jerusalem, which had been for some months in negotiation between Chevalier Bunsen on behalf of the King of Prussia, and Archbishop Howley, Bishop Blomfield, and the British Foreign Office, was made public. It came upon the Church by surprise. Some questions, which may have been intended to smooth the way for it, had been asked and answered in both Houses of Parliament, in the preceding March, on the presentation of a petition (inspired, perhaps, by some who were in the secret) from certain clergy at Sheffield. But that incident attracted at the time little notice. The excitement caused by the publication of Tract 90 was at its height, and there was nothing to give shape to the design shadowed forth. It was identified by many with the project for making Malta the seat of an Anglican bishopric, which was then under consideration, but was afterwards relinquished. On the 5th of October 1841, the "Jerusalem Bishopric Act" received the royal assent. Some of the more obvious objections to the scheme, as it was generally understood, were stated by me in the *Times* of the 19th October. Letters in defence of it followed, on the 28th and 29th of October, under the signatures of "Anglo-Catholicus," and of Mr. Palmer of Worcester College, the author of some well-known works upon the Liturgy and the Church, and one of the original contributors to the *Tracts for the Times*—according to Newman, the most learned of them all. On the 8th of November, Dr. Alexander was consecrated "Bishop of the United Church of England and Ireland in Jerusalem"; and on the 17th November a manifesto,[1] explanatory of the Prussian view of the arrangement, appeared in the Prussian *State Gazette*. So hastily was this matter carried through.

The scheme was of German origin; and, with whatever views it might have been accepted in England, and whatever safeguards against mischief might be contemplated by the instructions which Bishop Alexander carried with him, it was impossible not to regard the Prussian manifesto as of greater weight than the statements of the Anglican apologists. The plan was for an alternate nomination to the bishopric by the British and Prussian Crowns; for a fusion, under the Bishop's jurisdiction, of English and German Protestant congregations in Palestine; for the settlement of a new liturgy for those congregations; and for the ordination by the Bishop of ministers to officiate in them. The object, as explained in the Prussian *State Gazette*, was, "to obtain for the Evangelical Christians of the German nation the same advantages in the Turkish empire, especially in Palestine and Syria, as were enjoyed by the Christians of the Latin and Greek Churches." "Ought not" (it was asked) "the Protestant Church, as a member of the Catholic Church of Christ, to possess the right of assembling its adherents on the scene of the origin of Christianity, and freely to proclaim evangelical truth according to its confession and liturgy?" The Church of England was asserted to be, "in its origin and doctrine, closely allied to the German Evangelical Churches." "The negotiations depended on the previous question, whether Great Britain was inclined to treat this affair in perfect union with Prussia, on the fixed principle, that Protestant Christendom, under the protection of England and Prussia, should appear to the Turkish Government as one power? . . . The heads of the English Church entered with warm interest into the proposal. All parties agreed in the conviction that the diversities of worship, etc. (that is to say in the Protestant Church), were upheld by a superior unity, the Head of the Church Himself; and that in this unity, to which all the diversities referred as their centre, was the foundation of true Christian toleration." The King of Prussia would not have consented to anything "contrary to the firm common basis of the entire German Protestant Church."

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[1] Dated 6th November 1841.

This was the official Prussian declaration; and although Mr. Palmer of Worcester College had been "enabled to state, on the highest authority, that the appointment of a Bishop of Palestine was not designed as an interference with the prior claims and jurisdiction of the Orthodox Oriental Churches," and that "he could be readily introduced to the Oriental Patriarchs as the representative of the Anglo-Catholic Churches, and as commissioned to prevent, as far as possible, any infringement on their authority, or any attempts to proselytise their people,"—no disclaimer of the Prussian declaration, by those who were parties to the negotiations in England, appeared.

That such an innovation upon the previous relations of the Church of England with the Eastern Church on the one hand, and with German Protestantism on the other, should be made in such a manner, without any synodical act of the Church of England, without open consultation with or any concurrence of the English Episcopate generally,—in fact, by no ecclesiastical authority, except that of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London for the time being, fortified by a permissive Act of Parliament, obtained by the assistance of the ministry of the day,—was sufficiently extraordinary. But when, in addition to this, the excited and sensitive state of the theological atmosphere in England, and the transformation of the original character of Continental Lutheranism and Calvinism which had been effected by destructive criticism and metaphysical speculation in Germany, were taken into account, it could not be at all surprising that the sensation occasioned by this new departure should be very great. Acquiescence in it seemed impossible to those who thought with Newman, or with my brother,—to my brother himself especially, who had so lately been engaged in the assertion, to the leading authorities of the Russian Church, of principles, which the arrangement made between the Archbishop and the Bishop of London and the King of Prussia appeared to violate at every point.

William drew up, and sent to the Archbishop, a petition against the consecration of Dr. Alexander, and afterwards a protest;—documents which were the subject of much anxious consultation with myself, my Father, and Dr. Routh. We all agreed with him in substance, but by no means with everything that he wished to do or say. He desired the protest to be signed by myself, and even by younger members of our family; to which my Father strongly objected, and it was not done. He was, not without difficulty, induced (by Dr. Routh's influence chiefly) to omit certain statements on doctrinal points, unnecessary for his purpose, and sure to have been misunderstood. Ultimately his protest was put into a shape with which we were tolerably well satisfied. Dr. Routh "praised it much; though" (said William) "he seemed to have some good-natured apprehensions on my account; but said nothing against my doing it. He suggested several prudential amendments; and ended by giving me his blessing." Newman, with whom William was in communication, approved it too; and was led by it also to protest himself; with the difference, however, that he only disclaimed Lutheranism and Calvinism, while William expressed his desire to be at unity with the Eastern Church, and not to invade its jurisdiction.

Many letters passed among us at that time. I will content myself with giving extracts from three, written by my Father. When William first mentioned his purpose (on the 2nd of November), he stated his wish, before deciding on any course, to communicate with my Father and with the President.

"So far" (said my Father) "I entirely approve. The step you propose to take is of great importance to ourselves; but that is as nothing, in comparison with the importance of the subject of it."

Then, after referring to Mr. Sibthorp's secession to Rome, which had just taken place, he continued:—

"But as for you, my dearest and most beloved son, I am in no fear that you will quit your vessel in the midst of danger, not even if she were to appear to sink. Nor is there the least chance of your being thrown overboard by us, unless you fall into the very error you are wont to condemn in the strongest language;—from all danger of which, in every Litany, we pray, 'Good Lord deliver us!' But in such a case, and in the event of a storm at sea, I cannot tell what mariners might be required to do."

A little later, William had been unwilling to concede to my Father's judgment, as matter of principle, what he conceded to Dr. Routh, as matter of policy.

"My practice" (said my Father) "is doubtless the practice in which I have been brought up,—not improved (to be sure) by my own infirmity and sin; and I am not blind to the hold it has on me. Learning and knowledge God hath, in a manner, put in our own power; and in this I feel it no small advantage and consolation that you have profited more. Nor will I offend you, my beloved, by telling you in what I am sensible you excel me besides; and be sure I love you the more on every such account. But wisdom and discretion are more immediate gifts, and you know where and how we must all seek them. So far as experience goes, I have the advantage of you by a few years; the President by a few more. But grace is grace, and younger persons may obtain that."

To me he wrote (on the 6th of November):—"These are indeed very weighty matters, and important and very serious subjects to us individually, from the part which William feels himself called upon to take in them." And he spoke of "a sort of excitement," unfavourable to a sound judgment and due caution, in so great an affair. There was ground, certainly, for that apprehension; but in the result William showed that, however strongly he felt, he was still capable of deferring to authority. He sent to the Archbishop the proof-sheets of his "Protest"—a long document, in which he said, "Many circumstances have conspired to make me feel that I am called upon to do this act, which yet, if I know myself, I would rather have died than do. And especially, as I am bound not only to my own countrymen, but also to those dignitaries of the Russian Church and Empire who honoured me with their confidence, and believed in my representations that our Church had some better thing in her than mere sectarian Protestantism." With it he sent this letter:—

> MY LORD—Feeling it to have become my duty to take a step, the nature of which the enclosed proof-sheets will explain, I should nevertheless be unwilling either to offer the Protest formally to your Grace and the other Bishops, or to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, or to make it public before the members of the Church in general, without first letting your Grace have an opportunity of seeing it in a private manner, and while as yet it is quite within my power to omit or alter anything, or to suppress it altogether; which last I should desire above all things to do, if I could only be enabled to do so without any danger to that cause which I have felt myself called upon to undertake.

What followed, and how he was led to relinquish his purpose of formally presenting this Protest and making it public, he explained in a letter to myself, on the 28th November 1841:—

> The President had been so much influenced by a letter from the Archbishop, that he has dissuaded me from publishing. I am only to deposit one copy of the "Protest" with the Archbishop himself, and also I mean to communicate privately the proof-sheets to the Bishop of Oxford, of which I am to advertise the Archbishop.
>
> The Archbishop wrote me a short note in very kind words. In his letter to the President he mentioned some reasons affecting the "Protest" itself, which he excused himself from doing to me in his note to me, on the ground of time; only alluding to them. These were, that it would increase our present divisions and impede the prospect of unity, both with the other Protestant Churches and also with the Greek Church. I have answered the Archbishop's note, expressing my willingness to submit to the President's judgment; and am well

pleased, so far as my personal feelings are concerned, but do not see my way at all as regards our position and standing in the Church (as Catholics in a Catholic Church), after the public declaration of the King of Prussia's *Gazette*, which appeared in the *Globe* last Wednesday.

Harrison wrote me a long letter, which arrived together with the Archbishop's note, full of arguments into which I cannot enter, but very kindly worded as regards myself.

I really cannot endure without doing something or other. In the meantime, the chaplain of Bishop Alexander, Mr. Williams, with whom I was not personally acquainted, has written to ask me to give him some hints; saying that "of course he sees immense difficulties; and if I can guard him against any mistakes into which he may be likely to fall, I shall do him a great kindness, and may benefit the Church." I think of writing to him to offer to go out with him, if he or his Bishop think my knowledge may be of any service to them; only stipulating that I am not to be considered as recognising "the essential unity of Protestant Christendom."

I do not know whether the singular offer contemplated at the end of this letter was actually made; probably not; at all events, if it was made, nothing came of it. On my brother Edwin's election to Balliol,[1] the Archbishop sent congratulations to my Father through my Uncle Horsley, accompanied with some expression of feeling as to the part which William had thought it his duty to take. My Father, on the 1st of December, through the same channel, returned a characteristic reply:—

"The friend who offered his congratulations on Edwin's success is my friend too, or he would not be yours; and I consider his kind wishes as addressed to me, and thank him for them. And when he adds his hope that Edwin will not be perverted by the indiscreet zeal of his elder brother, I am not offended at it, but thank him for that too. Nevertheless, as I know his elder brother well, I am at a loss to understand what our friend can allude to, unless somehow he is acquainted with the intended publication which I alluded to in my letter of last week without exactly communicating its nature. If that is the case, as the individual who offers his congratulations is my friend and yours, and is so kind as to take an interest in our children—presuming he is acquainted with the circumstances—I should like to ask him whether he considers the willingness with which the intention to publish has been laid aside as a mark of an indiscreet zeal; whether the communication of the intended publication in the first instance to those who might have the power to stop it was indiscreet; whether it was indiscreet to advise, before anything was done, with a person of so much learning and experience as the head of his College, whose suggestions and alterations were in every instance adopted? In a word, whether (in point of fact) in this affair he has been guilty of any indiscretion whatever, except that of running the risk of prejudicing himself in the opinion of persons who are of very great influence, who are disposed to think well of him, and to whom he is already under obligation for marks of private kindness, while he owes them the utmost reverence and respect for their personal virtue and their exalted station? To be sure, he was well aware that what he had put on paper must be very painful to their feelings, the thought of which gave occasion to his declaration that 'if he knew himself he would rather have died than do it.' But if this self-devotion be his chief or only indiscretion, this must serve to raise him in the opinion of the good and virtuous; and not least, I hope, in that of our unknown friend. I still trust, as I told the President last week, that what he does will do no harm to anybody but himself, nor to him in the end. For I am sure this 'Protest' will be considered, where perhaps it could only be safe and useful that it should. If, on the score of rashness and presumption in a person of his standing and station to think of doing such a thing, further apology be necessary, all I can say is, that I am very sorry it fell to his lot; but, when things seem desperate, desperate measures will be taken."

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[1] In November 1841.

My Father's defence of William, in the matter, was all the more generous, because every step taken had been regarded by him with serious misgiving, which among ourselves was freely, though gently, expressed. He had strongly objected to some things in the "Protest," which William was with difficulty induced to alter; and, with reference to these, he had written to me on the 9th of November:—

"I think it quite necessary to vindicate the Catholicity of the English Church. But, surely, it is the strangest way in the world to attempt to do that by anything that might drive a weak brother out of it, and send him over to Rome. If a reasonable objection can be taken to anything we say or do on that score, we must stand condemned; and it is (as appears to me) a pertinacious adherence to indiscretions of this sort that gives me uneasiness."

It was unfortunate, in the judgment of those who would have wished my brother to husband his strength for a calmer time and more unquestionable duties, that, just when his feelings were under such great tension, and when he was saying, "I really cannot endure without doing something or other," a letter from Mr. Golightly appeared in the *Standard* of the 26th November, containing a reference to him of which he thought it necessary to take notice.

Mr. Golightly spoke of "a member of the University, who, on his return after a few months' absence, expressed his surprise and concern to find that a great change had taken place in the opinions of certain of his friends; that the *via media* was deserted: that Rome was no longer regarded as a schismatical community; and that there was a strong desire for reunion with her."

William was that member of the University; and the statement had sufficient foundation in fact to make this reference understood by many persons. He, therefore, on the 3rd December, published at Oxford a short letter addressed to Mr. Golightly, in which (not contenting himself with explaining his own meaning, and vindicating the motives of those whom Mr. Golightly had accused of dishonesty) he proceeded to disclaim, for his own part, the doctrine of *via media*, in language which obtained much notoriety at the time, and drew upon his name no small obloquy:—

> Truth (he said) is sometimes in a mean, I admit; but it seems to me to be a very bad rule to teach it by. It is in its own nature positive, not (like Protestantism) negative: it is a beacon set on a hill, not a mixed puddle in a valley. Certainly I am for no middle ways, as you will understand, when I tell you plainly that for myself I utterly reject and anathematise the principle of Protestantism as a heresy, with all its forms, sects, and denominations. And if the Church of England should ever unhappily profess herself to be a form of Protestantism (which may God of His infinite mercy forbid), then I would reject and anathematise the Church of England, and would separate myself from her immediately, as from a human sect, without giving Protestants any unnecessary trouble to procure my expulsion. But as long as I can reject Protestantism thus publicly, as I now do, as a member of the Church of England, and profess to be merely and simply Catholic, so long will I continue to pray (as I have been taught to pray from a child) that I may have grace to continue steadfast in that way of salvation into which I was baptized, to my life's end.

Then, after drawing his accustomed distinction between the Church of Rome and those whom he accounted Roman schismatics in England, he proceeded :—

> If to desire that we should repent and take the beam out of our own eye first, before we declaim against the corruptions of other Churches,—if to desire the restoration of unity with those Churches, and above all with the Church of Rome itself,—be Popery, then I, for one, am a Papist from the very bottom of my soul. But I beg you to take notice, at the same time, that my Popery is of a kind which takes in not only the Churches now in actual communion with Rome, but also the Eastern Catholic Churches, and the British, if their Protestant members will allow me still to call them Catholic.

Nothing in this letter gave greater offence, or was more generally misunderstood, than his use of the word "anathematise," which he derived from the forms for the renunciation of heresies by converts, proselytes, and persons reconciled to the Church, which were in use in the Oriental and other communions. It might have been well if he had remembered a few wise words of my Father, in a letter of the 15th of July preceding:—"The anathema is indeed a heavy sentence, and not to be rashly dealt out, as I fear it has sometimes been—I hope never will be by us." In a later pamphlet, he defended himself "against those who thought that such words implied a malevolent imprecation, or that they were not for such as are under authority to use, or that they necessarily attached to individuals to whom" (he said) "I had no thought of applying them." He explained the phrase, as "referring the persons anathematised to the judgment of God, as in the outer world." His disclaimer of the personal applications which some had made of his words was complete and sincere; but his vindication of the title of "such as were under authority" to use them (unless called upon to do so by those to whose authority they were directly subject, in acknowledgment of any judicial or synodical decisions of the Church) did not then, and does not now, appear to me satisfactory.

These letters of Mr. Golightly and my brother elicited (among other remonstrances) one from my cousin William, and another from a fair and candid writer, under the signature of *A Protestant Catholic*, which was published in the *Oxford University Herald* of the 11th December 1841. My cousin's letter was written in the same spirit, and from the same point of view, with that of the *Protestant Catholic;* who expressed his confidence that Mr. Golightly would not alter the word "Catholic," in the creeds, to "Protestant," and that my brother would be equally unwilling to admit the supremacy of the Pope in this realm, the doctrine of transubstantiation, or the decrees of the Council of Trent; concluding, that the Church of England was in its positive doctrine Catholic, and in its exclusion of Roman pretensions and corruptions Protestant; so as to justify the common and popular use of the word Protestant by members of the Church, without any derogation from its Catholicity.

My brother replied privately to my cousin, and publicly (in a pamphlet dated the 22nd December 1841) to the *Protestant Catholic.* That pamphlet was written in a more temperate tone than the letter to Mr. Golightly. He acknowledged the "reasonable spirit" and "good intentions" of the writer whom he was answering, and that he represented "the opinion and feeling of a very large and influential class of persons in our church." "It therefore," he said, "deserves an answer from one who, like myself, should think it calculated to promote error rather than truth."

His attempt, in that pamphlet, to define the two "opposing principles" between which a choice was to be made, brought out strongly his doctrine of external authority as the test of theological truth, which, after an endeavour for many years to apply it practically to the existing state and conditions of Christendom, landed him ultimately in the Church of Rome. He defined the opposing principles as being, on the one hand, that of "dogmatic or traditive authority, lodged in the Episcopate"; common to Greece, Rome, Nestorians, Eutychians, and even Jansenists; none of whom would be called Protestants;—and, on the other hand, that of "the right of private interpretation," which all Protestant sects had in common, and in which they were "clearly opposed to all Churches of the original foundation." He vindicated the Church of England, however, on safer grounds.

> Truth is a higher thing than jurisdiction, or priority, or number: and if our Church differs from Rome on any point (though it were but one), and is right upon that point in her doctrine, and Rome wrong, she is not Protestant in respect of that truth which she holds and Rome does not hold, but simply Orthodox and Catholic; while Rome is (so far) heterodox and un-Catholic; for Truth has no superior, but is superior itself to all.

He added reasons for being zealous against the claim of Protestantism to a collective character comprehensive of the Church of England.

> If our Church differs from Rome in certain points (as, for my part, I think she does), and so far is bound to contend against Rome, I have no sort of objection: only let us fight fair. I do not like to fight in the dark, nor with a host of evil spirits and infidels for my allies. The very breath of their Protest, and of their Protestantism, has something sulphurous in it, which unnerves and oppresses; it is full of self-assertion, pride, hatred, ignorance, cowardice, inconsistency, and contempt. Let us only get out of this smoke and see our enemy, and know that there

are no heretics on our side, and what it is that we are contending for.

He followed up this pamphlet with an elaborate and not less temperate publication, on the subject of the Jerusalem Bishopric, entitled *Aids to Reflection on the seemingly double character of the Established Church, with reference to the foundation of a Protestant Bishopric at Jerusalem, recently announced in the Prussian State Gazette.* This consisted, first, of a statement of the substance of the Prussian announcements on the subject; secondly, of extracts from documents relating to the scheme of comprehension of Tillotson and Burnet in 1689, and to the negotiation of the Nonjurors with the Eastern and Russian Churches in 1716-25; then of his own reasons for "disclaiming all community of principle with what was called the Protestant religion in general, and with the sects of the Lutherans and Calvinists in particular," which he illustrated by extracts from his journals, as to conversations held at different times with foreign Protestant Ministers and others, and by other facts. After this, he added a summary of the proceedings in England with reference to the Bishopric, with a fair and respectful statement of the better as well as worse indications of the spirit and intention of the persons concerned in those proceedings; and, lastly, reasons, supported by copious extracts from his Russian journals, for the belief and hope that the English Church would be met by the Eastern Church "in a reasonable and Christian spirit," if she "should ever openly and sincerely disavow the heretical principle of Protestantism, or of community in religion with the Protestant sects, as such, and attempt to open communications with the Eastern Catholic Church, for the restoration of unity on Catholic principles."

The grounds on which he associated the epithet "*heretical*" with the principle of Protestantism were in that publication powerfully stated. He asked the question, What is αἵρεσις?[1] and answered, "That is their principle." He traced in vigorous terms the downward course and development of Continental Protestantism:—

> They descended deeper and deeper into inquiries concerning the history, composition, nature, and object of the Bible and its component parts; concerning the nature and degree of inspiration, the rules of interpretation, the idea of revelation, and of the existence and mutual relations of the human soul and a God, which that idea involves. The only limit to their attempts to find a resting-place,—to find bottom, as it were, in the waters of "subjectivity,"—was when they had come either to positive insanity, or to a state of doubt of the existence of God and of their own souls. For when once the "subjective" attempts to desert that "objective," through which (in part at least) from the essential and eternal Truth it had its being, and by agreement with which, as by a sacrament, it had the life and substance of truth inherent and increasing in itself,—from that moment it must necessarily run down, like a worm twisting itself in its own slime, parting with the remains of truth at every step, till it at length has nothing left to deny but its own existence. Once assert the right of rebellion—(it is quite another thing for a *Church* to maintain any particular errors upon the principle of dogmatic authority, as the Nestorian and Jacobite Churches do),—once assert the principle of rebellion, and you must follow your own reason and feeling, one or both, now separated from

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[1] *Heresy.* The Greek word properly means *choice.*

the external law which binds them together in a just proportion, and oscillate alternately into worse and worse depths of heresy, fanaticism, and heresy again; and so on, even till all ultimately subsides, if uncorrected, into atheism and suicide. The first movement of the Lutheran and Calvinistic Reformation was one rather of fanatical feeling than of cold reason; then succeeded, in both branches, the Rational development; now, in both, there is a reaction again, more or less in the direction of feeling; weaker, and more heretical in what it has of reason, than the first movement. If this be left to its natural course to subside, it will be followed by another cold fit, as before; and these successive undulations will continue, till the last remains of religious feeling and of right reason are extinct.

Able as the *Letter to a Protestant Catholic* and the *Aids to Reflection* were, they did not counteract the impressions to his disadvantage, which the "anathemas" of the letter to Mr. Golightly had produced. My Father wrote to me on the 20th December 1841:—

"William, as you will have seen, has brought everybody upon his back, and I fear will have prejudiced the public against anything he can say; so that the effect that might have been expected from the present publication [the *Letter to a Protestant Catholic*] will be in a great measure lost. But I will not be the person to blame him now. He has enough to meet; and so great is the feeling against him in some quarters, that I shall not be at all surprised if some still more unpleasant notice is taken, when one cannot tell what excitement without reason may lead to."

We had both advised against the publication of those rash passages in his letter to Mr. Golightly which raised the storm; but we were too late. The other fear, which my Father expressed, was (happily) not realised.

Cardinal Newman, in his *Apologia*, says of the Jerusalem Bishopric: "I never heard of any good or harm it has ever done, except what it has done for me. . . . It brought me on to the beginning of the end." Mr. George Williams, a man as friendly as my brother to the Eastern Churches, and not less desirous of unity with them (the same who went out as chaplain with Bishop Alexander), has said, in the Introduction to his *Orthodox Church of the East* (published in 1868), that "instead of conciliating the prelates of the Oriental Church, it incurred their suspicion and contempt, if not their enmity, by petty aggressions on their lawful jurisdiction, feebly emulating the Latin Propaganda, without the same excuse." More recently, when the last vacancy in the See (if See it can be called) was supplied, it was stated, on high authority, that this was done with the goodwill of the Orthodox Patriarch of Jerusalem. Of the facts I am not able to judge. One thing, however, is certain; the arrangement did not produce the effects which were expected and hoped for from it in 1841, either by its Prussian, or by its Anglican, promoters. We are better able now, after a retrospect of forty-seven years, to do justice to their purposes and intentions, than we were in 1841. Mr. Williams exempted from the blame of those evils, to which he bore witness, "the pious memories of William of Canterbury, of Charles James of London, and of Frederick

William, King of Prussia, the author and promoters of the scheme." They were all actuated by a motive not very unlike that which took my brother himself to Russia; by a desire for greater unity, upon the primitive model, between divided portions of Christendom. Halting and imperfect must be that conception of a remedy for the divisions of Christendom, which can leave either Roman Catholics, or Orientals, or Anglicans, or Protestants of any name, out of sight. Different minds, under the influence of different theological ideas, will differ as to the degree and manner of approximation between all or any of them, which is possible without a compromise of duty and truth. To move in such a matter at all, without some risk of dangerous compromise, is difficult. If in my brother's judgment (and also in my own) the scheme of the Jerusalem Bishopric conceded to German Protestantism more than was consistent with the principles of the Church of England, I cannot affirm that the principles of the Church of England, rightly understood, warranted all the concessions which my brother himself was willing to make to the "Orthodox" Church. The King of Prussia conceded not a little, when he accepted Anglican Episcopacy as a bond of connection between the Protestantism of his own nation and the Church of England. It is probable even that he may have thought, and may have desired, to proceed further in that direction, if ever the state of religious opinion in Prussia should admit of it. He was not a Rationalist, but a Pietist; and he did what he could to promote in his own country an evangelical reaction from Rationalism. So far as the Eastern Church was concerned, there is no reason to suppose (the contrary, indeed, is to be inferred from my brother's own conversations with Russian ecclesiastics) that its authorities regarded, or were likely to regard, the mission of Bishop Alexander as an invasion of their spiritual jurisdiction, as long as he acted conformably with the injunctions which he received from those who sent him, and which Archbishop Howley communicated to the Eastern patriarchs and prelates in a commendatory letter[1] dated the 21st November 1841, in these terms:—

> That no one may be ignorant why we have sent this Bishop our brother, we make known to you that we have charged him in no wise and in no matter to invade the jurisdiction of you, the Bishops, or others having rule in the churches of the East, but rather to show you due honour and reverence, and to be ready, on all occasions and by all means, to cultivate diligently whatever promotes brotherly love, intercourse, and unanimity. We are persuaded that this our brother is willing, and will feel himself in conscience bound, to follow these our injunctions; and we beseech you, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to receive him as a brother, and to afford him all needful help.

The letter went on to express the Archbishop's

> longing desire to renew that ancient love towards the ancient churches of the East which has been suspended for ages; which, if restored, by the will and blessing of God, may have the effect of healing the schisms which have brought the most grievous calamities upon the Church of Christ.

Nor was it only in this formal way that Archbishop Howley manifested his goodwill towards the Eastern Church. Lord Aberdeen,[2] his personal friend, who was in official communication with him as Foreign Secretary in 1841, wrote thus to Bishop Wilberforce in January 1854 :—

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[1] Williams, *Orthodox Church of the East*, Appendix to Introduction.

[2] Williams, *ubi supra*, p. lxiv.

> From my intimacy with the late Archbishop, I had many opportunities of conversing with him upon the subject, and of learning his wishes and opinions. I should say that, in a religious point of view, he was opposed to all attempts at proselytising from the Greek Communion, and that he did not contemplate giving any sanction to secessions from it. He always spoke with great regard of the Eastern Church, and looked forward with hope to the possibility of some nearer connection hereafter between that communion and the Church of England.

CHAPTER XXIV

POETRY PROFESSORSHIP—OXFORD FRIENDS—VISIT TO IRELAND—450TH ANNIVERSARY OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

1841–1844

THE contest for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, between Mr. Isaac Williams and Mr. Garbett, began in 1841; and in January 1842 Williams, upon a comparison of promises (under some pressure from Bishop Bagot, Mr. Gladstone, and other friends), retired. I was secretary to his London Committee, and very zealous in his cause, to the disappointment of Claughton, then Vicar of Kidderminster; who would have liked to succeed Mr. Keble, and might have obtained that object of his ambition without difficulty, if Williams had not been brought forward, or if he had retired when first urged to do so. That contest was memorable to me for several reasons. I do not think I was personally known to Mr. Keble before it; but in December 1841, while it was going on, I was fellow-examiner with him for a scholarship at Winchester, and in that way, and also on account of the interest which we both felt in Mr. Williams's success, the foundation of much kindness and confidence, with which he afterwards treated me, was laid. And it was at the time of Mr. Williams's retirement (from whom he was the bearer of a letter to me on that subject) that I first saw Mountague Bernard, afterwards my pupil, my fast friend, and my colleague in important public services. He was a scholar of Trinity College, of which Williams was fellow,—an accomplished classic, and of great University reputation. It was also during that contest that I crossed swords controversially with Lord Ashley (afterwards Lord Shaftesbury), to my own satisfaction and that of Mr. Keble and other friends of Mr. Williams; though I perceive, from Mr. Hodder's memoir of my excellent antagonist, that he and his friends were equally convinced that the honours of the encounter were on his side.

Mr. Williams had contributed to the *Tracts for the Times* two thoughtful essays, full of the modest and reverent spirit which was characteristic of his writings. Their title, " On Reserve in communicating Religious Knowledge," caused some persons, who perhaps looked no further, to suspect them of recommending the suppression of truth, or garbling it in the process of teaching. Others, who may not have been examples of discretion or reverence in their own manner of handling sacred subjects, may have differed from the substance of what they found in those Tracts. An impression was in some way conveyed to Lord Ashley's mind, that there was something in them open to very grave objection; and he addressed to me, and published in the *Times* of the 11th December 1841, a letter justifying, on that ground, the opposition to Mr. Williams, and adducing Mr. Keble's example, as having published "disputed theology" under the guise of poetry, during his tenure of the Professor's Chair. The terms in which he did so were quoted by me, *verbatim*, in my reply:—

WINCHESTER, 15*th December* 1841.

MY LORD—I might not have troubled your Lordship with a reply to your letter to me of the 11th instant, but that I have just seen it printed in one of the newspapers.

This being the case, I cannot suffer the occasion to pass without observing, that I do not acquiesce in your Lordship's statement of the facts, which appear to you to justify the introduction of theological considerations into the present contest for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford.

Although most anxious, in common with the President and Fellows of my former College, to do all in my power to divest this contest of the theological character which seems to us not properly to belong to it; although I have been soliciting votes (as I shall continue to solicit them), most earnestly, on non-theological grounds, and acting with those who would not act with me if by so doing they became committed to particular theological opinions, I nevertheless subscribe to the principle laid down by your Lordship, that there are limits in theological speculation which no member of the Church should be suffered to pass with impunity,—limits, the transgression of which would disqualify the transgressor for any academical station, however unconnected with the proper province of the theologian. But when it is alleged that a man well qualified for the office he seeks has actually passed those limits, the *onus* of making out a case certainly lies upon those who say so.

You consider that Mr. Williams has transgressed the limits in question, by publishing "the Tract entitled *Reserve in communicating Religious Knowledge*"; which your Lordship represents to have opposed itself to the practice of the inspired Apostle, who "did not shun to declare to his hearers the whole counsel of God"; and you describe it as "teaching the distinction of exoteric and esoteric doctrines in the Church of England,"—"obscuring the perspicuity of the Gospel by the philosophy of Paganism," and "making the places set apart for the ministrations of the preacher as mystical and incomprehensible as the groves of Eleusis."

In reply, I can only say, that I wish every one who reads your Lordship's letter, and feels with your Lordship that, to justify a vote against Mr. Williams, he must have recourse to some legitimate ground of disqualification in what Mr. Williams has himself said or done as a theologian,—I wish every such person, as an act of common justice, would read for himself what Mr. Williams has written, and judge for himself whether you have given a correct account of it. If I can at all understand Mr. Williams, he has not taught, or intended to teach, what you have imputed to him. I say nothing about what he may have taught; that is another matter, it may or it may not be open to objection; but, at all events, I deny that it is open to those particular objections which you urge. I deny that Mr. Williams has taught that "the whole counsel of God" is not to be freely declared to all who will receive it. I deny that he has taught that there is, or ought to be, a distinction of "exoteric and esoteric doctrine in the Church of England." I deny (so far as I can attach any definite meaning to your words) that he has "obscured the perspicuity of the Gospel by the philosophy of Paganism," or "made the places set apart for the ministrations of the preacher as mystical and incomprehensible as the groves of Eleusis."

I observe that your Lordship speaks of "the Tract" on Reserve as if it were only a single Tract; when, in fact, Mr. Williams has published two, besides an explanation of what had been misunderstood in them, addressed to the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. This leads me to hope that your Lordship may not yourself have had an opportunity of perusing the whole of those Tracts, but may have trusted, more or less (as other highly-respected persons appear to have done), to representations which appear to have obtained considerable currency, but which seem to be founded chiefly on a misapprehension of Mr. Williams's *title.* I can hardly bring myself to believe that, after receiving an attentive perusal from a person of your Lordship's known candour and ability, they would have been spoken of in the terms which you have applied to them in your letter.

I cannot refrain from adding that there is another (perhaps important) mistake, as to a matter of fact, in your Lordship's letter. Mr. Keble, the present Professor of Poetry, has not (that I am aware of) published any poems whatever since his election to the Professorship, except a few contributions to the *Lyra Apostolica*, which appeared *without* "the attraction of his respected name," or "the authority of his official station,"—an Ode upon the Duke of Wellington's Installation at Oxford, which will scarcely be said to contain any "disputed theology,"—and a metrical translation of the Psalms of David, to which I have never yet heard any objection of a theological nature made.

As your Lordship has published your letter to me, I trust you will excuse me for doing the same. I should add, that I have had no opportunity, since I saw your letter in print, of communicating with my colleagues on Mr. Williams's London Committee, and that I am the only person responsible for what I have written.—I have the honour to be, etc.,

ROUNDELL PALMER.

Lord Ashley, in a second letter, which appeared in the *Times* of the 6th January 1842, enclosed for publication an anonymous letter, which he considered to "make any comment superfluous." In this there was nothing at all about Mr. Williams's Tracts; its object was to support the statements contained in the first letter as to Mr. Keble. "These" (said the anonymous writer, perhaps the original source of Lord Ashley's information) "were substantially correct." "The call for technical proof, for the publication of a name in a title-page, was only fit for a criminal Court. But what innocent man ever sheltered himself under such a plea, or thus attempted to evade the real question?" Neither the *Christian Year*, nor the *Psalter*, appeared with Mr. Keble's name in their front. At the end of the *Psalter* there was an advertisement of Mr. Parker's (the bookseller's) publications, in which the third edition of the *Lyra Apostolica* was advertised between the seventeenth edition of the *Christian Year* and Mr. Keble's *Selections from Hooker*. "As a matter of fact" (it was added), "it is quite notorious that the *Lyra Apostolica* has always been sold as a work edited, though not wholly written, by Professor Keble.

My reply to this (in the *Times* of the 8th January) was, that it was quite new to me that evidence as to the authorship or editorship of an anonymous publication could be derived from the collocation and order of a publisher's advertisements;—that, as to the matter of fact, Mr. Keble did *not* edit the *Lyra Apostolica;* the real editor had informed me that Mr. Keble had no part whatever of the responsibility of the work; that it was projected by one person, who asked for contributions from his friends; and that, to the best of his knowledge, Mr. Keble had never acknowledged himself as the author of a single poem contained in it.

So ended that matter. It was tolerably clear that Lord Ashley had been misled by some one not altogether worthy of his confidence. I lived to participate heartily in the general appreciation of his great qualities and splendid service to his fellow-men; and

I should have thought it an honour if I had myself, at any time, enjoyed his confidence.

To the Rev. Isaac Williams

Lincoln's Inn, 31*st March* 1842.

My dear Mr. Williams— . . . I have been as much interested as delighted by the book (*The Baptistry*), and have found in it additional reason to be thankful for your regard, and to hope that I may have many opportunities of deriving benefit from it. In these times of perplexity and disputations (not harmless even when necessary), it is cheering and salutary to be recalled, especially in such a way, to the *practice* of religion. Every day makes me feel more and more, that the deficiency of such as I am in this respect, who have been presuming to exercise ourselves in great matters without refraining our souls, is a main cause of the scandals which threaten to obstruct the progress of Catholic truth.—Believe me, my dear sir, ever yours most truly,

Roundell Palmer.

My brother William gave up his tutorship at Magdalen in 1842. He visited Russia, for the second time, in August of that year, and remained till July 1843. I shall mention the circumstances which led to that visit, and which constituted a new point of departure in his ecclesiastical course, when I speak of its sequel. In the meantime we had at home two or three years of comparative rest.

I examined for the Ireland Scholarship in 1842, together with Claughton and my old master, Dr. Williams, whose guest I was at New College, where he had succeeded Bishop Shuttleworth as Warden. Basil Jones, then scholar of Trinity, now Bishop of St. David's, was the successful candidate ; Frederick

Temple, then scholar of Balliol, now Bishop of London, was among those most distinguished in the competition. Dr. Williams did not approve of the theological line which (in common with my brother William) I seemed to him and to many others to be at that time taking. But he was not less my friend, and so he continued to the end of his life; long before which all real difference of opinion between us had disappeared. Himself a good Churchman of the old school, and bringing to the consideration of disputed questions strong practical sense, he disliked all violent extremes; but he was fair and just to every man, and an advocate always of peaceable, temperate, and moderate counsels. I found him, in the capacity of fellow-examiner, what I had formerly known him as a teacher—a man of refined taste and sound judgment, discriminating, modest, and manly.

Frederic Faber (then one of Newman's most enthusiastic disciples) accepted from his College in the summer of 1843 the living of Elton, near Oundle, on the banks of the Nene, with a fine church, in a district where fine churches abound. He had published more than one volume of poems, and a semi-poetical account of his travels among "Foreign Churches and Peoples." His earliest volume (*The Cherwell Water-Lily*, etc.) was dedicated to myself. I repaid the compliment by reviewing those poems in the *British Critic*, with praise which was quite sincere. He was for some time tutor of University College, and afterwards curate of Ambleside, where his preaching was popular, and he became intimate at Rydal Mount. I visited him there, and spent a day at Rydal Mount in his and the poet Wordsworth's company, who spoke of him (not to myself, but to a man since eminent in public life, who repeated the saying to me), as having, more than any other man known to him, a sympathy with Nature, like his own. I also visited him several times at Elton, and went with him to the most interesting places in that neighbourhood. The memory of those excursions, pleasant in themselves, is associated with my latest years of the old sort of intercourse with him. He lived in his household and among his parishioners in a very primitive fashion, taking no account, in his behaviour towards them, of the difference between poor and rich, but winning the hearts of all. Luxury was banished from his house; his expenditure upon his Church and people (assisted by very generous help from others) was large; upon himself it was nothing. That he was in all financial respects prudent I cannot affirm; but he carried into his work a spirit of love and ardent zeal, not unlike that of the founders of religious orders in ancient times.

Another friend, John Robert Godley, began in 1843-44 to make his mark upon the world, which, if he had obtained a seat in Parliament, might have been more considerable, but which was not unimportant as it was. He visited British North America in 1843, and after his return published two volumes of *Letters*, embodying his observations on what he had heard and seen there. These, at his request, I looked over in their passage through the press; and from that time he was one of my best correspondents. He was a born politician, an accurate observer of men and things, a serious thinker, liberal, candid, high-principled, actuated always by a strong sense of duty, and by a spirit of wise benevolence. His father, a good man and good landlord, was owner of an estate at Killegar, in the county of Leitrim, near the borders of Cavan. There he had built a house and planted a pleasant demesne, encircling with its young woods a chain of three or four lakes, fringed with luxuriant masses of tall king-fern (*Osmunda regalis*). He built a church also, which at that time was served by Henry O'Brien, brother of Sir Lucius and William Smith O'Brien, who married my friend's eldest sister. There I visited him, in the autumn of 1843, when I first travelled in Ireland. I took Stanhope on my way, passing more than a week with Mr. Darnell (the Rector), whose son Nicholas was also one of my friends. I crossed from Portpatrick (a mere hole in a rock) to Donaghadee, near Belfast—an easy passage of less than two hours. After seeing Belfast, the Giant's Causeway, and Londonderry, I turned back through Armagh to Stackallan, a house belonging to Lord Boyne, in which St. Columba's College had been recently founded by William Sewell of Oxford and some of his friends. The College was interesting; but the neighbouring scenery of the river Boyne—a very beautiful combination of rock, wood, and water—with the site of the famous battle marked by a monumental obelisk, was still more so. From thence I made my way, through Meath and Cavan, to Killegar; seeing on the road the round tower and ecclesiastical antiquities of Kells. I spent at Killegar about three weeks, visiting from it (among other places) Lord Farnham's picturesque lakes—one of the islands in which was the traditionary retreat of Bishop Bedell. From Killegar I went to Hazlewood, near Sligo, with an introduction to Mr. Wynne, an Irish privy-councillor, the hospitable owner of that beautiful place. Lough Gill, a great part of which is included in the Hazlewood property, is not so well known to most English travellers as it deserves to be. It is remarkable for the contrast, on its opposite sides, of two geological formations;—on the north, very lofty but bare and flat-topped limestone mountains; on the south and west, slate mountains, less lofty, but of varied craggy outline, and richly clothed with wood. I went forward, through Sligo and Mayo, under the base of the great cone of the Nephinbog mountain, to Westport, where I rested, with Achill and the many islands of Clew Bay to seaward, and, in front, the high peak of Croagh-Patrick, the "holy mountain," an outpost of the Connemara district. Then I went to the "Killeries," and was rowed across that beautiful creek among the hills by a crew who could speak nothing but Irish, and who insisted on taking me where I did not want to go; all interchange of ideas between us being impossible. There I first met with abundance of the large-flowered Irish heath (*Menziesia polifolia*), purple and white, as well as London-Pride, and other rare saxifrages. I passed on, by

Kylemore Lake, to Clifden, and through the Connemara mountains to Galway; thence through Clare to Limerick, crossing, not far from Galway but within the borders of Clare, a singularly wild tract of pasture land, with great limestone rocks, generally perpendicular and rectangular, but seldom high, cropping up at intervals all over its surface. At Tervoe, near Limerick, I was the guest of my schoolfellow, William Monsell (afterwards Lord Emly); and from his house visited his mother-in-law, Lady Dunraven, at Adare Manor; Sir Lucius O'Brien at Dromoland; and Augustus Stafford (then Stafford O'Brien) at a sort of cottage which he had on the banks of the Shannon, over the entrance to which was the inscription "*Amicis pateat omnibus, etiam fictis*,"[1] a sentiment characteristic of a man whose fine qualities were disguised by a strong cross-grain of affectation. From Limerick I went to Killarney, where I made the usual circuit of the lakes and the Gap of Dunloe in brilliant weather, with the utmost possible degree of physical and intellectual enjoyment. In all these journeys I was quite alone. All of them were made in the open cars of the country, an excellent mode of conveyance for seeing scenery, provided you are on the side facing it; but, if you are on the wrong side, very tantalising. From Killarney I took the stage-coach to Dublin, and returned to England by way of Liverpool. Of the other southern counties of Ireland I saw nothing.

The leading impressions made upon me by the

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[1] Be it open to all, even to false, friends.

"The Pass of Kylemore has a beautiful lake in the middle, occupying a flat bottom between the mountains. This is meant for the entrance when you come to the first of the Black Lakes; but it is quite inadequate to give any idea."—R. P.

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scenery of those parts of the maritime counties of Ireland which I visited were, that they would be very beautiful if they had more wood, but that they were then generally desolate for want of it. The parts of the interior, also, which I traversed, were very bare of wood, except on the banks of the river Boyne and the larger lakes. Ulster was at least as destitute of fine trees as any other province. There were signs of slovenly farming everywhere; even in Ulster, the grass-lands were generally full of ragweed (*Senecio Jacobaea*). I was struck, especially in the counties of Leitrim and Cavan, with the extraordinary number of lakes and natural pools, many of them of considerable size. Upon the map of the large parish of Carigallen, in which Killegar was situate, I counted lakes till I was tired; when I had got beyond two hundred I left off without coming to the end of them. Except at the Killeries, I did not fall in with anybody who could not speak English. I found the people more mercurial and agreeable in the south and west than in the north. It was a year of intense political excitement; that in which O'Connell had been holding monster meetings, and was prosecuted by the Government; his followers seemed ripe for insurrection, if they had only received the word of command. Nevertheless, wherever I went, Englishman though I was, I found the people (in the south-west particularly) good-humoured, courteous, and obliging. I wished to have seen something of Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, and tried to get introductions to Roman Catholic families; but none of my Protestant friends could give them; the social barrier seemed impassable. Tervoe was the only house in which I met a single Roman Catholic; there a priest came, once or oftener, to luncheon. The Protestantism of the families in whose houses I was received (not excepting Killegar, though my friend, John Robert Godley, himself was candid and liberal, and inclined to go to a reasonable extent with the Oxford Movement) was of an extremely decided type, sometimes austere and Puritanical. But its sincerity and earnestness impressed me strongly, and commanded my respect; it was no merely negative form of religion. The state of the churches generally was deplorable. Except St. Patrick's Cathedral and Christ Church in Dublin (neither of them then restored), and Armagh, which, though not large, had been renewed with some taste and care, the Cathedrals which I saw did not deserve that name; and the parish churches, both of the Anglican and of the Roman Communion, were very mean, and quite without architectural beauty. If an ancient church was anywhere seen, it was in ruins. I believe that in this, as in many other respects, the progress of improvement in Ireland from 1843 to 1880 was great, and that, if political agitation and social disturbance would subside, it might be still greater.

[My Father's account of his visit to Ireland was entirely from memory, after a lapse of forty-four years. These letters, written to his brother Edwin, have lately come into my possession, and are, I think, worth printing, though involving some repetition.—S. M. P.]

9th September 1843.

I nearly picked a quarrel with a Repealer, who opened tongue to the people in the market place of Larne, while the car was being put to the horses. He told them, pointing to the poorhouse, that if there were Repeal, there would be no need of poorhouses, because there would be no poor—and that poverty existed in Ireland because their laws were made by English and not by themselves. The good people of Larne, however, were not to be taken in by any such gammon; they said, the English laws were the best they could have, and that when the Irish had a Parliament of their own, they made much worse, and the people were poorer than now. These arguments were used with great volubility, address, and effect, by artisans of the lowest class, some of them mere boys—and when my friend proceeded to say, "I attended a Repeal meeting at such a place last week," they very pertinently stopped his mouth with "the bigger fool you." From this you may perceive that the peasantry of the county of Antrim, as indeed of Ulster generally, are pretty decided in their view of politics.

When we had left Larne, I quietly asked my friend the Repealer, whether he believed there would be no poor in Ireland if the Repeal were carried. (*N.B.* he was evidently a man of education and intelligence, all but a gentleman.) He answered, "No: but I think there would not be so many." I reminded him that he had told the people there would be *none.* He began to shuffle and equivocate and I said no more; but he did not address the people again during the rest of the journey.

KILLEGAR, *17th September* 1843.

A more beautiful place than Mr. Godley's (Killegar) no one need wish to have; the bathing in, and the duck-shooting upon, the lakes, are splendid. Horsley may be interested to know that partridges are nearly extinct in Ireland; and pheasants scarcely ever preserved; grouse not abundant. Hares, rabbits, woodcocks, snipe, and wildfowl, are the only game off the moors—and sportsmen enjoy their shooting without either gamekeepers, poachers, or money out of pocket for feeding. Mr. Godley's family consists of himself and his wife, who is sister to the lately-appointed Bishop of Cashel; my friend (his eldest son); your acquaintance (the second), who is now reading with Bernard in Germany; a son in the army, named Denis, who is now here on leave, and is a very nice fellow; two younger sons at school; one married, and one unmarried daughter. They are all a very excellently disposed (saving the Protestantism of the parents), highly educated, and agreeable family. Mr. O'Brien is the clergyman of the district, and his church is just outside the gates. He is a descendant of the old Irish chieftains of the south, and (what is much better) a truly Catholic-minded and every way good man, whose acquaintance I rejoice to have made. One of his brothers, Mr. Smith O'Brien, is in Parliament, and (unlike himself) all but a Repealer, though a gentleman still. Another brother, Sir Lucius O'Brien, lives in Clare, and I shall probably visit him as I go south. I said that Mr. and Mrs. Godley were "Protestants," and so (no doubt) they are, in their horror of Popery and all things else which they conceive to belong to it; but in moral *tone and spirit* they cannot be distinguished from the mass of good English Churchmen of the old school; they are not at all puritanical; and I think it surprising that, being so nearly connected as they are with Bishop Daly, the head of the Evangelical party of Ireland, they are not much more Low Church than they are. The dispositions of their children are altogether excellent; that of my friend positively noble. You must know that it is a fact that the word *Protestant* is here *appropriated* to the Church of England, in an exclusive sense.

WESTPORT, COUNTY MAYO, 24*th September* 1843.

Godley contrived while I remained at Killegar to show me as much as possible of the surrounding country. Our chief excursions were—(1) Florence Court (Lord Enniskillen's), a splendid demesne, situated at the immediate base of the mountains which form the principal feature in all the views from N.E. side of Leitrim—the mountains are exceedingly picturesque and rugged. (2) Crum Castle, Lord Erne's house at the head of upper Loch Erne, which is one of the largest lakes, 30 to 40 miles long and in some places 9 miles wide. We went a sail in Lord Erne's yacht; there was a sort of regatta in which nine yachts took part, and the Godleys and I voted it very stupid.

After we left Crum, the state of my arm, which I had hurt while at Florence Court and used too much at Crum Castle, kept me at home until our visit to Farnham. I used the opportunity to go with Godley to see cottages, and also went with him to the "Carigallen Petty Sessions," and there was enabled to study an extremely amusing chapter in the administration of British justice. It appears that in Ireland the petty sessions act as a sort of local court for the redress of all sorts of civil grievances between man and man (which they settle for the most part *secundum arbitrium boni civi*, without any laws and with the most ludicrous irregularity of procedure), besides taking cognisance of criminal charges. Were not my time and paper exhaustible, I could make you laugh by sketching off a "report" on two of these cases as I heard them.

On Monday last we went to Farnham, where nothing could exceed the kind attention of our host and hostess, though, the house being full, they had plenty of people to attend to besides ourselves.

. . . I went by mail from Enniskillen to Hazlewood near Sligo, the most beautiful of all the country residences in Ireland; or, as Godley will have it, in the United Kingdom. Mr. Wynne, the owner, is a great friend of Godley's; he is also one of the most useful and valuable specimens of Irish country gentlemen, residing always on his estate and devoting himself entirely to the discharge of his duties. Add to this that he is a Wykehamist, a botanist, an admirable draughtsman, a man of great intelligence and mental cultivation, about forty years old, married to a lady of the Ormonde family, and that they have family prayers, and you will understand that I could not do otherwise than highly enjoy this visit. . . . Hazlewood is situated on a large peninsula projecting into Lough Gill on the North side. There are twenty-one islands, two of them of considerable size, and containing each the ruins of a sixth-century church; all the islands are beautifully wooded, their rocky sides being covered with arbutus in full flower, the holly, the spindletree, the guelder rose, oak and birch, etc. On the whole one cannot say too much for the beauty of the lake, which resembles the Cumberland lakes in character on the south side, while all the rest has a character of its own; it is bounded by two ridges of high mountains, and the head of the lake is formed by magnificent yew-covered rocks uniting with an upland track, which descends from the limestone mountains to Manor Hamilton.

. . . I went to church at Westport, where the church is in Lord Sligo's grounds. The arrangements are somewhat unique: entrance from the north transept; gallery overhead; ditto opposite, in south transept; a stove in the centre; the whole of the nave and east end, pewed, with a passage down the middle; west end, pulpit in the centre against a blank window in the wall, organ above the pulpit, *altar* below the pulpit; a reading-desk on each side of the pulpit, a little lower, but also above the altar; a window behind each reading-desk, a circular rail (through which there is an entrance), before the altar, and short steps up to each reading-desk, altar, etc., flanked by pews. It is but fair to mention that I went into the Roman Catholic chapel also, where I saw a square Grecian building in bad taste, blocked up with galleries, north, south, and west; an altar in bad Grecian style; the organ-loft was *over* the altar. I have seen many R.C. chapels since I came to Ireland, some with, but the greater part without, pretensions to architectural design,—but all, without exception, worthy of Protestantism in their general effect.

ADARE MANOR, *4th October* 1843.

Tervoe is a very handsome house and park on the banks of the Shannon, 4 miles from Limerick; its owner, besides having the claims upon me of an old friend (he was with me at Winchester and at Oxford), is a most excellent and well-informed Churchman, which class of persons seems to be less deficient here than in most parts of Ireland. This made my stay at Tervoe particularly agreeable, and induced me to prolong it. During my visit, I think I had more agreeable conversations, and also acquired more information about the state of religion in Ireland, than during all the rest of my tour. I met there several persons of the same way of thinking with Mr. Monsell and myself, whose acquaintance I should anywhere have been glad to make,—particularly Augustus O'Brien, one of the members for Northamptonshire; Mr. De Vere (the elder brother of Aubrey de Vere, whose poems you know), Mr. Charles

Monsell, cousin to my host; these are all "animæ candidiores"; and it is hopeful that in the "truly Protestant" Church of Ireland, and even in some of her most ultra-Protestant families, such men should have sprung up.

I will mention a fact illustrative of the "Protestantism of Ireland" (William may be interested), told me by these gentlemen, from their own experience and observation. In the diocese of Down, the Bishop (Mant) was personally assisting at the Altar, when, immediately after the Nicene Creed, the Rector gave out the following announcement: "On Sunday next, the service in this Church will be at eleven instead of twelve o'clock, in order to enable the congregation to attend after the prayers at the Presbyterian Chapel, where a sermon will be preached for the 'Charities of the Parish.'" The Bishop immediately turned round and said, "You will have the goodness, sir, to tell the congregation that the service will take place next Sunday morning at *twelve o'clock*, the usual hour";—with which injunction the Rector reluctantly complied.

It would be unfair not to say that the Protestants of Ireland have this testimony in their favour, that they are sincere, zealous, and religious, so far as their miserable system will allow them; and their sincerity is, under God's blessing, already bringing forth the fruit of some progress towards a better state of opinion and practice.

An advantage which I have enjoyed, while staying with Mr. Monsell, has been the society of a Roman Catholic priest, of superior intelligence, named Bourke, who is chaplain to Limerick Jail,—and who sympathises enough with his own class to give one reason to rely on his representing them fairly, while he is frank enough to talk readily upon all subjects.

He tells me that the destruction of the Established Church, as a temporal Establishment, with the suppression of its endowments, would follow the Repeal of the Union as a matter of course, and that this is an object which the whole Roman Catholic party aim at. Next, he says the Roman Catholic party are divided as to what should be done with the Church property; the laity being afraid of increasing the power of the clergy, and being therefore desirous of keeping it themselves, which Father Bourke thinks would be the actual result; the majority of the clergy adopt the same language and profess the same views on the subject with the laity, from reasons *of expediency;* and a few (among others his own Bishop of Limerick), protesting against any diversion of the property from spiritual uses as sacrilege, and insisting upon every shilling of it as being *de jure*, and inalienably, their own.

He adds that the Bishop of Limerick, and at least three other Bishops, are Anti-Repealers, and are known as such, whatever may have been said to the contrary; and that the clergy generally have been followers, and reluctant followers, not leaders, in the Repeal agitation, which they are conscious can lead to no practical result,—that many who have used violent language have done so because they were under suspicion of being disaffected to the cause,—that in fact, they are in slavery to the people, with whom they must act in all cases of popular movement, unless they would lose both their influence and their means of support.

We asked him how it was that the clergy, *himself included*, were Repealers in the diocese of Limerick, where the Bishop was against Repeal.

"Oh!" he said, "the Bishop has no power: *it is the people.*"— He further told us that if O'Connell were to give the word the people would rise; and then, "it would not be like '98, but it would be a war of extermination between Protestants and Catholics from one end of Ireland to the other."

The priests generally, according to Father Bourke, would not dislike being paid by the State, if the payment were unaccompanied by any *quid pro quo;* but that the people and agitators would oppose it, as tending to withdraw the priests from their control, and ally them with the Government; and that such opposition would deter the priests from accepting payment, however much they might desire it.

I came here from Dromland Castle, where I spent a night with Sir Lucius O'Brien. He is Lord-Lieutenant of Clare County, and is universally spoken of as a most excellent landlord. He took me about all round his nearer property, and gave me his views on a variety of subjects relating to the condition of the people, which agreed, on the whole, better with my own observations than any I had elsewhere heard expressed by Irishmen. In the grounds here (Lord Dunraven's) there are no less than *three* old ruined Abbeys, and a large ruined Castle of early date. This cluster of Abbeys is something quite unique. Lord Dunraven has been ten years building his new Castle, which is only half done and will be magnificent. His son is an excellent Churchman; he and his wife, Lady Adare (a friend of Eleanor's), are unluckily away. Lord Dunraven is, like Sir Lucius O'Brien, a man of much judgment and experience as a landlord, and I enjoyed hearing the views of both, as they do not in all respects agree.

Give my love to my Mother and everybody. R. P.

The summer of 1843 saw the proceedings of the (so-called) Board of Heresy at Oxford against Dr. Pusey, for a sermon on the Holy Eucharist, the doctrine of which even moderate High Churchmen, such as my Father, thought unexceptionable.

On the 28th March 1843, the 450th anniversary of the completion of the building of Winchester College, and of the solemn entry into it of Wykeham's Warden, Fellows, and Scholars, I projected and began a sort of ballad-poem in honour of William of Wykeham and his works, which I printed and circulated among my friends, at Winchester and elsewhere, early in the following year. It was well received by Wykehamists generally; my Father also, and Dr. Moberly, Mr. Keble, and Wordsworth the poet, thought it worthy of their praise. Those for whom I write these Memorials may like to see it reproduced:—

In the days of our forefathers, the gallant days of old,
When Cressy's wondrous tale in Europe's ears was told;
When the brave and gentle Prince, with his heroic peers,
Met France and all her knighthood in the vineyards of Poictiers;

When captive kings on Edward's state right humbly did attend;
When England's chivalry began the gartered knee to bend:
Then in the foremost place, among the noblest of the land,
Stood Wykeham, the great Bishop, upon the King's right hand.

But when gracious Edward slept, and Richard wore the crown,
Forth came good William Wykeham, and meekly knelt him down.
Then out spake young King Richard: "What boon can Wykeham
ask,
Which can surpass his worth, or our bounty overtask?
For art thou not our Chancellor? and where in all the realm
Is a wiser man or better, to guide the labouring helm?
And thou know'st the holy lore, and the mason's cunning skill:
So speak the word, good Wykeham, for thou shalt have thy will."

"I ask not wealth or honour," the Bishop lowly said,
"Too much of both thy grandsire's hand heaped on a poor
monk's head:
This world it is a weary load, it presses down my soul;
Fain would I pay my vows, and to Heav'n restore the whole.
Grant me that two fair Colleges, beneath thy charters sure,
At Oxford and at Winchester, for ever may endure,
Which Wykeham's hands shall raise upon the grassy sod,
In the name of Blessed Mary, and for the love of God."

The King he sealed the charters, and Wykeham traced the plan,
And God, Who gave him wisdom, prospered the lowly man:
So two fair Colleges arose, one in calm Oxford's glade,
And one where Itchin sparkles beneath the plane-tree shade.
There seventy true-born English boys he nourished year by year
In the nurture of good learning, and in God's holy fear;
And gave them steadfast laws, and bade them never move
Without sweet sign of fellowship, and gentle links of love.

They grew beside his pastoral throne, and kept his counsels sage,
And the good man rejoiced to bear such fruit in his old age:
He heard the pealing notes of praise, which morn and evening
rung
Forth from their vaulted chapel, by their clear voices sung;

His eye beheld them two by two their comely order keep
Along the Minster's sacred aisles, and up the beech-crowned steep;
And when he went to his reward, they shed the pious tear,
And sang the hallowed requiem over his saintly bier.

Then came the dark and evil time, when English blood was shed
All over fertile England, for the White Rose or the Red;
But still in Wykeham's Chapel the notes of praise were heard,
And still in Wykeham's College they taught the sacred Word;
And in the grey of morning, on every saint's-day still,
That black-gowned troop of brothers was winding up the hill:
There in the hollow trench, which the Danish pirate made,
Or through the broad encampment, the peaceful scholars played.

Trained in such gentle discipline from childhood to their prime,
Grew mighty men and merciful, in that distracted time;
Men on whom Wykeham's mantle fell, who stood beside their king
Even in his place, and bore his staff, and the same pastoral ring;
Who taught Heaven-destined monarchs to emulate his deeds
Upon the banks of Cam, and in Eton's flowery meads;
Founders of other colleges by Cherwell's lilied side,
Who laid their bones with his, when in ripe old age they died.

And after that, when love grew cold, and Christendom was rent,
And sinful churches laid them down in sackcloth to repent;
When impious men bore sway, and wasted church and shrine
And cloister and old abbey, the works of men divine;
Though upon all things sacred their robber hands they laid,
They did not tear from Wykeham's gates the Blessed Mother-Maid:
But still in Wykeham's cloisters fair wisdom did increase,
And then his sons began to learn the golden songs of Greece.

And all through great Eliza's reign, those days of pomp and pride,
They kept the laws of Wykeham, and did not swerve aside:
Still in their vaulted chapel, and in the Minster fair,
And in their lamplit chambers, they said the frequent prayer:

And when the Scottish plague-spot ran withering through the
land,
The sons of Wykeham knelt beneath meek Andrewes' fostering
hand,
And none of all the faithless, who swore th' unhallowed vow,
Drank of the crystal waters beneath the plane-tree bough.

Dread was the hour, but short as dread, when from the guarded
down
Fierce Cromwell's rebel soldiery kept watch o'er Wykeham's
town:
Beneath their pointed cannon all Itchin's valley lay,
St. Catherine's breezy side, and the woodlands far away,
The huge Cathedral sleeping in venerable gloom,
The modest College tower, and the bedesmen's Norman home.
They spoiled the graves of valiant men, warrior and saint and
sage,
But at the grave of Wykeham good angels quenched their rage.

Good angels still were there, when the base-hearted son
Of Charles, the royal martyr, his course of shame did run:
Then in those cloisters holy Ken strengthened with deeper
prayer
His own and his dear scholars' souls to what pure souls should
dare;
Bold to rebuke enthronèd sin with calm undazzled faith,
Whether amid the pomp of courts, or on the bed of death;
Firm against kingly terrors in his free country's cause,
Faithful to God's Anointed against a world's applause.

Since then, what wars, what tumults, what change has Europe
seen!
But never since in Itchin's vale has war or tumult been.
God's mercies have been with us, His favour still has blest
The memories sweet and glorious deeds of the good men at
rest;
The many prayers, the daily praise, the nurture in the Word,
Have not in vain ascended up before the gracious Lord:

Nations, and thrones, and reverend laws, have melted like a dream;
Yet Wykeham's works are green and fresh beside the crystal stream.

Four hundred years and fifty their rolling course have sped
Since the first serge-clad scholar to Wykeham's feet was led;
And still his seventy faithful boys, in these presumptuous days,
Learn the old truths, speak the old words, tread in the ancient ways:
Still for their daily orisons resounds the matin chime;
Still linked in bands of brotherhood St. Catherine's steep they climb;
Still to their Sabbath worship they troop by Wykeham's tomb;
Still in the summer twilight sing their sweet song of Home.

And at th' appointed seasons, when Wykeham's bounties claim
The full heart's solemn tribute from those who love his name,
Still shall his white-robed children, as age on age rolls by,
At Oxford and at Winchester, give thanks to God most High:
And amid Kings and Martyrs shedding down glorious light,
While the deep-echoing organ swells to the vaulted height,
With grateful thoughts o'erflowing at the mercies they behold,
They shall praise their sainted fathers, the famous men of old.

At the next Wykehamist dinner, before these lines were well known, I was called upon unexpectedly, by several voices, to recite them; but I did not obey the call, partly from fear of tediousness, and partly because I had that year, as secretary, tried the experiment of dispensing with music at the dinner (which was not popular); and I did not like the appearance of substituting for it my own verses. Upon this, Mr. Austen Leigh, a good old Wykehamist, who was one of the company, rose and read them out himself; which he did with so much feeling and spirit, as to win for them an applause which I might not myself have been able to command.

11 New Square, Lincoln's Inn,
2nd March 1844.

Dear Mr. Keble—May I ask you to do me the great favour of reading over the enclosed verses, and telling me whether you think I should do a very foolish thing if I printed them for private and anonymous circulation among my Wykehamical friends? I have not shown them to any one except the friend who lives with me here, and I promise you faithfully that, if you advise me to suppress them I shall act on your advice, and not feel at all mortified by it, but, on the contrary, much obliged to you. That they have many faults and weaknesses, I am well aware; and I feel considerable misgiving about them altogether. They were principally written about this time last year; but when the impulse which set me upon beginning them had gone off, I laid them aside unfinished, and did not complete them till very lately.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Keble, ever yours faithfully,
Roundell Palmer.

Another honour, which I esteemed highly, was done me by Mr. Keble in 1844. He published his Lectures, as Professor of Poetry at Oxford; an admirable work, which, being in the Latin language, is to this day accessible to scholars only. He asked Charles Wordsworth and myself to read over the proof-sheets while passing through the press, and to make such remarks as might occur to us. The only criticism upon which I ventured was grounded on his summary rejection of the opinion, that in parts of the *Persians* of Aeschylus there is a comic or satirical intention. I gave reasons, supported by quotations, in favour of that opinion, which were so well received by him, that he asked me to put them into Latin; which I did; and he incorporated my essay (as the production of a friend, not named) into his own work: where it now appears, under the title, *Monitum de Persis Aeschyli*,[1] as an appendix to his second volume.

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[1] Note as to the *Persians* of Aeschylus.

CHAPTER XXV

PROFESSIONAL PROGRESS—LEGAL CONTEMPORARIES AND FRIENDS

1843–1847

From the time when I ceased to be a contributor to the *Times* in 1843, till I entered Parliament, I gave myself up to the business of the law, not permitting even those other interests which had most attraction for me to encroach upon it. I went less than ever into general society, and was content to forgo the opportunities, which I might otherwise have had, of acquaintance and intercourse with men of eminence in literature and politics, whom it would have been a privilege to know.

In the spring of 1843 I removed from the Chapel Staircase to larger and more commodious chambers, which I purchased from Lord Langdale, Master of the Rolls, on the two upper floors of No. 11 New Square, Lincoln's Inn. That part of Lincoln's Inn had been built, or rebuilt, after the Fire of London, upon leases at small ground-rents for six successive lives, to be nominated one after another; each person whose life was put in being required to be at the time a member of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, who were the ground landlords. The chambers consisted of a spacious business-room and library, with several bedrooms, and good accommodation for clerks and pupils, all very well fitted up and furnished. Lord Langdale had himself occupied them during the time of his practice at the Bar, and was succeeded in them by Mr. Sutton Sharpe, who was for some time at the head of the junior Equity Bar, and leader, when Queen's Counsel, in the newly-constituted Court of Vice-Chancellor Wigram. It was upon his premature death, in 1843, that I purchased them; and my occupation of them, which then began, continued for twenty-nine years. The life on which they were held (that of Sir Robert Heron, a Cornish baronet) was third from the commencement of the lease, the first having been put in soon after the Great Fire. I parted, at the same time, with my old chambers on the Chapel Staircase to Mr. Darnell of Stanhope. He bought them for his son Nicholas, who lived much with me (almost like a brother) then, and for several years afterwards. He was "Praefect of Hall" at Winchester when Charles Wordsworth went there as Second Master, and in 1836 succeeded to a fellowship at New College;—as bright and prepossessing a young man as it was ever my lot to know; accomplished in manly exercises, with enough ability and scholarship to give promise of academical honours. He did not, however, fulfil that promise; and, after taking his degree, he came to London to read for the Bar. I had been interested in him from the time that he was a schoolboy. Frederic Faber also was much attached to him, and his society was agreeable to my brothers as well as to myself. He was handsome, ingenuous, honourable, of pure life; naturally sprightly, but with an under-current of seriousness. His failure at Oxford discouraged him, and made him diffident of himself; and some other circumstances concurred to break down his high spirits, and to produce a reserve which no effort of mine could dissipate. He gravitated, without my knowledge, towards the Roman Catholic Church; and his secession to it, in the summer of 1847, took me by surprise.

I had not been long settled in my new chambers, when business began to increase; it was doubled before the end of 1844. A junior clerk soon became necessary; and my Father recommended to me Joseph Davis, the orphan son of a woman of Finmere, whose growth in worth, intelligence, and good manners from his infancy he had observed with his customary discernment. Joseph Davis, trained by Parkins, served me faithfully and well, till I was content to part with him, for his own benefit, to Arthur Hobhouse, whose chief clerk he became. He rose afterwards to an important post in the Associates' department of the Supreme Court of Judicature, which he now usefully and honourably fills.

During the years of my practice in New Square as an equity-draftsman and junior barrister, I took pupils—two of whom were Nicholas Darnell, and

Arthur Hobhouse, just mentioned. Two others were Thomas Henry (now Sir Thomas) Farrer,[1] whose sister Hobhouse married, and whose family for more than one generation were friends of the Roundells; and Mountague Bernard, of whom I have spoken in connection with the contest for the Professorship of Poetry. All these were diligent students:—three of them, in different fields, attained distinction. Hobhouse rose to the rank of Queen's Counsel, was a sound and accurate lawyer, and obtained a good share of leading business in the Rolls Court. He stood well to attain the honours of the Bench, if the modesty of his ambition had not led him too early to accept the post of Charity Commissioner. Later, he went to India as legal member of the Council of the Governor-General, a post which had been filled by Macaulay, Amos, and Sir Henry Maine. After his return to England, he was nominated by the Crown to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, where he has since done excellent and gratuitous service. It was at my instance that, in acknowledgment of these services, a peerage was conferred upon him in 1885; which, though not ambitious of it, he was prevailed upon to accept; and his presence in the House of Lords, as in every other position which he has filled, has been much for the public benefit. Farrer served the country for many years as legal Secretary to the Board of Trade (following in that place my old tutor, Mr. Booth), and acquired there great influence and reputation. Bernard was one of the few really able men to whom, without fault of their own, the opportunity of success at the Bar never came. But he made for himself a name as an international jurist, and became a Privy Councillor without entering Parliament or holding political office; filling, however, with honour, on more than one memorable occasion, public employments of the highest importance, for which he was well qualified by his ability and special knowledge.

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[1] Lord Farrer.

The increase of my professional income forced upon me the question, whether I ought to retain my fellowship at Magdalen. The uncertainty of health and fortune, together with the possibility that if I should ever exchange a stuff for a silk gown, I might have to make a new beginning with doubtful results, made me determine not at once to relinquish that plank of refuge against an evil day. But I thought myself called upon, in the meantime, to place the emoluments of my fellowship at the disposal of the College, for some purpose useful to it. I therefore, at the beginning of February 1844, wrote to Dr. Routh, suggesting the formation of a fund for completing the restoration of the College Chapel (effected at a large cost some years before), by filling its windows with coloured glass of a suitable character, instead of the cold and gloomy designs in *chiaro-oscuro* by which they were then occupied. "If" (I added) "this design meet your approbation, and if you should think it worthy of being mentioned to the Fellows at the ensuing meeting, you would much oblige me by stating at the same time my desire to be permitted to subscribe the annual dividends of my fellowship to the fund, if opened." The President approved, and the College accepted my offer. The windows now in Magdalen Chapel (completed in 1861, the year in which I was made Solicitor-General) are the result.

I never went Circuit, or served any apprenticeship in the oral examination or cross-examination of witnesses, or in the conduct of jury-trials at common law. When I began practice, and for a long time afterwards, the separation of the equity from the common-law Bar was more complete (probably) than it had been at any former time, or is likely hereafter to be. The profits of a good business in equity were greater than at common law; but the publicity, popularity, and fame of conspicuous success were greater at common law than in equity. I felt afterwards the disadvantage of so hard a line, and the sense of it sharpened my zeal for the reforms which I was the means of introducing in 1873.

The Judges before whom I practised in my younger days were Lord Cottenham and Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Langdale at the Rolls, Sir Lancelot Shadwell as Vice-Chancellor, and Lord Abinger and Baron Alderson on the equity side of the Court of Exchequer. Among these, Lord Cottenham and Baron Alderson were (judicially) pre-eminent. Lord Cottenham was not brilliant, but he was one of the best lawyers who, after Lord Eldon's time, sat in the Court of Chancery. He heard arguments patiently, and the public had confidence in his judgments. He was a silent, reserved, and not very sociable man; by no means free from personal antipathies and political prejudices. But of myself he took kind notice, though I was not on his side in politics. I was one of the few juniors who were sometimes honoured by invitations to his house; and on at least one occasion[1] the marked attention which he paid to an argument of mine was useful to me with clients.

Lord Lyndhurst (as all the world knows) had the shining qualities, and the graces of manner, which Lord Cottenham entirely wanted; but he was not, within the sphere of my observation, great as a Judge. My knowledge of him in that character was only during his last Chancellorship, from 1841 to 1846; when he took things very indolently and easily, affirming almost indiscriminately the judgments brought before him on appeal. It was depressing to argue before a Chancellor whose heart did not seem to be in the business; however famous he might be as an orator or a statesman.

Lord Langdale and Lord Abinger did not, upon the Bench, altogether maintain the reputation which they had gained at the Bar. Lord Langdale was dignified in manner—perhaps a little too much so; he was conscientious and painstaking, and much more independent than Sir Lancelot Shadwell. But it was not possible to avoid comparisons between him and the leading counsel in his court, Pemberton Leigh, unfavourable to the Judge; nor was the case much mended when George Turner succeeded to Pemberton Leigh.

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[1] In the case of *Rowland* v. *Morgan* (about heirlooms), 21st November 1848. Reported in *Phillips's Reports*, vol. ii. p. 764.

Sir Lancelot Shadwell (of whom I shall presently say more) was a very kindly and good-humoured, but a weak and rather eccentric, man. A story was current of his answer to somebody, who suggested that a judge must feel very anxious indeed, when he had to decide questions involving property of large value. "Not at all," he was reported to have said; "one or other of them must have it; what does it signify which?" It was with reference, probably, to this story, that a humourist wrote his epitaph while living: "Here lies Sir Lancelot Shadwell, sometime Vice-Chancellor of England: What does it signify?"

Baron Alderson was strong, vigorous, humorous, and very warm-hearted; a complete master of the law.

The leading Queen's Counsel, when I was called to the Bar, were Campbell, Pollock, Follett, and Rolfe (who all were or had been law-officers of the Crown), Pemberton Leigh, Knight Bruce, and Jacob,—followed (in equity), at a considerable distance, by James Wigram and Kindersley. All these were removed before I left the junior Bar,—Follett and Jacob by death, Pemberton Leigh by retirement (undertaking judicial duties in the Privy Council), and the rest by advancement to judicial offices. Into their places (speaking still of equity) succeeded Bethell and Turner, both made Queen's Counsel in 1840; much below them came Stuart and Griffith Richards, who had received that honour in the previous year; John Romilly (on whom it was conferred in 1843), James Parker in 1844, and William Page Wood in 1845.

All these, except Griffith Richards,[1] became in due time Judges of the Court of Chancery,—Bethell and Wood, as well as Campbell and Rolfe, arriving at the highest place there.

These were the men from whose examples I had to learn my business. Most of them won their way by great qualities; some, such as Follett, Rolfe, Pemberton Leigh, Jacob, Wigram, Turner, Kindersley, James Parker, and Wood, were of temperaments so happy as to gain all men's favour and esteem. In others there were blemishes, disfiguring, though they could not wholly mar, brilliant gifts.

The principal danger to a very successful advocate is arrogance. The great nursery of that fault, in my early days, was the Vice-Chancellor of England's Court. Leach, an extremely clever man, who had presided over that court before my time, was himself very much noted for vanity. On his translation to the Rolls, he was succeeded by Shadwell, of whose nature it seemed to be a necessity to be governed by somebody. So remarkable was that weakness in him, that, whenever the principal leader of his court happened to be elsewhere, he surrendered himself to the nearest competitor, until the leader came back and resumed the command. The tyranny which successive leaders exercised over Shadwell would be inconceivable to those who did not witness it. The earliest of them was Sugden, whom I only knew after he had left the bar,—a very clever man, profound in conveyancing and case-law; waspish, overbearing, and impatient of contradiction. In Ireland, where everybody did homage to his superiority, he made a good Judge; but in England, both as Chancellor and in the House of Lords, the quality of his judgments suffered from his inability to endure a brother near the throne. From him, the sceptre passed to Knight Bruce,—clever, witty, of quick penetrating discernment, generous to and liked by juniors, and with much miscellaneous knowledge of other things as well as law, which he had picked up for himself; for he was not a public school or university man. The seeds of mutual dislike between him and Lord Cottenham were sown when that great lawyer, plain and dull of speech, had to endure what he regarded as daily affronts from his eloquent competitor. They bore fruit when the one sat as Judge of Appeal over the other; for, if Lord Cottenham did not approach his judgments with a disposition to reverse them, it was scarcely a less evil that Knight Bruce thought he did. Those judgments suffered, as contributions to the science of the law, from the strong marks of his personality which were impressed upon them. He was a sound lawyer, and never lost the thread either of facts or of arguments. But his judgments were generally short, sententious, and dogmatic; and when studied and elaborate, they were apt to have a flavour of rhetoric, and sometimes humour—admirable in itself, but less appropriate on the judgment-seat than elsewhere.

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[1] He died early.

When Sir James Knight Bruce became one of the additional Vice-Chancellors appointed in 1841, he was succeeded, as Lord of Sir Lancelot Shadwell's Court, by Bethell. In the exercise of that power, Bethell was more audacious and less ceremonious than either of his predecessors. Whenever things seemed to be going against him (as was liable occasionally to happen, when he was compelled by other engagements to leave cases for a time in the hands of his juniors), he was not careful to preserve so much even as an appearance of respect towards the Judge; which Knight Bruce had always done. This habit of imperiousness was a drawback upon his later triumphs, and in the end contributed to his fall. So great was his antipathy for Knight Bruce, that, when Chancellor, he would never sit with the Lords Justices, of whom Knight Bruce was then one;—an arrangement with which they, on their part, were not dissatisfied.

I do not think that the fault of which I have spoken was ever common among those who practised before stronger Judges. Follett and Pemberton Leigh were in their manners most obliging and gracious, although they always held their own. So were, afterwards, Turner and Wood, my contemporary Rolt, and my junior Cairns. Such men as these, when they took their places on the bench, made cautious and accurate Judges; as did also some who had suffered from Shadwell's weakness—Lord Cranworth, Sir James Wigram, and Sir James Parker.

As to that branch of the profession which I knew best (no doubt it was the same on the common-law side also), I am bound to bear this testimony, that the general standard of honour, truth, and generosity which prevailed in it was high. A question of casuistry has often been raised, which was propounded to me by Patrick Cumin (secretary to the Education Department of the Privy Council), through my brother Edwin, in 1845. "How," he asked, "can a lawyer argue for a client whom he thinks wrong?" This was never to me a practical difficulty. The duty of a lawyer, under such circumstances, has, of course, its limits. He should always, and then more than ever, be on his guard against offering to make himself witness as well as advocate, and to corroborate his arguments by any statement or insinuation of personal belief. But it is the right, even of those who are most in the wrong, to have the benefit of a fair and public trial, according to law, and to have their evidence properly laid before judge or jury, and the arguments which can honestly be advanced on their side skilfully and fairly stated. It is the advocate's part to do this. If he were to refuse to undertake any case of which, upon the materials before him, he might have formed an unfavourable opinion, he would not be a minister of justice, but the reverse. Not only would he be encroaching upon the office of the Judge, and doing what (if all other advocates did the same) would, before and without trial, practically shut out the client from having his case fairly presented, but his judgment might, after all, be mistaken. It has happened to me, not very seldom, that the end of a case has been contrary to my first impression of it; and that I have, nevertheless, been satisfied that justice was done. In the greater number of cases, the result is in accordance with the expectations of counsel; but the client, if he suffers a merited defeat, has had that unobstructed access to the seat of justice which is every man's right.

Whether the advocate gains or suffers loss, upon the whole, by the habit of looking round, and dispassionately considering all that can be said on all sides of all cases, may (perhaps) be a disputable point. The reputation of too much facility and flexibility in this respect tells against him in Parliament. But an honest lawyer may sometimes be tempted to think, that there is really more hair-splitting and special pleading, more narrow one-sidedness and undue subtlety, in the Parliamentary tactics and arguments of some politicians who despise law and lawyers, than in those to which he is accustomed in his own profession.

I suppose the idea which some people also entertain, that the tendency of the legal profession is towards scepticism, may be connected with this last question. According to my experience, the fact is not so. All the world over there are believers and unbelievers, in every class. Of the most eminent lawyers whom I have known, it may be safely affirmed that at least as large a proportion were good and sincere Christians, as in any other profession. I will name a few than whom it would be difficult to imagine men more sincere in their faith, or more excellent in their lives: Sir John Richardson, Lord Cranworth, Lord Hatherley, Lord Cairns, Sir George Turner, Sir James Wigram, Sir James Parker, Sir Richard Kindersley, Sir John Patteson, Sir John Taylor Coleridge, Sir Edward Hall Alderson, Judge Erskine, and Sir William Erle.

CHAPTER XXVI

TROUBLES RENEWED AT OXFORD—WILLIAM GEORGE WARD—CRISIS IN MY LIFE

1844–1845

When Newman relinquished the editorship of the *British Critic,* it passed into the hands of his brother-in-law, Thomas Mozley (author of the *Reminiscences*), a man whose character, when he wrote that book, had been softened and mellowed by years, but in whom the polemical and caustic vein was naturally predominant. He cannot be said to have been ever very well affected towards the Church of England, though he never left it; and, under his management, the fermentation of opinion which was leading many minds towards Rome found free and full expression in the *British Critic.*

Of all who took advantage of the opportunities so offered, the most conspicuous and outspoken was my old friend and schoolfellow, William George Ward. He had gone to Oxford a thorough Tory, not meddling with theology; and after taking his degree (a double second-class), and obtaining a

Fellowship of Balliol, he was made mathematical tutor there, and ordained. When Dr. Arnold's pupils, Arthur Stanley and his contemporaries, first made themselves felt as an intellectual power in the younger society of the University, Ward became a convert to their school; and, never flinching from the logical consequences of any opinions, passed with the zeal of a proselyte to the extreme conclusions, by which the idea of the Church is altogether lost in or confounded with that of the State; taking up at the same time "Liberal" politics. Soon, however, a greater intellectual influence, that of Newman, began to tell upon him; he was exactly the man to be delighted with the boldness of Froude's *Remains;* and the faculty of imagination, which he had always affected to despise, but of which he really possessed a large share, stimulated his merciless logical habit to reject all middle ways and compromises, between the admission in any degree of the principle of ecclesiastical authority, and its extremest developments. He wrote in the *British Critic* a series of essays, in many respects acute and powerful; exposing without remorse every weak point in the defences of Anglicanism; rejecting private judgment as much of the Fathers as of Scripture; asserting the power of the living Church as sufficient for that "true guidance, in return for loving obedience," which he declared to be "the prime want of man"; and affirming (as Frederic Oakeley had done, more directly) the lawfulness of holding within the Church of England all Roman doctrine. These Essays, collected and revised and arranged in systematic form, were the substance of a thick volume, which he published in the summer of 1844 under the title of *The Ideal of a Christian Church.* That publication caused a very great stir at Oxford: Ward was called upon to repeat his signature to the Thirty-nine Articles; about which (taking them in the sense of Tract 90) he made no difficulty. That test failing, it was next determined by the authorities to censure him in Convocation, and to deprive him of his degrees; at the same time proposing a condemnation of Tract 90, and the imposition of a new test, in the shape of a declaration that every subscriber accepted the Articles in the sense of their framers, and in that of the University. This was felt, by many even of those who saw no means of defending Ward, to be a false and dangerous step, which should at all events be resisted. Pamphlets were published on all sides, some of them by men who generally stood aloof from theological controversy, among whom was Robert Lowe. His contribution to the discussion (a very sensible one) was entitled *The Articles construed by themselves;* in which he insisted upon the well-known legal principle, that the business of the interpreter is only to ascertain the *meaning of the words* used in a written document, by the intrinsic light afforded within the four corners of the document itself, without going outside, except to obtain information as to facts expressly or by implication referred to. From this principle, Tract 90, and the proposed new test, were alike departures. The one made the natural sense of the Articles bend to deductions from the writings of the Fathers; the other to the supposed intentions of the English Reformers of the sixteenth century, and of the University of Oxford.

Dr. Moberly, on the 19th December 1844, asked my opinion on this subject.

> I cannot (he said) refrain from writing you a line, to ask what you think upon the *legality* of the proposed Oxford declaration, published in the *Times* of the day before yesterday. Do you think it competent for the University, by declaration or otherwise, to narrow the theological terms upon which it admits members, or continues them in membership, further than the Church in England has already narrowed them? Is it not a claim as great as that of originally enacting terms of admission, to narrow them to a single sense? Does not the declaration prefixed to the Articles (by specifying "the true, usual, literal meaning of the Articles," "the plain and full meaning thereof," "the natural and grammatical sense,") supply a rule of interpreting them, which any authority adding to, or substituting another for it, infringes? Is not the proposed declaration *ipso facto* absurd, as binding a man to interpret by *two rules* together: "*eo sensu, in qua eos ex animo credo et primitus editos esse, et nunc mihi ab Universitate propositos*"?[1] How is this possible? Can the law make the present sense of the University always identical with the sense of the framers?
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> Again, when was it held necessary, in requiring obedience to or agreement with a document, to require the *additional* historical knowledge of what the framers meant? And how is it to be discovered? And what endless searches into the writings and sayings and crudities of many people, who have been dead near three hundred years, are requisite in order to discover it? And who were the framers? And how is the present sense of

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[1] In that sense, in which I sincerely believe them both to have been originally published, and to be now proposed to me by the University.

the University to be discovered? Where does it reside? Who shall pronounce upon it? Surely, the rule proposed is *illegal*, *absurd*, and *impracticable?* Surely, a document is a document, and to be understood to say what it does say, and the attempt to fix its saying by what its framers or its imposers mean, is in fact *to annul the document;* and the University will be no longer under *the Articles*, but under the guessed meaning of the framers in the sixteenth, and the imposers in all subsequent centuries! And the poor framers, whose *meaning* is so kindly hunted for and respected, must be held not to have known, or at least not to have been able to express, what they did mean! Is it not childish in the last degree?

But I did not intend to pour out upon you all my own thoughts on this subject, but rather to ask you whether you think it legal; as I suppose, if it could be shown to be otherwise, we could hope to destroy and annihilate it effectually. Otherwise, I fear that their cunning in connecting it with the subject of Ward's book may enlist such an amount of feeling on their side, as may endanger its passing.

I answered by saying, that "I thought the proposed declaration opposed to an essential and most important principle of law, namely, that authoritative public documents (for example, Acts of Parliament, such as that by which the Thirty-nine Articles are made binding under penalties upon the clergy) are to be interpreted and enforced, not according to the private intention of all or any of their framers, but in that sense only in which, according to the established rules and principles of judicial construction, the words in which they are expressed ought properly to be understood; as to which, in case of controversy, the determination of the courts appointed by law for that purpose is alone authoritative."

When the Convocation of the University was held, to which these propositions were submitted, the crowd was so great that the Convocation House would not contain it, and it was necessary to meet in the Sheldonian Theatre. Latin was the language customarily spoken in that assembly; but Ward was permitted to make an English speech in his defence, which he did from one of the *rostra* from which the prize exercises are usually recited. His speech was very far from satisfactory to those of his friends who, like myself, expected to hear him offer some justification of the passages extracted for condemnation from his book, instead of appealing (as he did) to the consciences of those Low Churchmen who, from the opposite point of view, assumed equal license with himself to set at nought and contradict the formularies of the Church to which they belonged. Some few of them felt the force of this *tu quoque* argument, and abstained from voting against him. But he was condemned and deprived of his academical degrees by the voices of an overwhelming majority, and he accepted that sentence with good-humoured indifference, approaching to levity. Then came the most exciting part of the scene. When the condemnation of Tract 90 was proposed, the two proctors (Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, and Guillemard, Fellow of Trinity), rose, and interposed their veto, *Intercedimus Procuratores,*[1] as, by the constitution of the University, they had power to do. This terminated the proceedings. The "declaration" was not put to the vote.

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[1] We, the proctors, interpose.

It was thought questionable in law, whether the Convocation of the University had power in this manner to deprive Ward of his degrees, especially on a charge of offences against the ecclesiastical law, for which (being a clergyman) he might have been proceeded against under the Church Discipline Act. After a consultation on that point between Bethell, Edward Badeley, and myself, it was determined to apply to the Court of Queen's Bench for a mandamus to restore him, and I was instructed to make the necessary motion for what was called a "rule *nisi*." It was granted; but before the time for showing cause against it arrived, Ward had married, and had been received into the Roman Catholic Church. *Solvuntur risu tabulae:*[1]—nothing more was heard of the "rule."

There was a lull in June of that year, during which I paid a visit to my friend John Thomas, at Shelsley in Worcestershire, to stand godfather to his second daughter Bertha, now a clever authoress. He had married and taken orders, and Lord Ward (through Claughton's influence) had given him that small living. I found him there doing the duties of a parish clergyman with great diligence and simplicity, and aided in them by one of the most delicate, delightful, and *spirituelle* of women, charming intellectually as well as morally, and wanting health only to make his prospect of happiness all that any man could desire. She was the daughter of Bishop Sumner of Chester, who, on the death of Archbishop Howley at the beginning of 1848, was advanced to the Primacy; a pious and simple, but not a strong or independent-minded man. Thomas's wits, always sharp enough, were sharpened by this marriage; but he lost his wife early. Shrewd and far-sighted criticisms of men and things always abounded in his conversation and letters, and never more than during the period of which I have been speaking; of which I will give two examples. Writing from Sorrento in 1843, and mentioning that he had met Frederic Faber at Rome, he said:—

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[1] "The case was disposed of with a laugh" (Horace, *Sat.* lib. ii. s. i. line 85).

"He is very agreeable, and most interesting on many topics; but I did not enter much into principles with him, fearing we should have none in common. This reminds me of the Tract theology. I think you draw too much distinction between the views of the outposts of that school and those of its leaders. I apprehend the only difference to be, that the leaders have the prudence to defer the downright avowal of extreme opinions until things are better prepared for their reception. I never read a writing of Newman in the Tracts, in which he did not appear to me to insinuate, 'I could carry the principle much further, but you cannot bear it now.' I hope I am mistaken; indeed, many must differ from me widely; those, I mean, who express their concurrence with the party in general terms so strongly, when they have merely been adopting some of its very proper recommendations on points of minor importance; but who, if they saw the general tendency of its theology in the light that I do, would be the first to shrink from it. I feel sure that many who are now numbered in your ranks will one day be more violently opposed to you than your present adversaries."

In May 1845 Gladstone resigned his seat in Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet, not to oppose, but to support, the Government measure for the endowment of Maynooth College. On that occasion Thomas wrote: "I am curious to hear from you some explanation about the part Gladstone is taking. If ever I try to learn anything of his intentions, or the present phases of his principles, by reading his speeches, I am always left more in the dark than ever. He certainly understands how to shroud himself in obscurity and thick darkness."

In the same spring the post of Advocate-General of Bengal was offered me, a lucrative appointment, corresponding with that of Attorney-General in England. The offer was made through Sir James Wigram, and on his recommendation. After consulting other legal friends, particularly Sir James Knight Bruce and Sir John Coleridge, I declined it; and it was accepted by James Colville, a friend of James Hope and Charles Wordsworth, who rose by means of it to be Chief Justice of Bengal, and afterwards was a very useful member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. My legal friends did not advise me to decline it, though they spoke in an encouraging manner of my prospects here. It was my Father (to whom I stated the considerations which seemed to me to have weight on both sides) who gave me that advice, in a letter dated the 22nd May 1845:—

"Honourable and lucrative as the appointment is, I do not hesitate in advising you to decline it. Perhaps, if you were to accept it you would succeed. But here at home, I think, *Deo volente*, you have a sure game.

"As to personal hazard, and the thought of losing for a time the society of those to whom one is naturally attached, under the call of duty such considerations can have no weight. But there is no call of duty in this case.

"We often stand in need of consolation and advice, and you can afford both when needed.

"Should you be confined in London by professional engagements, even more than you expect, steam and rail can bring us together in a few hours, and give us back to our posts again; which, as yet, they cannot do, were one of us at Calcutta.

"Lastly, as to the possible contingency of a public life. I borrow a sentence from your own letter, and conclude surely, that 'if there is anything for you to do in the world, you will live to do it.' But public affairs in these days appear to be almost necessarily conducted on such principles, that no honestly religious man would desire to have anything to do with them. Nevertheless, we are all (in a manner) in this country public men, and as such have duties to perform which we ought not to decline. And (though I should be afraid to seek it), provided one could keep his integrity, I think no one who is conscious of power should decline to use it for good when opportunity offers. Such things, of all others, should be left to the Providence of God; but none, I think, whose mind is fixed upon a future state, will desire *for himself* advancement in this.

"God bless you, my dear son, and guide you, in this and all things, and at all times, and provide ever for your good! In the advice that you have asked, and I have given, remember that, though your Father, I ever was and am a weak man, and my advice is not command."

I was absent from Mixbury in the following vacation, when Edwin brought a friend there, of whom (on the 7th September 1845) he wrote to me in these terms:—

"Assuredly, he would be a study well fitted for your taste. Noble, earnest, thoughtful, without a spark of selfishness, full of high deep feeling, and with no little intellectual enthusiasm. This last combination of terms may seem rather Irish, but I know not how to express otherwise his rare union of mental activity with lofty hopeful aspirations, and warm, free-hearted affections. In point of fact, as you will see from this collection of hyperboles, I am enchanted with the individual; and I flatter myself with the hope that some day you shall be so too."

This was James Riddell, the finest scholar of his day in Balliol, and (probably) in Oxford; a man very much and justly admired and loved by many others, as well as by Edwin, who died prematurely a few years later in the flower of his manhood. His name is entitled to a place in these memorials; for Edwin afterwards married his sister Henrietta, who has made his life happy and has been a true sister to us all.

To the Hon. Arthur Gordon

6 Portland Place, 14*th October* 1859.

What a shabby fellow you are, not to write! But as an old incorrigible offender myself in that line, I can say no more; except I shall be glad to see your writing when it does come; I now write with reference to the coming election for *Harrow.* You will, I know, be strongly interested for Barry; and, if Barry is likely to be elected, I certainly shall be well satisfied with such an appointment.

There are, of course, other candidates in the field; and my object is to make you (and Lord Aberdeen through you) aware of the merits of one of these candidates, who will be the best man, if Barry is not to succeed; and who is probably Barry's own equal, in all important respects. I mean James Riddell, one of the present Fellows and Tutors of Balliol; a most refined scholar, and high-principled man; beloved, almost beyond example, by his friends and pupils; and at the same time a strict and steady disciplinarian. If, for a schoolmaster, you wish to have a thorough gentleman, who unites gentleness of manner with firmness of character in an unusual degree, and is, at the same time, all that can be desired in point of ability, attainment, and reputation, Riddell will be found to possess all these qualifications. R. P.

About this time I was approaching a crisis of mental suffering such as I had not before experienced, and I have happily never since known. I needed disappointment and mortification to complete the discipline necessary for my soul's health, and on St. Matthew's Day, 1845, it came. I knelt alone on that day in a corner of a country church remote from my home, and offered prayers, which it pleased God, though not without a passage as through fire, to accept and prosper. Then it was that the want, in my particular case, of that medicine which our Church has provided for those overburdened souls who cannot quiet their own consciences, was brought home to me. The priest to whom I had recourse was a friend, whose opinion of me had always been better than I deserved, and to whom it was therefore a special humiliation to go. He administered to me, very lovingly, the consolation and counsel which his office entitled him to give; and I went away, feeling like Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress,* when the intolerable burden had fallen from his back, relieved from my spiritual trouble, and in some degree strengthened to bear the temporal cross which I had still to endure.

I think that from that day my character underwent a change. Until then, I had too much confidence in myself, with little cause for it; I gave the rein to imagination and fancy, and lived a too self-conscious and subjective life, with corresponding moral weakness. I had not conquered myself, my will, passions, and affections; though happily, by God's mercy, my intellectual belief, and my sympathy with and desire for goodness, were unshaken. I had experience then (as I have had at other times also) of the manner in which, under the divine constitution of the world, impressions made by outward—sometimes by very common—things may be borne in upon the spiritual nature of a man, so as to be for the time as special revelations, oracles of God, addressed to his immediate circumstances, and his individual case. Wordsworth says of the natural law of which this is a consequence, that the Child of Nature

> In rock and plain,
> In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
> Shall feel an overseeing power,
> To kindle or restrain.[1]

Books, according to the degree of truth and reality which is in them—the Bible above all—speak to the conscience in those moments of its greatest sensibility with extraordinary distinctness. So to me spoke, in the week immediately following that St. Matthew's Day, the 107th and 116th Psalms. On a journey about that time I first read *Sintram and his Companions*, and the tale seemed written expressly for my case. I dipped casually here and there into Wordsworth, and fell upon passages not less in point. The *Ode to Duty* was one of them. Nor did the answers (so they seemed) to my searchings of heart come from books only. I had frequent occasion when in London to walk from Lincoln's Inn to Holborn by way of Little Queen Street. In the window of a shop in one of the corners of that street nearest to Lincoln's Inn, there were exhibited for many months some large and powerful French engravings, illustrative of the passions. There, as often as I passed by, my eye used to fall upon two heads, representing with frightful realism Terror and Despair: they haunted me continually. When I returned to London after the autumn of 1845, those figures were gone; nor am I ashamed to say that I felt their disappearance as a relief; it symbolised a change which had taken place in myself.

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[1] Wordsworth, *Lucy*.

At the end of the same year, while still under much depression, I went at Christmas for a short visit to Sir Benjamin Brodie's house, at Broome Park near Betchworth. There I unexpectedly met Laura Waldegrave, whom I had not seen for several years. I had been attracted by her when she was almost a child; only, however, as a friend and occasional visitor of her family. There was no change in her except to the ripeness of womanhood. I looked at her radiant countenance, in its simple natural beauty —(I remember her as she stood with a pretty Venetian ornament of iridescent shells round her hair)—with a full heart; and I felt how very happy that man would be to whom God might give such a wife. There was in her face the unmistakable expression of generosity and tenderness. But I did not as yet admit into my mind the thought that I might myself aspire to that happiness.

Paris, 25*th August* 1857.

The depression of tone in which you speak makes me feel for you; and I wish I could say anything, which could help you to raise yourself above it. But what can I say, except that, being at your post, the road to true happiness must be before you, and this must be one of the stages in it, even if not a cheerful one? If you had quite gained the victory over yourself, over the ambition, love of sympathy, impatience of the discordant habits, opinions, and feelings of others, and all the rest of the self-centring thoughts and aspirations which are so powerful in one of your age and temperament, the path would (of course) be easy, and accompanied (upon the whole) by the sense of happiness, at every step. But this is the great difficulty; and it is here that one man feels himself at a loss, when he would try to strengthen and comfort another. He cannot (even if he is more broken in himself) make his own experience a rule for his friend or brother; for no two souls are alike; much less their history, or the course of God's grace and providence in dealing with them. In my own case, a very crushing blow, indeed, was at one time necessary, for the "casting down imaginations," etc.; and, now, I am able most heartily to thank God for it, and its consequences. With you, I trust, the process may be more gentle and gradual; but still, while it lasts, it must be a painful one.—Yours ever, R. P.

CHAPTER XXVII

SECESSIONS TO ROME, 1845

WILLIAM'S RUSSIAN CONTROVERSY, 1842-1846

THE end of the year 1845 saw the secession of Newman to Rome, with a considerable number of his most ardent followers, among whom was Frederic Faber. Newman had been down to that time the true leader of what was known as the "Tractarian" movement. He was one of its originators; and, of all who were concerned in it, he had the most commanding, the most flexible, subtle, and refining intellect. He justified his change, argumentatively, by an elaborate essay on the "Development of Christian Doctrine"; a double-edged argument, capable of adjustment to Rationalistic as well as to Roman conclusions; and ethically by a touching story (autobiography under a slender disguise) called *Loss and Gain*. No man ever made so great a change with more dignity or with so little loss of general respect. Dr. Moberly and I talked over his "Development," which seemed to me more formidable as a controversial weapon than it did to Moberly. The event bore out his opinion; for those who followed Newman did so because they were already far advanced upon the same road, and needed nothing to determine their course but his example and influence. With them, nothing really turned upon the development theory; and, upon those who remained behind, it had no effect. The "Tractarian" forces were shattered by the loss of their leader; the character of the movement underwent by degrees a considerable transformation; the reaction against it, which had already set in at Oxford, acquired new power; and the predominant influence over the younger members of the University passed into new hands.

Mr. Keble was the man on whom, if he had been resident at Oxford, and had not shrunk from all forms of self-assertion, the mantle of Newman would naturally have fallen. But he lived at Hursley, near Winchester; and though his influence was felt by many individual minds, most of them knew him chiefly as the author of the *Christian Year*, a book which reflected the uncontroversial side of his mind and opinions, and on some points did not reflect his later opinions at all. Those (and they were not few) who turned to him as their adviser and guide, did so generally by private correspondence for their own personal benefit, rather than as disciples in an intellectual school. He was, by affection and habit, strongly attached to the Church of England; modest in temperament, unaffectedly humble in spirit and manner, but firm as a rock within, with a strong and very tenacious grasp of the opinions which he took up. He did, I think, drift some considerable way from his original moorings; but his feeling for the Church of his baptism and of his parents, and for his people and his pastoral work among them, was stronger than any influence which might have tended to draw him after Newman; though there were signs, as he grew older, of increasing sympathy with that line of thought which had landed Newman in Rome.

Whatever might be the power of a country clergyman elsewhere, Oxford continued to be regarded as the centre of the movement, and at Oxford a country clergyman could not lead. Thus it happened that Dr. Pusey became the actual head of the school, which its Evangelical opponents had long before, for no good reason, insisted on calling by his name. He had in truth down to this time followed rather than led. He was one of the last, among the writers of the *Tracts for the Times*, to join the movement; its development was constantly in advance of him; and, while his ready pen and copious learning were always at hand to vindicate them when assailed, it was sometimes not difficult to perceive that if his views had prevailed, no defence might have been necessary. He was, however, the first to suffer in the cause, by the academical censure of 1843 for his sermon on the Holy Eucharist; and his admirable personal qualities, his piety, charity, ascetic self-denial, and consistency of life and character, gained for him respect and great moral influence where his writings might have failed to persuade. I do not think that, when he led, he was a strong leader; he abetted and justified some things which his natural moderation and good sense, if he had possessed Mr. Keble's firmness when friends were concerned, might have been expected to disapprove; and for which his distaste, on certain occasions when polemics assumed a violent form, was not concealed. He was a faithful member of the Church of England to the end, without any sign at any time of inclination towards Rome; though he desired peace between all Churches, and with all men.

Frederic Faber, as was natural, endeavoured to persuade me to do as he himself had done. But I was not so constituted, either morally or intellectually, as to deal with questions of truth and falsehood, such as those on which the differences between the Anglican and the Roman Churches turn, as if they were mere corollaries from the previous acceptance or denial of ecclesiastical authority: I never reached the threshold which he had crossed. His brother Frank, who was equally inaccessible to his persuasions, often quoted a saying of Dr. Johnson, that "an obstinate rationality" made his agreement with the Roman Church impossible, though some moral inclinations might have drawn him in that direction. I also had something of that "obstinate rationality" (a different thing from "rationalism"); and, though my moral inclinations might have led me far towards a desire for unity—as indeed they never ceased to do—they were always strongly opposed to certain Roman dogmas and practices with which a convert to that Church would be bound to profess his agreement. From the remnant of the "Tractarian" party (considered as a party) I was more detached by those secessions than I had been before. I had always maintained the duty of obedience, in things which it is within the province of human authority to regulate, to those particular authorities, whether in Church or in State, under whose government a man was actually living; I had always acknowledged the principle involved in an answer of Bishop Blomfield to a clergyman of his diocese, who quoted St. Ambrose to him as to some matters of that kind: "St. Ambrose is not your Bishop";—and I had defended upon that principle, as long as it was possible to do so, the proceedings of the "Tractarian" leaders. Now, the deviation of the party from that principle was every day more manifest. Under these circumstances, I felt that there was no one to whom I could so safely look for guidance in any doubtful point of conduct as my Father; the more so because my brother William had entered upon and was pursuing an eccentric course, not as yet clearly in the direction of Rome, but still one tending to separate him from ourselves.[1]

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[1] In a copy of *Reminiscences*, by Rev. T. Mozley, annotated by Lord Selborne, he writes: "The hopes and prospects of a new religious reformation or revival, under the guidance of men actuated by a most noble ambition, perfectly pure and unselfish, two of them adding genius to virtue, and commanding the devotion of many more men of conspicuous virtue, and of abilities only less than genius, were to Thomas Mozley, as they were to others among his contemporaries, 'the vision splendid' of youth; nor is he the only man over whose maturer years it has cast a permanent sadness to 'behold them die away, and fade into the light of common day.' This makes the book often touching, and commands sympathy for the writer, notwithstanding the extremely unsatisfactory character of much of the matter in the book." S., 1882.

He had met at St. Petersburg, in November 1840, Prince Michael Galitzin, whose wife and eldest daughter had, in the preceding spring, made profession of the "Anglican religion" at Geneva, as converts from the Russian Church; so taking up a position exactly contradictory to William's own. He assured the Prince, and pledged himself to prove, that they could not have been validly or canonically received as proselytes into the Church of England. The Prince, by his advice, wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but received no answer; and my brother, on his behalf, also wrote to the Bishop of London; who, after making inquiry from the chaplain at Geneva who had admitted those ladies to the Holy Communion, replied that the chaplain denied having either required or encouraged them to renounce the Russian Church. The Bishop justified his action on the ground that, if the Russian Church differed fundamentally from ours, they would have good reason for seeking our Communion; while, if it did not, there was no reason why the members of the one Church should not be admitted to communicate in the other; and that the question, whether a person offering himself for Communion in the Church of England was a convert from another Church or not, was one for that person's own conscience, which the clergyman admitting him to Communion was not called upon to decide.

The Prince went to Geneva armed with such arguments as William was able to furnish, and prevailed upon his daughter to return to the Russian

Church, but failed with his wife, who soon afterwards went to Paris. There, at the beginning of 1842, William was earnestly entreated by the Prince to visit her, and to do his best to bring her back; which he did, without success. She was a Souvaroff by birth; a clever, excitable woman of high spirit, as polemical as himself, and not to be moved from the position which she had taken up. There the matter might naturally have ended, but for some circumstances which, in William's judgment, turned the question into one of more than private concern.

Bishop Luscombe was chaplain to the British Embassy at Paris, and the Princess had communicated in his church. He had been consecrated in 1825 (not to exercise any diocesan jurisdiction, but to afford the benefits of the Episcopal office to members of the Anglican Communion in France who might desire to receive them) by three Scotch bishops, with the approval of the heads of the English hierarchy, and of King George the Fourth and his ministers. His consecrators, by their "letters of collation," enjoined him "not to disturb the peace of any Christian Society established as a National Church, wherever he might be." My brother made his acquaintance in 1834; and, though the Bishop, in his ordinary language and habits of thought, was not unlike any average Anglican of the High Church School, they agreed in their desire of unity with the Oriental Churches, and in their general views of Catholic doctrine and discipline. Bishop Luscombe, when informed by William of the circumstances of the Russian Princess's case, explained to her that he could not receive her to Communion as a convert from, though he was quite willing to receive her as a member of, the Russian Church. To this he understood her to agree; but, discovering afterwards that he had not understood her rightly, and that her tenets were those of an extreme Latitudinarian Protestantism, he declined to give her a certificate of Communion, which she desired to take with her to St. Petersburg. From that time, until his death in September 1846, he supported my brother in the steps which he took. The lady, instead of going directly from Paris to St. Petersburg, went round by London, and gave out that she had there obtained the sanction of some of the highest authorities of the Church of England to her claim to receive the Holy Communion as a proselyte from the Russian to the English Church. Her husband, on the other hand, urged William to come again to St. Petersburg, and to refute, if he could, that pretension.

Down to that time, nothing had happened to affect in any new way the relations (already strained) of my brother to his own Church. But he was led, by this concurrence of circumstances, to proceed with the lady's matter after the fashion of a knight-errant, with a bravery, patience, and perseverance which would have been admirable if the cause had been more adequate; constructing out of the materials which that case furnished an ecclesiastical problem, on the solution of which he staked his future life; blending with great tenderness and consideration for the persons concerned an inflexible determination to work out that problem to some practical result, and an absolute insensibility to all reasons against the claim of one like himself to force such public issues, arising out of private matters, upon his Church; sustained, however, in that attempt by the sense of a vocation, which he collected from signs intelligible to himself alone.

Intending in the summer of 1842 to revisit Russia, he provided himself (besides his letters of orders) with a certificate of his being a communicant in the diocese of Oxford, signed by my Father, and countersigned by Bishop Bagot. "*Cui bono?*"[1] asked Bishop Bagot when affixing his signature; which question my Father, of whom it was asked, could not answer. Fortified by these documents, he went in June to Paris, where he found Bishop Luscombe in the disposition which he desired. He thought it due to ecclesiastical regularity, first to make a formal application for Communion (not as a convert, but as a deacon of the Church of England) to the Archbishop of Paris, to which the answer which he expected was given. He then proposed to Bishop Luscombe to "become his clerk, and go from him as such to St. Petersburg"; telling him at the same time that he "would readily give up all other employments or connections (as, any other studies, his connection as deacon with a certain parish in Oxfordshire, or the place of Fellow and Tutor in Magdalen College), and attach himself only to his service, so long at least as there remained anything to be done in the present controversy."

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[1] To what good end?

Bishop Luscombe accepted that offer; not, however, thinking it necessary that William should give up his connection with Oxford, or anything else; and it was arranged between them that William should address to the Bishop a Latin letter stating the lady's case, and how he proposed that the Bishop should employ him in Russia, and that the Bishop should give him letters commendatory to "all orthodox and Catholic Bishops," appending to them that statement, and endorsing it with his approval. This was accordingly done. To most persons it might have seemed difficult to reconcile all that was in William's letter with Anglican standards of doctrine and practice. Bishop Luscombe, however, does not seem to have felt that difficulty. In a narrative of these transactions, which William afterwards printed, he said, that "after having been received by Bishop Luscombe as his clerk, and having become his spiritual son, he never from that time to the Bishop's decease undertook any clerical duty, or did any other formal act, by which it could be argued that he had either returned to his original connection with the diocese of Oxford, or had contracted a fresh connection with any other diocese or Bishop." It was not, however, till the spring of 1843, that any explanation took place between him and my Father, as to the relations into which he had so entered with Bishop Luscombe.

In the meantime he pursued his main object; and on the 9th of September 1842 arrived in St. Petersburg, having taken Scotland (by Bishop Luscombe's desire) and Oxford on the way. In Scotland he saw three bishops, who declined to commit themselves to his views. "Bishop Luscombe" (they said) "might be doing very right; but it would be time enough to seek for further support to his declarations when their sufficiency should have been called in question in Russia." From Dr. Routh, to whom he showed the letters at Oxford, he received more encouragement. Dr. Routh could not help asking, with his usual sense of humour, "whether Bishop Luscombe claimed to be Bishop of Paris, and whether there was not another archbishop there with a better title?" When told of William's application to the Archbishop of Paris, he smiled, and said he had done right, "though many in England would be scandalised at such an act"; adding, "I doubt what your friends in Russia would say to it." The controversy, he thought, would occupy some time; but it was "opening an important question, and William had his good wishes."

On his arrival at St. Petersburg, he found the Princess and her husband living together on the best possible terms; and, as no public authorities appeared likely to take any notice of the lady's opinions, they desired that he should move no further in the matter. But, so far as her claim to recognition as a convert by the English Church was concerned, the Princess was as tenacious of her position as William was of his own. He determined, therefore, to present his letters, with a petition, to the Russian Synod, after making certain alterations (for which he had

Bishop Luscombe's sanction) which were settled between him and the Prince, for the purpose of giving, as far as possible, an impersonal character to the statements contained in his Latin letter. In his petition, he repeated his application for admission to the Russian Communion without being required to make any abjuration as a heretic; or else, that he might be informed what the heresy objected to him was. These documents having been presented, he received, in January 1843, after a long delay, the Synod's answer, refusing to admit him "otherwise than by the rite prescribed for converts from heterodoxy." He was told that the members of the Synod came to that conclusion reluctantly, and not without a sympathetic feeling towards him. The composition, however, of that body was less liberal then than it had been in 1840-41: his friend, the historian Mouravieff, was no longer Unter-Prokuror; and Archbishop Philaret of Moscow, and another like-minded prelate, the Archbishop of Kieff, had received commands not to leave their dioceses. The Synod expected that this answer would have been accepted as final; but that was not my brother's view. He addressed to them another petition, and remained in Russia till June 1843, when the proceedings consequent on it came to an end. By that second petition he asked that a confessor might be appointed him, from whom he might learn "at what point of time the British Churches lost their right to Communion," and who might "enlighten his conscience as to the cause." The Synod authorised its junior member, the arch-priest Koutnevich, to confer with him (not, however, as a confessor); and various Communications, written and verbal, passed between them. The result was that William was required to say anathema to a large number of theological propositions, supposed to be extracted or deduced by the arch-priest from the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. Most of these he was prepared to renounce, forty-four of them in particular, as "not merely errors, but real heresies, in the strictest sense." But he was not prepared to admit that they were contained in, or properly to be deduced from, the Thirty-nine Articles. On the issue so raised, he told the arch-priest that "he must appeal to the Bishop from whom he came, and to his Church, as to whether these heresies were really in the Thirty-nine Articles or not"; adding—

> If they owned and approved that Confession of our Faith which I had made in Russia, I could not reasonably be blamed for having refused to anathematise a Church which turned out to be orthodox. If, on the other hand, they either allowed those heresies which the Russian Synod objected to me, and which I had anathematised, to be the true sense of the Thirty-nine Articles, or attempted by an evasive silence to yoke faith and heresy together, I would return to Russia, and seek to be reconciled by the prescribed form from the Scottish Church, as from heresy.

So stood the matter when he returned to England. In the meantime, my Father, ignorant of any novelty in his ecclesiastical position, and thinking, after communication with the President, that it might be desirable (both for reasons arising out of the statutes of

Magdalen College, and also for the service of the churches of Mixbury and Finmere) that he should offer himself for Priest's Orders, "ventured" (as he expressed it) "to put his name down as a candidate for Priest's Orders on Trinity Sunday"; and wrote, on the 13th March 1843, to inform him that he had so done; saying—

> I believe the President regards you with something of the same feeling that I do myself, and regrets the sacrifice you appear to be making of your own fortunes, and of some place or station for which he thinks you may be fitted, and which might enable you to act with more effect. While I confess myself to have entertained something of a wish the same way, I am quite content to leave all things in the hand of One Who knows all things; whereas I know nothing, and only hope, for you and all my children, for His approval at the last.

To this letter, William returned an answer on the 4th April 1843, in which he said that my Father had been "too precipitate." So far as the statutes of his College were concerned, he "had always held himself ready to seek Priest's Orders, whenever the President should give him notice that the statutes required him to do so." But he had received no such notice; and, without it, he did not feel himself obliged to do so. He then continued:—

> There is another and still more important question than the interpretation of the statutes, that remains to be considered, even in the event of the President directing me to seek Priest's Orders: and this is, how and from what Bishop they are to be obtained. The President cannot give them to me himself, that is clear. And I do not see how I can apply for any act involving formal communion to any English Bishop, otherwise than upon the letters which I now have from Bishop Luscombe, without throw-

ing them altogether overboard, and whatever relates to them. Nor again, even supposing that the Bishop of Oxford, or any other English Bishop, would receive me upon Bishop Luscombe's letters, would that save me from the necessity of throwing up the whole affair which may depend upon them. And, lastly, I have no sort of reason to be confident that the Bishop of Oxford, or any other English Bishop, would accept them at all; and should think it the height of imprudence, without any clear duty or necessity, to put the question to the proof. I regret, therefore, very much that you should have applied to the Bishop of Oxford; but hope that you will forgive me the annoyance it may cause you to rectify the mistake. I wish indeed now, with all my heart, that I had explained more fully my own views of the nature of my present connection with Bishop Luscombe, and through him (until my business is settled at least) with the Bishops of the Scottish Church. But I thought that it was better not to anticipate; especially when anything I might write at a distance might probably require more length and explanation than I could give on paper; and I had no reason to anticipate any such step as you have taken, without hearing of your intention beforehand. The difficulty now is, so to set the mistake right with the Bishop of Oxford, as to avoid implying any opinion for me that I belong to his diocese at present, or that I have the intention shortly of seeking Priest's Orders from him as a member of my College—which is extra-diocesan; but for which he has been accustomed, when requested and satisfied of the fitness of the candidates, to ordain.

There is one other point in your letter on which I must say a few words: that is, where you speak of my appearing to be sacrificing my "fortunes," and some "place or station," for which the President thinks I might be fitted, and which might enable me to "act" with more "effect." I confess I do not thoroughly understand this, nor know exactly what is the sense of the words "fortunes," "place," "act," and "effect." But I recollect, some years ago, your writing to me a very true word in a letter,—namely, that to be enabled to act with effect towards others for their good, we must first have obtained what is good for ourselves, and got rid, more or less, of what is evil. This, which you wrote of morals, seems to me to be equally true of doctrine.

It is better not to be a deacon, till you know what is the truth, the faith which a layman ought to hold, and have actually and for some time walked in that truth as a layman. It is better not to be a priest, till you have first known what a deacon ought to know, and done what he ought to do. And so of a bishop, who is above a priest; and of money, or station, in like manner. Now, I do not mean to say anything against the merits of those who take a part of the Church for the Whole, either absolutely, or in some degree; or Truth, as represented through the practical state and working of a part, for Truth as it is in the spirit and unity of the whole. So far as a man thinks he *has* Truth, either absolutely or sufficiently, and is sure of his position in the Church, he may innocently undertake, if apparently called upon, to teach others; even though he be really, if it so happens, insufficiently taught himself. But if a man feels that the Faith and Church, of which a layman ought to have full assurance, is a matter of great doubt and strife and contention, he certainly will not seek for himself to influence others, till he is quite sure himself of his own standing and action being right and legitimate. And, even supposing him to have this assurance, still I think the knowledge which he may have acquired will not move him to take one jot of additional responsibility on himself, without a very clear call to do so. These considerations are quite personal, and must vary infinitely for different individuals. But, for my own part, I certainly find that my thoughts run more and more in such a channel as would make me wish to be a layman in the Church of England rather than a deacon, a woman rather than a man, a child rather than a woman: and, in like manner, not only not to seek other fortunes or places or stations in order to act with more effect, but rather to be poorer and lower in worldly rank and station, and less connected with others whom I must influence, more or less, for bad or good. In conclusion, I will only say, that (in conformity with the custom of the Russians, which some call idolatrous) I kissed the last paragraph, or rather sentence, of what you wrote upon this matter. And so I leave it.

In a letter to my Aunt Mary, written on the same day, he asked her not to suggest that his actions had anything to do (except accidentally) with public considerations. "All that I desire to do is what seems to me right as an individual; and that, without considering in any way the accidental state or position of the British Churches at the present moment, or the controversies which are agitated among their members."

My Father (on the 22nd of April) replied :—

I am sorry that you do not understand my meaning, when I say you seem to make a sacrifice of your private fortunes, which (if unnecessary as a point of duty) must be, to me and all your friends, a matter of great regret; and I rather wonder you should not understand me, as you acquit me (which is no more than justice) of making such things as a larger proportion in the division of surplus revenues, or the refusal of what is called a "living," my objects for you. However, I must not complain of your not understanding me, because it is owing perhaps to the fact that I do not understand you. For instance, what your relations may be to Bishop Luscombe, and through him to the Scottish Church, superseding those which may lie for the present dormant with our own, I cannot divine. Being where you are, your relations with the Bishop of Oxford may be for a time suspended; but the moment you return, especially as my deacon to Mixbury, no one can doubt you will be subject to him. . . .

But what is it you say, about not denying "the merit of those who take a part of the Church for the Whole"? Is not every article of the Creed, in its totality and perfection, a mystery above us? Are we capable of comprehending *the Whole?* And must not our part be, in a manner, *the Whole to us?* There was a certain detestable school of philosophy in our own days, which taught that a man should consider himself as a citizen of the World,—which is true; but it was a sort of *Corban*, for it was intended to discharge him from the duties that belong to one's own country and kin. Let us consider whether this be not somewhat analogous to the question that is before us now.

But when, my dear William, you go on to infer that a man may feel that "Faith" and "Church" are matters of "great doubt," and "strife," and "contention," I begin to be alarmed; and my alarm is not diminished when you confess that your "own thoughts run more and more in such a channel." I entreat you to consider how far the origin of such thoughts can be pure and holy; thoughts which cause you, being in the holy order of a deacon, to wish that you were a layman rather; which prompt you, whom it hath pleased God to make a man, and to whom He hath given moreover the talents of a man,—no mean gifts,—to desire that you were a woman or a child. Surely, this is not childlike; and there must be something that is wrong here, which no doubt is to be found in ourselves, rather than in our Church or country; seeing that the one indisputably holds the truth by which we ought to profit, and that the other is clearly possessed of many and great advantages, for which we should be thankful; and that, notwithstanding the spiritual insubordination and civil licentiousness which prevail among us, we can yet show a Confession and Institutions, such that we might without injury offer, and without danger of shame challenge, intercommunion and fellowship with any Church or nation upon earth. If some run to an extreme one way, let us be careful to avoid it in another; and let us leave judgment unto God: remembering only, that it is our part to serve Him with all our heart and mind and soul and strength, according to that which He hath given, and in the place which He hath appointed. Having said this, I applaud your charity; and, adopting it for myself, will say, that I would not either deny the merit of any, who, seeming to themselves to embrace in idea the unity of the whole Church, do yet (as it may appear) overlook the parts. God bless you, my dearest William, and preserve you ever, leading you into all truth.

My Father communicated these letters to me; and I wrote him my mind about them on the 24th of April:—

I am much obliged to you for sending William's letter, and giving me a sight of your reply; in which, as I understand it, I entirely concur.

His letter confirms a misgiving which I have had all along, as to the propriety of an individual, so situated as he is, acting as he has done in a matter which (after all) is of public, not private, concernment. Having read it, I am fully convinced (as I was all along inclined to suspect) that when there is an *ipso facto* estrangement of Churches, of long standing, grounded upon a mutual suspicion of heresy, no private person has a right to take upon himself to act according to his private opinion of the merits of the case, as if such an estrangement did not exist, or could lawfully cease to be a bar to intercommunion, except through the medium of synodical explanations. I fear, both in this matter and in that of the "anathema," he has taken upon himself without warrant to speak for his Church; and, when led to doubt how far his Church would adopt his statements, begins to distrust her, instead of himself. That he should talk about relations established between himself and Bishop Luscombe as if they were not a mere creation of his own,—much more, as if they could supersede or modify his previous relations to the whole English Church,—does certainly look like a very painful delusion.

The other words, about "Faith" and "Church" being matters of doubt, etc., I do not quite understand as you appear to do. I take him to refer only to that which (if he somewhat overstates it) is undoubtedly a fact,—viz. that too many act as if they did not really believe in any Faith or Church; and that in the present day, and especially among ourselves and the foreign Protestants, the existence of the Church, and every other point of the Faith, and indeed the existence of any such thing as a definite creed to be received as certainly true, is continually brought into question. I think it is his acute sense of the misery of this state of things which has dictated most of the questionable expressions and sentiments of his letter.

A good deal of further correspondence on the same subject followed. William explained his reasons for the line he had taken in a practical way, when writing on the 4th of May to my Aunt Mary:—

In my present business I have nothing whatever to do with the Church of England. The occasion of my coming here lay in certain acts and relations of a Bishop of Scottish consecration towards certain other parties, and in other acts and relations of those parties towards that Bishop. I have the whole authorisation which the canons of the Church require, in canonical letters from that Bishop; and, in the event of any appeal being necessary to be made by or from that Bishop to the Church at large, I am much better off in coming from a Bishop of Scottish consecration, than I could have been had I come from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London; for in Scotland the Bishops are free to meet, and do meet annually in Synod; whereas in England, as things now are, an appeal through the Archbishop, if his testimony were objected to as insufficient, to a Synod or Convocation, is impossible,—and, besides this, the doctrinal position of the Church of Scotland is very much higher than that of the English Established Church, and affords a much more convenient basis for defence against any accusations which may be brought against me by members of other Churches.

I wrote to him myself, in terms which may be gathered from his reply, with which I will conclude this subject. Its date was the 18th May 1843.

I thank you for the earnestness of your remonstrances. The things which you blame, and the appearances of which in me give you uneasiness, are all very bad; namely, "inventing new and fictitious relations for ourselves, and then claiming a right to supersede and throw aside, for their sake, those under which God's Providence has placed us"; and, "running into the very excesses of private judgment," "paying no regard to consequences" (*i.e.* in the sense in which you mean it), "placing scandals in the way of others," etc. etc. I assure you that I am desirous of avoiding such faults, however much I may seem to you to be guilty of them, and in whatever degree I may really be guilty of them. You will say, perhaps, that all people who are guilty of faults, when they are told of them, agree in condemning the fault, but deny that they themselves are guilty of it. Therefore, I will not do this; but will only say that, in whatever degree I may be guilty of those faults, I will try to be less so in future; and in whatever degree I may be conscious of their existence in myself, I will try to be more conscious, and scrutinise myself more severely in future.

I should have no sort of objection (if it were only right to do so, and if others would only undertake the responsibility) to give up my own understanding and my own will absolutely, to be directed by any others who desired to influence me for good. With respect to my relation of son to my Father, I am willing to do anything which he, as a father, can claim or expect;—for example, nothing could please me better than to live with him, and serve him in his parish, so far as he could and would order me, whether as deacon or priest; and there would be some natural propriety and convenience, as well as much comfort, in such an arrangement. Again, as a member of Magdalen College, I desire nothing better than to have my work and duty pointed out to me by my superior; and I am ready to do it, whatever it may be. But, so far as we are left to ourselves and to our own judgment, in these different relations, as well as in those still more essential relations which affect us as members of the Church (I mean, with respect to communion in the Sacraments, and its conditions), and so far as superiors neither do nor will *order*, but only give advice,—it seems to me that there is no help for it, but that we must follow our own discretion.

I do not, I confess, quite see what it is which has frightened you, or which you "cannot think of without astonishment." The practical position is this (putting myself, as well as I can, at your point of view),—how I, having obtained communion of a certain Bishop, not passively by sufferance, as is usual, but by canonical certificates, and having left him again with canonical letters in like manner, am to get back again into the diocese of the Bishop from whom I first went? You will say that nothing is easier,—he will, no doubt, be quite ready to receive the letters of Bishop Luscombe, and readmit me upon them,—just as ready as he was to give me those canonical certificates, by which I obtained the Communion of Bishop Luscombe. This might, indeed, have been the case, if the letters of Bishop Luscombe were strictly equivalent to the certificate of the Bishop of Oxford, and no more. But, in point of fact, they involve further an episcopal act, which it may or may not have been right in me to suggest, which it may or may not have been right in Bishop Luscombe to do; but which is now done, and which, if rightly done, ought to be countenanced and acknowledged by those Bishops with whom Bishop Luscombe may be in communion,—if wrongly done, ought to be disallowed and condemned by them; or indeed, if he perceived his error, first revoked and cancelled by the Bishop himself. But for me, so far as I can see, I cannot get back into the diocese of Oxford, unless in one of the following ways:—(1) By the presentation of Bishop Luscombe's letters to the Bishop of Oxford, and his acceptance of them; (2) by getting Bishop Luscombe to cancel them, and give me others, in which he should omit and abandon all that he has now added to the mere act of recommendation; or (3) by taking upon myself, in virtue of my having suggested to Bishop Luscombe to give the letters in question, to annul them also of my own will, and to assume the legitimacy of passive communion, even for those who have canonical letters in their pocket,—and that, not as if it were an unnecessary formality to present them, but because, if presented, there might be a chance of their being refused. I fear I shall have only puzzled you still more, by entering into a subject on which we do not understand one another's views, and which I had all along avoided as much as possible, till my Father's announcement of what he had done made it necessary to allude to it.

After his return from his second visit to Russia, William suffered for some time from a weakness of the eyes, which made it difficult for him to write or read. This delayed his further proceedings, but without altering his determination to press the questions which had been raised towards some practical issue in Scotland. He made a formal report to Bishop Luscombe, in March 1844, which the Bishop approved and countersigned; authorising him to appeal to the Scottish Bishops on those forty-four doctrinal propositions which had been formulated by the arch-priest Koutnevich as deducible from the Thirty-nine Articles, and which William (denying that they were properly so deducible) had anathematised as heretical; to which Bishop Luscombe added, as from himself, and as having been asserted by him in the controversy with the Russian Princess, forty-eight more concerning discipline, intended mainly to raise the question of the propriety or otherwise of "passive communion." It was not, however, till 1846, that William was able to take active steps for the prosecution of that Appeal.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MY FATHER'S THEOLOGICAL CORRESPONDENCE WITH WILLIAM—WILLIAM'S APPEAL TO THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH

1845–1849

In the meantime, William's theological views were, like those of so many others, undergoing processes of development. When in Russia in 1843, he had attempted to reconcile the doctrine of the Eastern and Western Churches on the article of the creed relating to the "procession" of the Holy Spirit, in a manner too scholastic for so mysterious a subject, which further study, at the beginning of 1846, led him to reject as untenable.[1] In that respect, the result was to carry him further from the Latin, and apparently nearer to full theological agreement with the Eastern Church. On the other hand, he was profoundly affected by the secession to Rome of Mr.

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[1] See *Russia and the English Church during the last Fifty Years.* Vol. I. "Correspondence between Mr. William Palmer and M. Khomiakoff in the Years 1844-1854." Edited by W. J. Birkbeck, M.A., F.S.A. Rivington, Percival and Co.

Newman, and the friends who accompanied or followed him; and I should myself be disposed to refer to that period the beginning of the movement of his mind in the same direction. Rigid in profession as was the dogmatism of the Russian Church, he could not be, and he was not, insensible to the fact that there was underneath it, among the more educated Russian clergy and laity, much of the very same spirit which he condemned as un-Catholic at home; and the influence, amounting in many things to control, of the secular over the ecclesiastical state, existed in Russia (with whatever difference of detail) in a form not really less repugnant to his views than the ecclesiastical supremacy of the crown in England.

The state of his mind in 1845 and 1846 caused my Father continually-increasing anxiety, and led to a protracted correspondence in which he so far overcame his distaste for controversy as to oppose William's divergent tendencies by earnest remonstrances in defence of the Anglican position. A memorial of my Father would be imperfect without some account of that correspondence, which was evidently very painful to him, but which his affection and sense of duty compelled him to undertake. Of William's entire theological system, the keystone was ecclesiastical authority, not the immediate authority of any particular Church, but the authority (to be in some practical way discovered and realised) of the Church Catholic as a whole. His view was expressed in a letter to my Father (10th March 1846), in which, after justifying the veneration of images (or *icons*) customary in the Greek Church, he said—

> I would not willingly oppose my private opinion to your private opinion, in any matter which might be a legitimate point for private opinion in either of us. But I fear the truth is, that you often consider that to be a matter of private opinion which I consider and view otherwise; and so, when my language implies that not even a whole National Church, nor a particular synod or bishops,—much less any individual king or reformer, or individual thinker, whether older in age, or father by relation,—can rightfully maintain their particular view of religious truth against what seems to me a paramount and anterior authority, you think that I am setting up one private opinion against another, and that other, one which, alas! feels its own claims to respect, and yet is without feeling as to that traditionary and national rebellion against far higher claims in which it unconsciously takes part, and (sadder still) is unwilling even to admit that its bias is *received* (and so blameless or laudable) rather than self-originated, which it could not have been (I think) without a great fault. You think that your opinion is your own, which, I (thank God) know it is not, but only what you have inherited; and you treat mine as if it were merely mine, my private opinion; which ought, doubtless, to respect your private opinion. But this is (as I know also) very far from being the case; for I had naturally inherited the same system and opinions as you had, and cannot [but] distinguish between the knowledge and recognition of an outward authority, forced upon my own unwilling, reluctant, and prejudiced mind, and thoughts or conclusions arrived at by my own unfettered reason without any violence to my preconceived and habitual and inherited notions, on subjects where the notion of authority does not exist. . . . I have no doubt that it is quite right in you, under circumstances, to identify the Anglican tradition with absolute truth, and to reject or think dangerous whatever is or seems contrary to it. But if you express this opinion to me (as you did recently), I must tell you fairly in reply, that I have come to see that, if this is indeed the traditionary sense and doctrine of the Anglican Church (and the argument is stronger if it

be only the private opinion of a father against a son), it is contrary to the traditionary sense and doctrine of the whole Church of our Lord down to the "Reformation," of our own Anglican Church, which neither she, nor (still less) any individual, has any right to contradict. If she does, then, so far as I know this, I will freely and flatly contradict her; and fear no more, in so doing, to be guilty of undutifulness than I do in telling an individual (though my Father, who in things really belonging to private opinion stands to me, I may say it, in the place of God) that he cannot be right, in any matter small or great, to think contrary to the Catholic Church; and that, in this or that point, he does seem to me to reject or scruple at her clear sense and doctrine, for which I give such and such reasons, as the case may be.

Upon this letter, I find the following short note, in my Father's writing:—

"After all, the question seems to be this. If we are agreed (as I suppose we are) that there is a higher authority in the Church to correct our private apprehensions of right practice and doctrinal truth, the question, I say, is, what may be the true and correct notion of that authority, its nature and extent; a matter, I suppose, not of dogmatism, but of understanding and argument; and, again, as to the decisions of the same authority in any particular case, which is matter of fact. It is not enough to say, I have gradually arrived at such and such conclusions, and that very unwillingly, and contrary to the notions in which I was brought up."

My Father's mind on the same subject found some expression in a letter written in November 1845 to my brother Edwin, who about that time passed with high honour his examination for the bachelor's degree at Oxford. After giving advice as to Edwin's occupations and studies for the next two years, he said—

> The history of the Church would be very incomplete without the Fathers. In reading them, controversies are chiefly to be considered as matter of history. While their consistent testimony is allowed its due weight, any other character observable in their writings is not to be disregarded; and, above all, I think we may expect to find *facts* in them, and in the writers of the next succeeding age, which throw light on those awful visitations, under which the Churches of Africa entirely perished and disappeared, while those of all Asia have been ruined, the nations among whom they were planted by the Apostles themselves degraded or destroyed, and countries, perhaps the most fertile and possessing advantages of situation above all others in the world, thrown back upon a rude state, not to be reclaimed but by new races of men. I suppose, too, that in a very early age some particulars, both as to doctrines and practices, are to be found, which, as novelties, gave rise to disputes and controversies at the time, and which, like seeds, were susceptible of a certain gradual *development* (of which, it seems, we are likely to hear so much), whether for good or evil, in a later age. The object of such a course of study would be to enable us, by God's blessing upon the willing mind, to form a sound judgment on whatever controversies may arise in our own days and vex the Churches, without engaging in them to our harm.
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> In about three more years, you will take your Master's degree. If, then, it should have pleased God to confirm your early desire to make the service of His Church, as a profession, the business of your life, and there is no danger of your being led to consider her of whom you had your new birth in baptism other than a branch of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ, nor those who adhere to her as heretics and schismatics, capable only of a doubtful salvation on the plea of "invincible ignorance" (which, if it be not the mistake of the Protestant ἦθος,[1] I understand to be the dogma of the Church of Rome concerning us)—

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[1] ἦθος—*ēthos*—(a word familiar to Oxford Aristotelians) signifies a habitual character of mind.

if in this, by God's mercy, your mind and mine be one—I confess it would be my desire to use your help, and enjoy with others your society *for a little time.* I shall then need it.

On the 22nd of January 1846, something had fallen from William in conversation with reference to the question between Rome and England, indicative of "a consciousness" on William's part "of uncertainty as to the issue in his own case." This led to the correspondence to which I have referred. My Father wrote to him on the following day, entreating him "not to disregard lightly what he said, as if the prejudice of habit were the only source of error."

Though I think you have no more reason for supposing that I look upon the Pope as Antichrist, than I have for believing that you are ready at his bidding to discredit your own baptism, and accept at the hand of some one of his adherents an uncertain form for the undoubted act by which you received the faith and have been admitted to its privileges, which it seems they must do who are reconciled; yet I will acknowledge that I see so much of error on the side of Rome, that I think no one can desire to be united to her *as she is* without great danger and imputation of blame. I consider the first and last clauses of the famous Bull of Pius V. against Queen Elizabeth to be sufficient proof; of whom, it was no ill habit of ours, but the judgment of one of his own people that observed, "He did all the mischief."

However unwilling I may be to enter upon this subject, and disposed to shut my eyes and stop my ears, you cannot for a moment suppose that I am insensible of the danger that surrounds us, and of its frightful nature. If our blessed Lord once said, "I came not to send peace on the earth, but a sword,"[1] I hope that you and I at least may afford no instance in which this prophetic notice of the consequence of His so coming is to be fulfilled. . . . I believe that the spirit abroad is a spirit of delusion and error; at the same time that I recognise in it the

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[1] Matt. x. 34.

> just judgment of God. I cannot contend with this spirit, but must leave the course of events to His all-wise and merciful control; and, while I endeavour humbly and faithfully, so far as in me lies, to correct the offence that has occasioned it, I may hope, though a fire be kindled which consumes my dwelling with the rest, that I and my children may yet escape with our lives. To this end, I entreat you to be on your guard on your own behalf; and, next, to abstain from recommending, by any overt act, a kind of devotion entirely unknown to the Primitive Church. One of these two ways is commonly made use of to lead off simple warm-hearted souls to Rome; either commending her practice, and thence deducing her authority, or insisting on her authority, and so silencing all objection to her practice; whilst our own acknowledged defects are somewhat invidiously dwelt upon and exposed. You know my sense of these things. Do me the justice of believing that the expression of it is sincere. If you have fallen upon any such danger as I apprehend, it cannot have been without some fault of mine; I pray God to pardon it, and avert the consequences. I earnestly pray Him, by every Minister of His grace, but above all by His own most mighty arm of power and goodness, to protect and defend you from the evil. With shame I confess my utter unworthiness of the mercies I have received, and, most of all, of God's blessing in my children. I am truly without learning, which I ought not to be. I am poor and weak and blind and prejudiced; yet not in this, that I do believe from my soul that God has given me the means of grace in the Church of my baptism; and that, if I use them faithfully, I shall be saved, and you with me.

Not in this letter only, but often afterwards, my Father insisted upon the Bull by which Pius V. excommunicated Queen Elizabeth, and took upon himself to depose her from her throne, as a critical test of the Papal pretensions. He pressed my brother strongly for a definite expression of his opinion about it, but always without success. The nearest approach to a reply was to the effect that the judgment to be formed of acts of that kind might rather depend upon the conclusion otherwise reached as to the Pope's authority, than the conclusion as to the Pope's authority upon those acts. I was not myself disposed to lay stress upon that or any other examples of extravagance or excess in the political action of particular popes; I thought that the claim of spiritual authority was one thing and the abuse of it, however gross, another. But my more deliberate judgment now is, that my Father had very good reason for the weight which he attributed to such acts, and that my own distinction (it was not, as far as I can discover, adopted by my brother William) was founded upon an inadequate conception, both of the authoritative character of the acts themselves, and of the nature and extent of the claim of spiritual authority which lies at the root of the modern Papal system, and which has received dogmatic form, as an article of faith, in the Vatican decrees.

The letter of the 23rd January 1846 was followed by another (16th February), in which, after explaining his meaning on some points which William had misunderstood, my Father said—

> It is not my way, as you know from sad experience, to relinquish hope while even a shadow of it remains. Yet I cannot shut my eyes to facts. All I can say, I daresay, will have no more weight than affection gives; and I myself would not have affection weigh against conviction of truth. But one thing I ask, and I feel assured you will allow that I have a right to ask it, that you do not commit yourself in any way, or come to a conclusion in your own mind as to any step which you may have reason to know accords not with my judgment,

> before hearing and considering everything I may have to say on every point relating to it, in the spirit you yourself propose, endeavouring to divest yourself of all prejudice; for, be assured, you are no more free from it than others, though it may be of a different kind. The day, I hope, is far distant; and yet I would not help to defer it by tempting you to read or write at present what is painful to your sight. Tell me, therefore, if I may write as much as I have now done at another time, as I see occasion, or let it alone. I pray God to bless and preserve you in the true unity of His true Church, which is "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Unyielding in his theology as William always was, and strong as was the element of feeling in whatever he wrote, I think the only occasion in which he gave way to irritation, in writing to my Father, was in his answer to this letter on the 20th of February 1846. He quoted, as conclusive against anything which my Father might say to dissuade him from recommending, even at Mixbury and to his sisters, "doctrines or practices of devotion, unknown before the fourth century, and not universally received when known," St. Basil, and even St. John Damascene, the last of the Greek Fathers, who wrote in the eighth century against the iconoclasts; and he spoke as if, even in matters affecting the home circle, he might be bound to take his own course against my Father's authority.

My Father, returning to him that letter on the 26th February, said—

> I hardly think it worth while to defend myself from the imputation of setting up my own opinion against that of the great saints and Fathers of the Church; for, whoever they

may be, you will allow that St. Peter and St. Paul and St. James and St. John and St. Jude are the best authorities? and that *if* any of the later saints have taught anything inconsistent with *their* doctrine, or if they have added anything that was unknown to them, or untaught by them, it would not be necessary, and might not be quite safe, to follow them. . . . For what the latter part of your letter contains, as to the relation in which we stand to each other, I return it to you, thinking, and indeed hoping, that upon reflection you might wish to qualify it a little, and not speak quite so confidently on those points on which you think we differ. "Our heads," you say, "are turned two directly contrary ways." But are our hearts also? And are we indeed so opposed to each other, that all common attentions must be thrown aside as useless?

William replied at great length on the 2nd of March.

For myself (he said) when I know that this or that is the sense of the Church, whether in the fourth century or the fortieth, I know also that it is the sense of Peter and the sense of Christ. If any one says that they have eyes and can read the Scriptures, and out of them infallibly condemn and fearlessly reject the saints and councils and traditions of the Church, in this or that century, I answer, they and she, whom you so positively condemn, had the same Scriptures that you have, and eyes as well as you to read them; and moreover a promise, and a claim upon all nations to obey and follow and learn of them, which the particular and rebellious reader and interpreter of Scripture has not. Such practices as the reverence of pictures and the invocation of saints are not matters of faith, nor in themselves essential. But the duty of obedience to the Church is not bounded by that which is in itself necessary for the individual to believe or do, but extends to all lesser things which have more or less direct relation to the same. . . . Both must equally, in one sense, be received by piety, else we are rebels against her whom we shall always be safe in trusting, and never safe in disobeying."

He explained what he meant by his own and my Father's "heads" being "turned two directly contrary ways."

It is indisputably true that you have made me feel, upon the whole, that the whole energy of my life and the employment of all my faculties has been deliberately directed for the last thirteen years (and is still so directed) upon an end which, the more I advance towards it, the more it shows itself distasteful and reprehensible to your feelings and opinions. I feel that there must be some cause for this. And, seeing that not only the worst and most Protestant, but even the very best of those whom I have known in my own Church, have joined with the whole outer world, and with the Roman Catholics themselves, in telling me that I was and am deceiving myself in thinking that a certain kind of pursuit after truth was consistent with my position, or that the Church of England could consist with those principles which I assumed as true,—seeing, I say, the great weight of this testimony against me, and now that it is reinforced by that of others who have seemed hitherto to be in the same path with myself, and who have come to allow that their ground was untenable;—and feeling, moreover, that I have actually myself in many things come nearer to Rome, and got rid of feelings and opinions against her;—I cannot help contemplating, intellectually at least, the possibility of a further change. . . . Either I ought to find some means to conform myself to the sense and wishes and opinions of the Anglican Church and its heads (the Archbishops and Bishops, dignitaries, etc., and my own Father among the number), or I ought to see that my place, wherever it is, is not by rights in their Church. Now, to do the first seems to me *impossible;* and to give up my conviction that I am really a member (by right) of the Church of England, and only doing my duty, however imperfectly, in following out those indiscreet, prejudiced, imaginative, unpractical, questionable, or Romanising studies (for such they must appear to all who do not follow them, but see that they lead away from the present order of things and opinions), which I have hitherto been pursuing, to give up this conviction is extremely disagreeable and shocking, and what I am as yet by no means prepared for. However, if it is to be given up, I shall no doubt in due time find the way. . . .

As for various and conflicting duties, I can only repeat the same rule I have several times alluded to. Where you know a superior *law* you must obey it, even against the inferior authority, in all matters, whether small or great. When it is not a case of law at all, but of personal feeling and opinion, submit your own feelings and opinions of course to those of your parents and governors, and be thankful that you have such to submit to.

My Father replied:—

. . . Is not the plea of conscience to be bounded by this, that a doubtful or occasional or accidental duty must not set aside one clear, general, and universal? which is illustrated by our Lord's condemnation of the *Corban* tradition, of the scribes and doctors of His time. Wherefore, the preaching of truth, as it may appear to him, is not to be undertaken by one not sent and commissioned for the purpose, to the prejudice of parental authority.

Your position, my dear William, may indeed be a false one, as you say you are told on all hands that it is; but, before you change it, you had best be sure in *what* its falsehood lies.

And have then, indeed, the whole energy of your life, and the employment of all your faculties, been deliberately directed for the last thirteen years (and still are) upon an end which, the more you advance towards it, the more it shows itself distasteful and reprehensible to your Father's feelings and opinions? Can you now at length tell me, at the end of those thirteen years, what that end hath been, what it now is? Have you yourself known? . . . It is quite true, I always took a most earnest and affectionate interest in your pursuits and objects. I lent myself to them, when I did not always clearly apprehend them. I defended you, I took your part, I assisted you by all the means in my power. . . . I went on confidently till I began to feel you might be taking upon you more than you had authority to do, and till I heard from your own lips that the pursuit, whatever it might be, in which you were engaged, was leading you to desire a reconciliation with the Church of Rome on her own terms, or on any terms, without being aware of what (as it appeared to me) made any such desire very sinful and dangerous. Whatever mistakes (I feel that I am calling them by too light a name) once prompted me to hope for assistance and satisfaction, as you advanced in life and I declined, you must have felt and known (though I hope without blaming yourself too much on that account, which I do not, for it was the dispensation of God to me for good) that I have long since learnt to relinquish all hopes of the kind, and have so far willingly sacrificed my natural wishes and desires, ay and my judgment too, at the shrine of yours. And now I find myself contending, as it were, for life and death, on a point the success of which involves our separation before the time, and whether you are to look upon me as a heathen man and a publican, or whether we are to walk in the house of God as friends.

But I will endeavour yet to imitate one, who παρ᾽ ἐλπίδα ἐπ᾽ ἐλπίδι ἐπίστευσεν.[1] This is my "name's-day"; that is, the day on which I was baptized; and that I was indeed baptized, I thank my God there cannot possibly be a reasonable doubt. This was the day, and to this day, while with shame and grief I confess that I have deserved judgment, mercy only has awaited me. I will not therefore doubt, nor ever cease to hope, in your own words, but not as you apply them, that, if anything you now hold is (*i.e.* ought) to be given up, in due time you will find the way. Only think and allow, not that the faith can be wrong, not that duty to the Church can be doubtful, but that man's apprehension of it *must* be imperfect, that it *may* be often wrong, *our own* may be, and not the less for our great confidence in holding it; but which, as soon as we see it to be wrong, we should desire and try to amend.

To these letters my brother rejoined at large, rejecting the idea that a separation of church-communion could ever lead him to look upon those nearest to him in blood and affection, who were in conscience unable to go along with him, as heathens and publicans; but maintaining inflexibly his main propositions, that the greater must overrule the less authority; that whatever doctrines or practices were affirmed or allowed by the greater authority ought to be accepted as true and right; and that, in these questions, there was no place at all for private judgment.

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[1] "Against hope believed in hope" (Romans iv. 18).

> I feel (he wrote, on the 15th April 1846) that it would be the happiest day of my life that should enable me, with a full conviction and a good conscience, to cast myself at the feet of so great an authority as the Roman Church, against which I now find myself at war, with an overwhelming sense of responsibility on my head. . . . Most gladly would I, if I could, submit to the Roman obedience, even if it cost me all that is most dear to me on earth.

Vainly did my Father (on the 25th May) urge that

> the responsibility of *resisting* the weight of authority in the Church of Rome may well appear to be as great *the other way*. For the authority claimed by Rome is indeed vast, *immense*, awful; awful if it be well founded, awful if it have no just foundation at all. Awful, if it be the truth of God; awful indeed, if it be against His truth. But that is the very question, the responsibility of deciding upon which, when urged by any consideration to submit to it, we cannot avoid.

In the hope that change of scene and occupation, and an enlargement of the field of observation, might perhaps relieve the tension of William's mind, and lead to a healthier state, my Father suggested Eastern travel. In answer to a letter from myself, he said (28th March 1846)—

> I am very thankful to you for entering so fully upon a subject of the utmost importance to the happiness and comfort of the few years that may remain to me here. I believe things are very much as you say, yet I will not conceal now my own view. It appears to me that William has brought himself to a

state of mind and feeling with respect to the English Church, and the Reformation by which it has been divided from that of Rome, very like, or the same with, that at which Mr. Newman and Mr. Ward had arrived, and which issued in the steps they have since taken. It does not appear that either of those gentlemen is satisfied with everything the Roman Church holds, nor is William, but they are gone; and when I hear him say he wishes he could be reconciled, and that he is sensible of progressing in opinion in the same direction, that, surely, is enough to alarm one who does not wish it, and who would think nothing more dangerous than such a progressive change of feeling and opinion. Add to this, I see him in the maturity of strength and age without a profession and without the opportunity of adopting one. I see no way of extricating him but by withdrawing him if possible from the atmosphere in which he lives, and introducing him to something, if not new, yet different, which may possibly break the spell by which he seems to be surrounded.

The last time I had any conversation with him on these subjects, he charged me, in regard to my objection to Romish views, rites, and doctrines, with the madness of "tilting at windmills"! It is true he rather quickly withdrew the allusion, when he saw that I was ready to retort it upon himself. But, seriously speaking, I do really apprehend that, like the knight of La Mancha, he has been absorbed too much with one idea, and that almost detached (as it were) from the realities of life, and (in a manner) not quite consistent with his age and station. I shall be truly thankful to find myself mistaken in a great deal of this, and would most gladly persuade myself to that effect. It may be useless now to recur to the past; but I will not close this without confessing such deficiency in myself as to render me utterly unworthy of the good that I desire, and for which I cannot cease to pray.

William, though not indisposed towards Eastern travel, thought it necessary to postpone any plan of that kind until he had prosecuted, and brought to some conclusion, the *Appeal to the Scottish Epis-*

copal Church, which resulted from his second visit to Russia, on these forty-four doctrinal and forty-eight disciplinary propositions which he had formulated with Bishop Luscombe's concurrence in 1844. He had in that year, 1844, sent to the Russian Synod, and to many individual bishops and other spiritual and lay persons in Russia, printed copies of the papers introductory to that *Appeal*. He heard that some of them were inquiring "whether anything had been done in Scotland?" and had expressed surprise at the delay. Bishop Luscombe, on the 23rd June 1846, renewed the letters which he had previously given, accrediting William, as his representative, to the Scottish Bishops and their Synod. He went to Scotland in August of that year. He saw, and explained his business to, all the Bishops; but received encouragement from only one of them, Bishop Torry of St. Andrews, a very aged man. In their Synod, held on the 3rd of September, they declined to admit him in the character of representative of Bishop Luscombe, or to enter at once upon the question which he desired to raise. The documents containing the matter of his *Appeal*, though communicated by him to every Bishop, did not at that time come formally before the Synod; and the next day, 4th September, brought the announcement of Bishop Luscombe's death. It might have been supposed that this would be the end of the matter; but William thought otherwise. "The *Appeal*" (to use his own words) "had been brought into Scotland before Bishop Luscombe's death, and had been there accepted and sustained by the senior of the Scottish Bishops, who undertook to claim for it a synodical decision." He sought from Bishop Torry, and obtained, a formal declaration in writing of his (the Bishop's) "deliberate judgment," that, by what he had done in Russia, he "had not cut himself off from the communion of the Church in Scotland, or of the British Church generally"; that his *Appeal* "had a just claim to be examined into, and, if found legitimate, to be heard and judged by the Bishops in whatever way might be most convenient."

"In the meantime" (added Bishop Torry), "as one diocesan Bishop, I commend you for the stand you have made in Russia in favour of our Faith. And I hereby receive you to Communion, and authorise you to assist any of my clergy who may desire it, and in particular to preach, while you may be resident in my diocese; provided only that, so long as I consider your *Appeal* to be still pending, you do not withdraw from the communion of any other Scottish bishop or diocese."

My brother then visited and explained his papers to every clergyman of Bishop Torry's diocese. They all concurred in their Bishop's opinion, "that the *Appeal* had a just claim to be examined into, and, if found legitimate, to be heard and judged by the Bishops of their Church." He remained in Scotland till the latter part of that year, and then returned to Oxford to prepare, for future use, a full account of his *Appeal*, and of its origin. From Edinburgh, on the 3rd November, he wrote to my Father :—

With respect to my own position, I will state briefly what it is, or rather what I think and take it to be. I am received by one Bishop in Scotland, and do not yet despair of being ultimately received by the rest. I have no intention of returning to reside in England, still less of returning to any formal and regular ecclesiastical communion or clerical duty in England, so long as my *Appeal* may be pending in Scotland. If I should ever feel that to be clearly decided against me, or finally and hopelessly set aside by the Bishops, I suppose I should give up my fellowship at Oxford, and let the Eastern Church reconcile me to its Communion; though, in that case, I should be very ready to interpose as long a delay as possible, and should think your suggestion of travelling in the East not only acceptable to my own feelings, but very natural and proper, with a view to the case itself. I should also, probably, in that case, go first to Rome, and use every possible means to make myself acquainted with all that they can say against the Greeks, on the great point of the Procession more especially; as, if my convictions could be altered on that point so as to bring them into agreement with the Roman doctrine (I might indeed add some others, but on that more especially), I should greatly prefer submitting myself to the Roman Communion here in the West, to submitting myself to the Eastern Church. I write all this to be unreserved towards you, and at your own desire; else, of course, I know that your own feelings and opinions are such that it will only give you pain which I would gladly spare you. In the meantime, as I think that I have some months' work before me, which I can better do at Mixbury than elsewhere, or quite as well, I propose to come and remain chiefly there till it is done; and, though I certainly do not mean to do any act to bring myself into ecclesiastical connection with the Bishop of Oxford, nor even with any parochial clergyman in his diocese, yet, now that my business is fairly started in Scotland, I shall have no scruple at all either in taking passive Communion from any clergy in England (or America), or, in like manner, in giving any casual assistance, if desired on any particular occasion, as a clergyman, to any one who may really want it; provided only that there be no reference to the Bishop of the diocese. I add this, because I suppose that I might, very likely, be occasionally of use to you in this way while I stay at Mixbury. And so, if you like to use me (as you may have used Mr. A—— occasionally), without implying thereby a regular connection with the diocese or parish, you will understand that I am quite at your service.

My Father's sense of duty did not allow him to accept the offer of assistance thus affectionately though singularly made.

Much (he said) as I stand in need of assistance, and glad as I should have been to receive it from you, and as you would be to afford it to me, I think you will honour me for saying that I must decline it, as it would be clearly inconsistent with his duty for any priest and incumbent to use the services, in his church or parish, of a clergyman who is unwilling to be found in ecclesiastical connection with the Bishop. . . . You, no doubt, vindicate the liberty of your own conscience in these matters, and so will be willing to allow me the liberty of mine; and you will not lose sight of the relation in which we stand to each other—priest and parent, deacon and son. You may be assured that we shall ever rejoice to have you here, comfort you, nurse you, work with you and for you, and share with you in every good thing wherewith God has blessed us. What is still in the womb of Time may never come to its birth. I am content, therefore, for the present not to let that trouble me too much, but rather leave it and all things to the merciful Providence of God.

I shall not dwell further upon my brother's *Appeal to the Scottish Church.* He visited Scotland, and did everything that it was possible for any man to do in the prosecution of it, in 1847 and the two following years. Two Diocesan Synods passed resolutions to the effect that it ought to be entertained; the rest were less favourable. And, on the 7th of September 1849, the Bishops in Synod finally proceeded "to consider the grounds on which this appeal was made to them, and to the Church in Scotland"; and resolved "that the *Appeal* had *not* legitimately arisen." So that matter came to an end. To my Father and the family circle generally, the delay was far from unwelcome. William's controversial tone was, in the meantime, softened; and, though the direction of his mind was unchanged, he was in no haste to separate himself from us.

CHAPTER XXIX

ITALY

1846

In the summer of 1846 I was weary with increasing work and depression of spirits. Some change was necessary. My friends recommended a long vacation in Italy. No advice could have been better; I acted upon it, and returned home a different man.

My brother Edwin was my companion, and (when any difficulty arose) my interpreter also. We started on the 13th of August, taking the boat from London to Antwerp, where we remained long enough to see the Cathedral and the picture gallery; then we went forward to Cologne (the Cathedral was then unfinished), where we did the same. Steaming up the Rhine to Strasburg, we saw and ascended the spire of Strasburg Cathedral, and proceeded thence to Lucerne, taking the next day's boat for Fluellan. In those days there was no railway in Switzerland, and only a fragment or two of lines in the north of Italy. We crossed the St. Gothard Pass, and in Italy performed our journeys generally by *vetturino*, a mode of travelling which, if slow, is for that very reason to be recommended to those who wish to see the country through which they pass, and not merely to go from city to city.

We had never been abroad before, except for two days in 1839, when we went together to see our brothers at Abbeville. Both of us had a great enjoyment of natural scenery and of art; both were full of the classical and historical associations of the places we visited, and had eyes and ears for all things of ecclesiastical interest. The beauty of the descent into Italy, and of the change from pine-woods, walnuts, and cherry-trees, to chestnuts, cypresses, and trellised vineyards, made a great impression. It was the season of vintage; the verdure and rich foliage of the vine, trained among and festooned over trees, added greatly to the scenery when it had otherwise natural beauty, and gave it beauty where that was absent.

We went down Lago Maggiore to Sesto Calende, where the views of Monte Rosa seemed to increase in magnificence, towering over all the other mountains, as we got farther from it. Thence we drove to Milan, along a road covered inches thick with dry limestone dust, clouds of which rose with every step which the horses took, depositing it thickly upon our clothes, and all but suffocating us. Glad we were to come to the end of that day's journey, and to forget its miseries under the arches of the most glorious church in the world; for such, from the day when I was first able to compare it with St. Peter's, I have always considered the interior of Milan Cathedral to be.

Purists in Gothic architecture may criticise it if they will, but the height, the breadth, the solemnity, the effect on the imagination, of Milan, with its forest of pillars and its rich material and elaborate workmanship, exceed to my mind everything else, either in the northern or in the southern forms of Gothic style. I will not say that its pre-eminence over other Gothic interiors is as great as that of St. Peter's over all churches in the modern Italian style. St. Peter's, with its space, its height, its perfect decoration, its majestic symmetry and wonderful luminousness, stands alone among churches (I speak in both cases of the interior only) of kindred style. But, if I attempted to compare the highest effects of which styles so opposite to each other as the Gothic in all its forms and the modern Italian are capable, I should certainly choose for that purpose those two churches; and, vast and wonderful as St. Peter's is, I cannot but feel, when making the comparison, that the greatest effort of the Italian Gothic style exceeds even that masterpiece of modern Italian.

I cannot allow my admiration of the interior of Milan Cathedral to be diminished by the fact, that the roof is painted in imitation of stone fretwork, and so well painted that every one might believe it to be what it imitates unless there were (what there ought not to be) patches of it out of repair in some of the corners. If the vault of a cathedral may be painted at all (why should it not, when it has not stone tracery?), it surely is not matter of blame, that the design should be made to harmonise as much as possible with the architecture, and give to the eye the most perfect unity and finish. There was, I suppose, some reason at Milan for not having a fretted vault in stone; everything else there is proof that expense would not have been an obstacle to anything beautiful, to which there was no structural objection.

We remained at Milan long enough to see what was best worth seeing, and then we went (using those parts of the railway which had been constructed) to Venice. We were advised that Rome would not be healthy till the autumnal rains fell, and that this would happen (as it did) about the middle of September. At Padua we spent a Sunday, but (perhaps from not being then educated into an appreciation of Giotto) nothing there greatly interested us. At Venice—the one place in the world where the reality corresponds exactly with the expectation, and of which the character is the same in all its parts—we spent four days, delightful days, though my nights were plagued by mosquitoes. Then, on the last day of August, we started from Padua for Florence, crossing the broad expanse of the Po, a vast river, then without a sail upon it visible. We stayed long enough in Ferrara and Bologna to see the principal buildings and pictures; we slept at Pietramala, high up among the Apennines, where there were jets of fire issuing naturally out of the flat surface of a ploughed field; and we reached Florence on the 4th of September. There we remained a week, seeing what all the world sees, and never tiring of it. The great predominance of olive-groves in the colouring of the scenery disappointed me, as did the cold and blank interior of the cathedral, externally so magnificent. Subsequent visits to Florence have confirmed those impressions. On the other hand, the Medicean Venus did not then please me more than Venuses in general, which never do; but, on that point, I came afterwards to see that the taste of the world was right.

From Florence we went to Rome, under the spurs of the Apennines, breaking the journey for two nights at Perugia, and one at Terni. We realised vividly many of Virgil's descriptions, who had a finer eye for the picturesque than most of the ancients. *Tot congesta manu praeruptis oppida saxis,*[1] occurred to our minds continually during that journey. From Lake Thrasymene to Otricoli, and especially at Spoleto and Narni, the scenery, for a subalpine region, was as fine as imagination could conceive. We visited the great waterfall at Terni, and thought it would have been more beautiful if its channel had not been artificially altered. At Perugia we had an adventure. After we were in bed, occupying one large room in a hotel on the very crest of the ridge on which the principal part of the city stands, a thunderstorm, the loudest and most appalling which I ever remember, broke over our heads; and, immediately after one of the heaviest crashes of thunder, every window in the room (they were casement windows) was violently blown open. While we lay, considering what ought to be done, the door opened as if of itself, without noise, and a silent procession of four tall female figures, robed from head to foot in white, each carrying a lighted taper before her, marched into and straight through the room, disappearing at another door, all as quietly as if they had been the ghosts, which it required no great effort of imagination to suppose them to be. They were, in fact, the landlady and her daughters, making a circuit of the house to see what mischief the storm had done.

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[1] "So many towns heaped up by man's hand on precipitous rocks" (Virgil, *Georg.* lib. ii. v. 156).

We arrived at Rome on the 15th of September. The weather was propitious to us, raining every night, fine every day. We lodged in the Via Condotti, and remained there till the 6th of October. The sun was extremely powerful, so as to be oppressive out of doors except in the shade; but we were diligent in seeing everything—picture and sculpture galleries, antiquities and churches—without the least detriment to our health. Rome was in great beauty then; the leaves on all the trees (of which whole boulevards, within a year or two afterwards, were destroyed), the tops of the higher Apennines covered with snow, the whole surrounding country green and luxuriant. Those lose much who visit Rome only in the winter. We had but little time for country excursions, but we gave one day to Tivoli, and another to Frascati. The praises of Tivoli by Horace seemed to us not exaggerated. Modern engineers had, indeed, meddled with the principal cascade there, as they did at Terni. But in the torrent below the temple of Vesta, and in the exquisite Cascatelle (*uda mobilibus pomaria* *rivis*),[1] we still saw exactly what Horace had seen. Nowhere else is the effect of falling water, to my eye, so poetical. Of all the places which I had down to that time visited which were absolutely beautiful without any mixture of awe, Tivoli and the Lakes of Killarney stood, in my judgment, first.

Our visit to Rome was in the first year of Pope Pius IX., not long after his accession. His popularity was then immense. At Bologna we could not sleep for the noise made at a banquet in our hotel given in his honour; and at Rome there were triumphal arches still standing in the streets; songs and ballads were sung everywhere, glorifying the new era of political amnesties and reforms which he was to inaugurate; the newspapers were all full of his praises. We did not see him, but we could not help being infected by the prevailing enthusiasm. Little did any one foresee that, within two years, he would be one of the first to suffer by the revolutionary tempest which swept over Europe, and deprived for ever of the power of fulfilling the generous intentions with which he certainly began his reign.

The intellectual results of that tour were, to me, not inconsiderable. I had always been a lover of painting; but to trace, as we were now to some extent able to do, the birth and development of the different schools of art, in their several native places, was a new education. At Antwerp I learned to understand and appreciate Rubens in many of his purest and finest works, as a great and strong man; the Lombard school at Milan, the Venetian schools at Venice, the Bolognese at Bologna, the Tuscan at Florence, that of Perugino at Perugia, and at Rome the masterpieces of them all, with the great works of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo, enabled us to learn something not only of the merits and characteristics of particular artists, but of the natural growth and history of the art. My preference is, and always has been, for the religious styles of Leonardo and his pupils, of Giovanni Bellini, Francesco Francia, Perugino, and Raffaelle in his first and middle periods, over the most wonderful performances of all the naturalistic schools, even those of Michael Angelo and Titian. But, as in architecture, so in painting, it is possible to gain a taste sufficiently catholic to admire what is really excellent in styles which one does not prefer, and this we seemed, in some degree, to acquire.

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[1] "The orchards dripping with ever-falling streams" (Horace, *Od.* lib. i. od. 7).

As to sculpture, we then gained (in the Vatican Gallery chiefly, though partly also from the Niobe group at Florence, and from some of the statues in the Capitol) what I may describe as a new sense. I ought, indeed, to have stood in no such need, since there were the Elgin marbles at home; but I had not, after I was occupied in business, spent much time in the British Museum, and my appreciation of the Elgin marbles was a consequence of what I saw and learnt in Italy, and not a preparation for it. Not only the famous masterpieces, of which casts give no adequate conception, but many also of the common sculptures of the Roman Empire, attracted us greatly. The imperial and other portrait statues and busts, full of life and character, were history in marble; and the animal sculptures, indicative of the tastes and pursuits which grew up after the suppression of liberty, spoke vividly of that corrupt time. With the ruins, except the Colosseum and the Arch of Titus, the vast heaps of the palaces of the Caesars, and the crag-like walls of the baths of Caracalla, we were disappointed.

The Arch of Titus and the Colosseum were not then as they are now. Above the arch a picturesque fragment of a Venetian wall, into which it had been built, then wore a luxuriant coronet of flowers of many hues, which the restorer has since cleared away. And the whole interior walls, arches, and seats of the Colosseum were overgrown with a profusion of beautiful shrubs and flowers,—not less, I believe, than 400 species,—the subject of a costly work, entitled *Flora Colossensis*. All these have been ruthlessly destroyed. Their destruction may have been necessary for the preservation of the building; and it renders an antiquarian study of the arrangements of the amphitheatre easier than it was in 1846. But the loss of beauty and picturesqueness is greater than I can describe.

There has been another change also. In 1846 the substructions (now excavated, and partly displayed to the eye) were covered, throughout the great oval of the amphitheatre, with greensward, round which were arranged a series of "Stations of the Cross"—simple wooden erections, incongruous enough with the immense surrounding structure, but too modest in their character to make that incongruity unpleasing. On the contrary, this, and many other things which met the eye at Rome, symbolising visibly in the capital of the old heathen world the triumph of Christianity over Paganism, were calculated to make upon those who were profoundly interested in ecclesiastical questions a strong impression. In the Flavian amphitheatre, while the Empire stood, many Christian martyrs had suffered persecution and death; now, the magnificent structure was a ruin, overgrown with flowers and weeds, under the government of the Chief Bishop of Western Christendom; and where martyrs had suffered, the sufferings of their Lord were commemorated with rites of Christian worship.

I do not know how far these and similar impressions might have affected our imagination, so as to make us more favourably inclined towards the Church of Rome than before, if there had been nothing to counterbalance them. But there was much which told in the contrary direction. The countenances of the priests, whom we met continually in the streets, left the impression of dissatisfaction and gloom,—an observation which, having spent some time at Rome in the year in which I now write (1888), I should by no means repeat at the present time. Temporal adversity has brought with it happier looks. We were also witnesses of more than one example of irreverence in churches, by which High Churchmen would have been very much scandalised if they had happened in England.

We left Rome on the 6th of October for Civita Vecchia, joining there the steamer for Marseilles.

Our steamer stopped at Leghorn long enough to enable us to make an excursion to Pisa and see its unique ecclesiastical buildings, and at Genoa long enough to see a great deal of that city. As we approached Marseilles, we were struck with the extreme desolation and barrenness of the cliffs and hills. We crossed France by diligence; gave one day to Paris; were detained a Sunday at Dieppe, where we arrived just too late for the packet by which we intended to reach England; and on Monday, the 19th of October, we were at home again.

CHAPTER XXX

BEGINNING OF PUBLIC LIFE—RETURN FOR PLYMOUTH

1847

About this time I lived a good deal, when in London, in the society of some of my Oxford friends who took a keen interest in politics; and my mind was drawn more than it had been before in that direction. Godley had, in the summer of 1846, married Charles Wynne's sister. He had been most anxious, like his father, to do all the good possible in Ireland, but their efforts seemed fruitless; he was out of heart about the whole position and prospect of Irish affairs, and what he thought the "indifference of English politicians to the loyal party." He determined to live chiefly in London, and soon became zealous for colonisation in New Zealand. Goldwin Smith, full of gloomy forebodings of revolutionary changes in England, was a student in London; his company and conversation were, as always, delightful, and we were much together. Edward Cardwell, my old schoolfellow, had married, and had exchanged the Bar for Parliament (as member for Clitheroe), where he at once made his mark. He was one of the secretaries to the Treasury under Sir Robert Peel's Government, and was a very faithful adherent of that minister, and highly esteemed by him. Sir Robert Peel's tenure of power was drawing to an end; but he won, by his conduct in 1846-47, the respect and confidence of many (myself among them) who were inclined to stand aloof from party, and were dissatisfied with both the Liberal and the Protectionist leaders. Cardwell, desiring for his friends the political career, from his own love of it, and finding me now more in agreement with his opinions than, perhaps, I had been before, frequently urged upon me to miss no good opportunity of getting into Parliament.

We had taken opposite courses more than once, when I exerted myself to promote the election of Isaac Williams to the Professorship of Poetry, and when Ward (the friend of us both) was censured and deprived of his degrees at Oxford. Our opposition on those occasions arose out of ecclesiastical differences, of late mitigated, though not quite removed; but it had no effect upon our friendship. A man less faithful and generous than Cardwell might have been more severely tried in the spring of 1847, when Mr. Estcourt resigned his seat for the University of Oxford, and formal invitations were sent both to Cardwell and to Gladstone (and accepted by both) to be nominated for the vacancy. Sir Robert Peel declared himself for Cardwell; and he might, not unreasonably, have expected a friend so old and attached as myself, and not separated from him by any political difference, to do the same. But I was one of very many Oxford men who had long set their hearts on seeing Gladstone member for the University, as marked out, beyond all others, by character and ability, and by his knowledge of and care for ecclesiastical interests, for that particular position. I could not, even for Cardwell's sake, act in a manner inconsistent with that feeling, which I had expressed to many persons; and I became a member of Gladstone's London Committee. Cardwell's candidature was not persisted in; and Gladstone (who was opposed by Mr. Round on ecclesiastical grounds) was elected. Considering how great the honour of representing the University was, it is hardly possible that it should not have been a mortification to Cardwell to find me opposed to him on that occasion; but, so far was he from resenting it, that a few months later, in the same year, his desire to put me in the way of obtaining a seat in Parliament was hardly less than his interest in his own election, which then took place, for his native town of Liverpool.

When the general election of 1847 was at hand, he suggested to me to visit Canterbury, and learn whether it would be possible to stand for that city, without being put to too great an expense, or entangled in any corruption. Armed with introductions which he procured for me, I went there; but found that I should be on dangerous ground. I decided, therefore, against making the attempt.

I had hardly returned from Canterbury, when an invitation, unsought by myself or by any of my political friends, came to me from Plymouth; which, until the Reform Act, had been a close Admiralty borough, and, after that Act, had returned supporters of the party led by Earl Grey, Lord Melbourne, and Lord John Russell. That invitation was conveyed to me in a letter from Dr. Yonge, the leading physician at Plymouth, between whom and myself there was, during the whole time of my connection with the borough (and indeed till his death), the closest friendship and confidence. Dr. Yonge was the person who suggested my name, and obtained its acceptance by the local Conservatives; he did so, not from personal knowledge, but from what he had indirectly heard of me through some of his relatives and friends. He was of an old Devonshire family, related to Lord Seaton and to the Coleridges; his brother (father of the popular authoress, Charlotte Yonge) was an active and useful Hampshire magistrate, resident near Hursley, and intimate with Mr. Keble, Dr. Moberly, and Sir William Heathcote. He was a good Churchman, of opinions like my own; High Church in his sympathies, but opposed to all deviations, which could give reasonable offence, from the authorised standards of the Church. In character he was strenuous, ardent, impulsive, constant; sparing no labour in any cause which he took up.

The candidates already in the field were Lord Ebrington (now Lord Fortescue), a moderate Whig, and Mr. Calmady, a country gentleman residing near Plymouth, and a friend of Lord John Russell, who offered himself as the representative of Radical opinions. Lord Ebrington was one of the sitting members; his re-election was certain. It was in opposition to Mr. Calmady, the new man, that I was to be brought forward. My London friends did not think the chance good; but Dr. Yonge wrote sanguinely, and the heartiness and evident sincerity of his tone attracted me. He was of the same mind with myself, that it would be far better to be beaten than to win by corrupt means; and he gave me an assurance (which was fully verified) that a committee, determined to conduct the election on that principle, and capable of keeping all inferior agents under control, should be formed. I rejoiced in the fortune which had put me into the hands of a man so worthy of trust, and I accepted the invitation.

When the coach which took me to Plymouth reached that place, in the gray of a very wet summer morning, it was a surprise to me, and of good omen for the result, that the person who first came forward to welcome me was Mr. Hatchard, Vicar of St. Andrew's, the principal church in the town. He was a man of some ability, and his support was important; but he was a strong Evangelical and Low Churchman, who might have been expected to be offended by the part which I had taken in Oxford controversies, and who, if he had assumed the part of a censor, and had catechised me as to my religious principles, might easily have prevented my election. But the tact and good sense of Dr. Yonge, and of the other leading men associated with him, had secured Mr. Hatchard's co-operation and goodwill; and, during the contest which followed, I was not harassed by any theological inquisition. This was a piece of great good fortune; for Plymouth (as I had afterwards too much reason to know) was a constituency extremely sensitive on religious subjects, and in its Protestantism excitable, not to say intolerant.

I was very cordially received by Dr. Yonge, and by the Committee which had been formed, to whom he lost no time in introducing me. My address, soliciting the suffrages of the electors as a Conservative of Sir Robert Peel's following, had preceded me, and was on the walls. I did not then anticipate that the principle of Free Trade would be held to overrule the considerations on which the Navigation Laws were founded, and which, in the judgment even of Adam Smith, justified the policy of those laws; I therefore declared myself opposed to their repeal. This, if (as I think experience has proved) it was an error, was no compromise of my own opinion; and though, when I voted as I had promised to do in Parliament, that opinion had been somewhat shaken by the inquiry before a Committee of the House of Commons which preceded the repeal of those laws, I still thought that higher national interests than those of trade were against the change. If there is any one fixed point in British politics, it is, that the maintenance of our naval power is absolutely essential to the strength and safety of the empire, and of every British interest, political or commercial. The opinion that a law requiring British ships to be manned by British seamen, and not by foreigners, was conducive to that end, was plausible; and it seemed to be supported by experience. For, since the enactment of that law, the maritime power and the commercial marine of Great Britain had enormously increased; and yet, in time of war, the supply of British seamen to the Royal Navy had not always been so easy as to dispense with the necessity of ensuring it by means open to the greatest objection. The judgment, however, of political economists in 1848-49, and of Parliament, was the other way; and I am bound to say that, of the political decisions of my time, none has been more entirely justified by the results.

On two other points, also dwelt upon in my first address to the electors of Plymouth, my mind has never since wavered. One of them was the maintenance of the Established Church. The other—in my view consistent with it—was the extension of perfect equality of civil rights and religious liberty to all my fellow-countrymen of every class.

During the course of my canvass I was more than once asked, whether I should be willing to vote for the admission of Jews to Parliament; which was about, very soon, to become a practical question. There were a good many Jewish electors in Plymouth. Dr. Yonge, whose personal feeling was altogether the other way (as appeared as soon as I had to decide upon my course in Parliament), was so far carried away by his zeal for my return, as to encourage me to give a favourable answer to those who catechised me on that point; but this I refused to do, promising only to give the question my best consideration. I could not help seeing the difficulty of reconciling the exclusion of the Jews from Parliament (already admitted to the electorate, and to every other right of British citizenship) with the principle of the perfect equality of all citizens of whatever religious belief, in respect of civil rights. But, on the other hand, I knew that such men as Dr. Arnold and Mr. Keble, from very opposite points of view, had looked upon the admission of those who were not by name and profession Christians to a share in the power of government as inconsistent with the existing relations of Church and State; and I did not doubt that Churchmen like my Father, who were not theorists as to those relations, would agree with them. I thought it my duty to consider the grounds of that opinion deliberately, and with perfect freedom.

I was very much interested in this my first canvass, which extended as far as possible over the whole constituency of every degree. It was a laborious business; but the friends who assisted and accompanied me in it were indefatigable, and I felt that the knowledge it gave me of the condition, character, and opinions of the people whom I aspired to represent, was of very substantial value. I then formed, and I have ever since retained, a high opinion of the people of Plymouth. Very rare were the instances in which any voters asked me or my friends for money, whether as gift or loan; and, even in those few cases, the answer that the law did not allow it, and that it might unseat me if returned, was acquiesced in without further pressure. At the next succeeding election in 1852, the virtue of the electors was tempted by one of my opponents, and gave way; but, when not so solicited, they were never disposed towards corruption, and they made resistance to corrupt practices, when the candidate was opposed to them, easy. There was not much wealth in the place; there were continual efforts after the discovery of some new means for the enlargement of its trade; and any candidate who would promise this, and whose position and influence in the mercantile world might hold out any prospect of such a promise being fulfilled, was likely to be a dangerous competitor. The people were inflammable on religious subjects; Puritanism was in the ascendant among the upper and middle classes. But this was a state of mind which, even when I differed from it, I could respect. My friends and supporters were hearty and honest, my opponents were not ungenerous. I could have been well content to sit for Plymouth always, if Plymouth had allowed me that independence, without which I did not care to be in Parliament at all. That was the only difficulty; and it is a difficulty quite as often found in constituencies of a high, as in those of a low, tone. The people of Plymouth thought, upon some subjects, for themselves; on others, they liked those opinions best which would run most smoothly in definite party grooves. They were perplexed by the divisions, and by the unsettlement of party relations, which had followed the dissolution of Sir Robert Peel's Government. There was always a contest at every election, and there was always a probability that each election might reverse that which had gone before it. This was the only fault which I had to find with Plymouth; it ended, after some years, in the severance of our connection, but without loss of respect on either side.

I was returned at the beginning of August 1847 by a substantial majority over Mr. Calmady, amid great jubilation on the part of my friends. The purity of the election was proved by the fact that it did not cost me more than about £600. I thoroughly enjoyed it, and I had also the pleasure of popularity, for the result seemed (as far as any judgment could be formed from outward demonstrations) to be generally acceptable.

There were two other gentlemen besides Dr. Yonge whose assistance in this election was especially valuable to me, and who, in all my later contests at Plymouth, were most staunch and zealous on my side; for whom also I retained a very warm attachment till death took them, one after the other, away. These were Mr. William Henry Hawker and Mr. John Kelly.

Mr. Hawker was one of the most prosperous and influential merchants of Plymouth; honourable, sensible, and kind-hearted as it was possible for a man to be. He and his sons helped me greatly; and, if I had failed in that election, I should have thought the labour and expense repaid by my friendship with this family, then and afterwards, added to that of Dr. Yonge.

Mr. Kelly—a solicitor, shrewd and discreet, with unfailing tact, and sterling honesty—was my professional agent, in this and my other contests; and it was due, in large measure, to his sagacity and high principle, that those contests were conducted with as perfect purity, and at as little cost, as they were. Rarely have I met with so disinterested a man, or one who set a more modest value upon his own services. He continued, after my connection with Plymouth ceased, to visit me as often as business brought him to London, and took, until his death, a warm interest in my fortunes.

To sit in Parliament for the first time as representative of so famous a seaport, associated with some of England's greatest glories, with no local connection, and without any questionable practice, was enough to be proud of. Plymouth, indeed, was only a commercial port; Devonport, the seat of the public naval establishments, was a separate borough. But "the three towns,"—Plymouth, Devonport, and Stoke-Damerel,—were by nature united; each had a share in the other's historical associations. Nor was it possible for any one to be insensible to the natural beauties of the situation of those towns. Occupying a spur of high land, on a rock of marble, with which the very pavements of the streets were flagged; with the estuary of the Plym, its bays and inlets, and the picturesque green slopes and noble trees of Saltram Park coming down to the water, on one side; and the larger estuary of the Tamar, full of ships of the Royal Navy, and beyond it the lofty and richly-wooded demesnes of Mount Edgcumbe, Antony, and St. Germans, and the creeks dividing them, on the other,—with the spacious roadstead of Plymouth Sound, the breakwater, and the distant Eddystone, in front; and in the background, the steep slopes of Dartmoor,—England has not many towns or cities so nobly placed. It is true that, with the exception of the granite-built church of St. Andrew's, that magnificent site was not adorned with much that was ancient or architecturally beautiful; but seen as a whole, from any commanding position, it was a delight to the eye.

An incident of that election, as agreeable to me as it was unexpected, was the presence, for a few days, of Lady Laura Waldegrave, and some others of her family.[1] They passed through the street and in front of the hustings when I was speaking, on the nomination day. They were staying in Devonport, and contrived to let me know where they were. I stole one or two precious hours from my canvass to visit them, my fellow-workers much wondering. They gave me a cordial and gracious welcome; and that meeting caused a hope which had for some time been floating indistinctly in my mind to assume a more definite shape.

My Father's congratulations on my success were tempered, as usual, with wise advice. He wrote from Mixbury:—

We unite here, and at Finmere and at Fringford, in congratulating you and one another on your success, which I heard of at Oxford on Friday afternoon. Gladstone's there, and Cardwell's at Liverpool, occurring at the same time, and neither of them without a contest, I know well must have tended greatly to increase the satisfaction of your own.

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[1] Her father had succeeded his nephew, the seventh Earl.

Two points in the career now before you I contemplate with anxiety,—one, lest the additional concern, thought, and attendance, parliamentary duties will require, should quite absorb the little leisure you have found of late for private contemplation, and the very moderate enjoyment of relaxation of any sort, and perhaps even be too much for your health and strength. But, should the additional call induce a better and stricter economy of time, this would be a benefit, and perhaps the best and only way of making great and varied labours easy.

I am also fearful,—probably with less cause,—lest politics and political friendships, one way or another, should have a sinister influence on your professional career. I know we may hope the contrary. But I feel and believe your private interest in the satisfaction and independence of your life, and our interest, and also that of the public in you, to be involved in your professional objects. God bless you, direct you, preserve you!

Many and kind were the congratulations of friends. Goldwin Smith wrote from Dresden:—

It is very proper of you to try and abate our expectations. But they will be fulfilled; although of course you will at first be under great disadvantage, in having to contend with men whose undivided attention is given to Parliament, and who come down to debate fresh from their clubs, while you will be wearied with your long day's work in court. Happily, your powers of endurance are great, though you sometimes overtask them.

Samuel Waldegrave (who had married, and was now Rector of Barford St. Martin, near Salisbury, where he lived a life of great simplicity, absolutely devoted to his pastoral duties), writing on the 5th of August urged me in terms coloured by his own opinions "not to be afraid, as an M.P., to show that

I was on the Lord's side." I answered him in the same sense in which I had explained myself to the electors of Plymouth, as to the duty of doing full justice, though not showing favour, to all those from whose views of truth I might differ—Roman Catholics not excepted. And I added :—

> I cannot but remember that (although we cannot err by an endeavour to extract guiding principles from the sacred historians of the Old Testament), yet it is impossible for the relations of politics and theology to be absolutely the same under a direct theocracy, and under such a government as ours. In the Jewish law, the civil character of the people, of their actions, and of their governors and government, was entirely merged in the spiritual. But surely this is not, and ought not to be, quite so under the political systems which God has suffered to co-exist with Christianity. I would add, that I think attention should be paid to those passages in Scripture, which indicate the political duty of governors towards those who are not God's people, and among whom idolatrous systems prevail; and which show how far a man may acquiesce in the existence of such evils, where he cannot remove them, so long as he does no voluntary act by which he becomes a participator in the evil. I refer to such passages as those relating to the Gibeonites; to the political services of Joseph, Daniel, Nehemiah, and Mordecai, in places of high station among the heathens, and under heathen kings; to the permission given to Naaman to accompany his master to an idol temple,—which is no doubt an extreme and extraordinary case, and to be cautiously applied; but still, it must have been written for our instruction.

Sir John Taylor Coleridge wrote from circuit, on the 10th of August :—

> I take my first leisure moment to tell you how very much your success at Plymouth delighted me. I know you had such an event at heart; and, with my opinion of you, I cannot doubt, that, if God spares your life, you will do your country good service in Parliament. Of this I am sure,—whether you

originate successful measures, or not, the presence in the House of men of education and Christian principles who are unfettered by previous political engagements, and who have the good of their fellow-creatures and God's glory at heart as the motive for all they do, cannot but be for good: it is a leaven working powerfully, though insensibly. You must take care not to let this work be an entirely additional demand on your bodily energies; for no strength can be overtasked without a heavy payment being exacted at the last. And I think the lawyer in Parliament, after due attention to the local interests of his constituents, will do most good by limiting his actual interference pretty much to certain specified classes of subjects,—the law, the Church, and constitutional matters, seem to be his province.

It was a serious drawback upon the gratification which I felt on becoming a member of Parliament that my friend Nicholas Darnell about the same time became a Roman Catholic. Bishop Maltby, of Durham, suggested (as I heard) to his father, that this step must have been due to my bad influence. But Mr. Darnell knew me better, and did me more justice. So did the Warden of New College, Dr. Williams, with whom I had a correspondence, painful to us both, as to the necessity of Nicholas Darnell vacating his fellowship. Dr. Williams's confidence in me, shaken perhaps in some degree by the part which I took in the proceedings at Oxford in 1845, was at that time restored. My Father felt very much the secession of one so intimate with my brothers, as well as myself. His only observation upon it, however, was in a letter to my brother Horsley, dated 23rd September 1847; in which he said:—

In respect of these things, I quite agree that the times we live in are bad enough; and it behoves every one of us to consider, how far things wrong in ourselves have given occasion to so great an evil. The conclusion I have come to is this,—that we have to learn much that we have neglected, and unlearn some things that we have learned, and become more careful and exact in the discharge of our duties, more spiritually minded, and think less of the men and things of this world; which Christians ought not to set their hearts upon, and priests and ministers not at all affect.

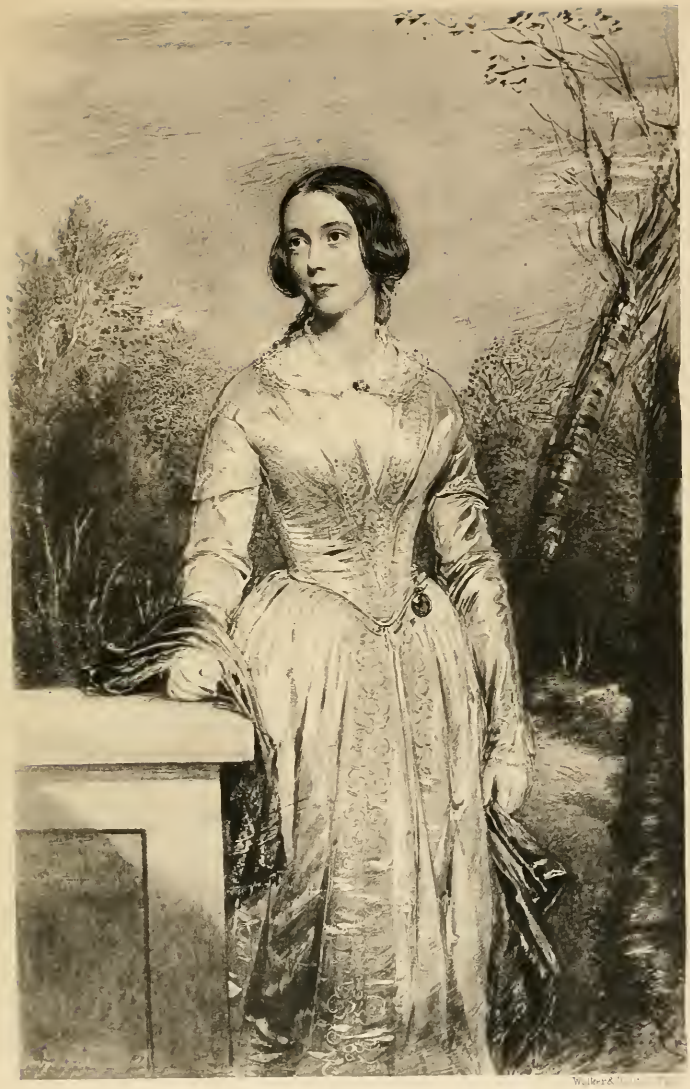
CHAPTER XXXI

MARRIAGE

My Father had long desired that I should marry, and had more than once touched on the subject in his letters. I had, indeed, as early as in 1843 opened it to him myself; and, on the 11th of April in that year, he wrote—

> Marriage is an affair of greater importance to the parties than any other they can voluntarily engage in, or avoid. Therefore my first counsel is, to make it the subject of earnest prayer, that your choice may be directed, your desire controlled, your wish even disappointed, according to the wisdom and goodness of Him who sees not as man sees, either the merit of persons or the event of things. Avoid by all means fixing your affections on any one who is betrothed, as it were, or wedded already, to the world.

I had not reached the age of thirty-five without having, like most other young men, my share of roving fancies. But now, in the autumn of 1847, a prospect seemed to open before me, which, if realised, might fulfil all the most important conditions which my Father had ever wished for in any choice which I might make. Was there not, however, a difference of ecclesiastical views, which might stand in the way of



Walker & [illegible]

Lady Laura Palmer.
(1848)
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that perfect unity of feeling and action on the most important of all subjects, which there ought to be between man and wife? And, as to this, ought not the probable future relations of the families, on both sides, to be taken into account? I saw my own way clearly enough on these points. I had no doubt that there would be perfect unity of heart and mind between Laura Waldegrave and myself, if she were willing to become my wife; and my knowledge of the members of her family was sufficient to make me sure that, whatever differences there might be on controverted points, there would be real cordiality and affection, if that relation were once established, between both families. I had written to my Father, at some time in 1847 which I cannot fix, without mentioning names, but describing what I conceived to be the kind and degree of difference of habit and opinion which might raise this question, hoping to obtain his advice in reply. He answered on 25th October 1847:—

> I cannot fail to be pleased with any one who pleases you; being confident that you will never fail to pray for guidance in a matter of so great importance to yourself and others, and where it is impossible that you should foresee the consequences, which yet no man of generous disposition and right principles, at a proper time, would be afraid to hazard.

This letter was satisfactory to me, and I replied:—

> I should not approve of fundamental differences in religion,—it would form an absolute bar. On the other hand, if I were acquainted with a person religiously brought up, and animated not by a controversial, but by a practical spirit, of whom I felt convinced that she had a single-minded desire to know and to

do the will of God, and would help me to do the same, it would not appear to me an insuperable—perhaps (in these times when it is difficult perfectly to agree even with those nearest and dearest) not so much as a very strong—objection, that she had been brought up by good parents adhering to a different school of theology *within the Church.*

My Father was satisfied; and I was happy. Soon afterwards I received from Lord and Lady Waldegrave an invitation to visit them during the Christmas holidays at Hastings, which I accepted; and it was during this visit that, on the 3rd of January 1848, at Battle Abbey, I opened my heart to Lady Laura and found that she was both able and willing to give me her own. Her family were very cordial, and they agreed that our knowledge of each other had been sufficiently long to make any delay or probation unnecessary. It was, therefore, decided that we should be married as soon as possible; the 2nd of February (the Feast of the Purification)—the first day of the short interval between Hilary Term and the sittings after Term—was fixed for the wedding. Happy in each other, this was an arrangement to our hearts' content. A single week's "honeymoon" was enough for us at that time; we could afford to wait till the summer vacation for a supplement to it; and it was not desired by any one that either my professional or my parliamentary duties should be, in the meantime, neglected.

The charms of my future wife's person and character were understood and appreciated by all who knew her; and in that appreciation every one of my own family joined, with the most perfect accord, from the first day when each of them saw her, or received or saw those simple letters which expressed her happiness in her engagement, and her desire to love and be loved by them all.

Samuel Waldegrave, who was not at Hastings when my engagement took place, sent us his congratulations, and spoke of his mother's affection for me, saying, "You will, too, cherish the memory of Laura's dear Mother, and strive to supply her place, not only in protecting and comforting, but in guiding and leading on her mind in those paths of righteousness which *she* delighted to tread." He referred very gently to those points in which his mother had thought my views of religion wrong; expressing a hope that there might now be some nearer approach to what she would have wished. I thanked him; saying something of my purpose in life, and of my desire to avoid "doubtful disputations"; not judging others, yet in all things endeavouring myself to follow the safer and better way, without placing any human authority or example whatever above the Word of God, and the light which He vouchsafed to throw from it on my own conscience.

> And though (I added) I think it most probable that there are points of doctrine on which your dear sainted Mother, if she were on earth, would still think my views obscure or erroneous, I am myself deeply persuaded that these are not points which affect the essence of the saving faith; and, if I am wrong, I hope I am open to be enlightened upon them. Had it been very far otherwise, I could scarcely have been attracted by so strong a sympathy towards your sister, or have felt that she is, above all others, the person to whom I can open my whole heart upon religious subjects.

We were married at All Souls' Church, Langham Place, on the 2nd February, and went for our week's holiday to Cheltenham; where we took rides together over the beautiful surrounding country, which we much enjoyed, cheerless as the season was. Our little excursion did not pass without one misadventure, felt at the time by us both, and which might have been thought, by any one who was superstitious, of evil omen for the future. A sapphire engagement ring, which had been my first present to my wife, was stolen while we were staying at Cheltenham, and could not be recovered. Besides its value as my gift, it had this special association—my colours at the Plymouth election had been dark blue; and when I told her that I was going to give her that ring, I said—

> I have treasured up, ever since that day when we met at Devonport, the words which dropped from you in the hotel, when you pointed to your turquoise ring, as not being of the right colour; and I think I should have dared, even at that very moment, to ask you to accept from me one which was of the right colour, if you had been then alone. I should not wonder if you meant nothing at all by it, or if you have forgotten what you said entirely; but to me, the thought that you would have worn my colours, and have worn them so, was much too delightful to be easily, or indeed ever, forgotten.

The lost sapphire ring was replaced, with the least possible delay, after our return to London, by another exactly like it.

Among the presents made to my wife on her marriage (in those days they were made only by near relations and intimate friends) one of the gifts of my

Aunt Mary was of particular interest to me, being a small brooch, capable of being worn as a ring, consisting of one fine diamond, which had belonged to, and had often been worn by, my Grandmother. I do not feel sure whether, in giving it, she did not refer to the blessing, deeply fixed in my memory, which my Grandmother gave me on my tenth birthday. In return for our acknowledgments of her kindness she wrote :—

> That I have afforded you satisfaction by the little marks I have offered of my affection, is indeed no small pleasure to myself. Though the one can be no more than a simple memorial of one who loves you, and your wife for your sake,—I trust hereafter for her own,—yet the other, as it sparkles upon her bosom or finger (as from my Mother, who so dearly loved you), may yet, if temptation should ever arise to interfere with your duty either to Church or State, act as a talisman to recall a wandering or wavering thought to a line of action it would ever have been her greatest pride and happiness to see you acting in (as hitherto), and persevering in through life.

Of the letters which welcomed us, on our return from Cheltenham, none was more sincere, or more overflowing with affectionate attachment, than that of my good clerk, William Parkins. He recalled the wishes which I expressed to him on his own marriage, and which had been largely fulfilled. "And" (he added) "nothing, sir, on earth seems so essential to man's happiness as a wife." He then referred to our wedding-day, saying—

"Mr. Palmer" (my Father) "was so happy; if Rebecca and I had been his own children, he could not have done more. He took one in one hand,

and the other in the other, his eyes sparkling with happiness. This was in the hall at the Earl's, and before many of the gentlemen and ladies; he had almost lost that self-possession he always commands. . . . The honourable gentlemen, Lady Laura's brothers, were very kind. I never saw such a family, except at Mixbury; there I am known, but by these ladies and gentlemen I am not, which makes it the more surprising to me."

Thus began thirty-seven years of married life,—a life of uninterrupted love and happiness. My wife was younger than myself by nearly eight years. She identified herself, from the first, with my family, my friends, my duties, and my interests. When counsel was needed, she was a very wise counsellor; she did everything becoming her station, and needful for the good of her household, on the highest principles and with the most unaffected simplicity and good sense. She liked to be liberal, but always kept well within our means, and was exact and punctual in all payments. An ornament of every society, she never let society come before husband, children, and home duties. She did not like to be separated from me, if it could be avoided; when it could not, we wrote to each other every day. My business took me always to Lincoln's Inn immediately after an early breakfast, and kept me there till late in the afternoon. The evenings, except when it was necessary for me to be in the House of Commons, I kept quite free for her; and, the better to enable me to do so, I abandoned the practice, which I had until then followed, of sitting up late at night over my professional work, and took to early rising (for which I had no natural inclination), at whatever hour the exigencies of the coming day might require. In this she helped me, though the necessary hour was sometimes very early indeed; and I found in this system a wonderful economy of time and strength; the mind being fresh in the morning, but wearied and liable to flag and wander after the labours of the day. An early riser must go to rest proportionately early; and this we did, though without shutting ourselves up at home, or forgoing the company of relations and friends. Parliament, of course, interfered now and then; in that case, I had to prepare all or part of the next day's work in the galleries or any other permissible places at the House of Commons; but in the earlier days of our married life this did not very often happen.

[Lord Selborne wrote to a friend on his engagement to be married:—

> I know, as well as any man, what a fund of happiness there is in marriage with a true, noble-minded woman, who can and will give a man her whole heart, and who also has sense, intellect, and principle enough to share and adorn his position, and make herself, both morally and in all other respects, a real help to him in life. After the sense of a good conscience towards God, and the experience of His love, there is nothing in the world like this—unless, possibly, I might except that other purest and most disinterested of all human delights (which naturally is the crown and complement of such a marriage), the joy of a parent in his children. May the God of all mercies crown you most abundantly with these His choicest gifts!]

We followed the examples of our parents on both sides, in having regular family prayers; and, when we were together, we never retired to rest without joining in private prayer, a practice which I would recommend to other married people, as a very great help towards perfect union of heart and mind. We kept our Sundays for religion and rest; our Parish Church was the same in which we were married, All Souls', Langham Place, of which Mr. Charles Baring (afterwards Bishop of Durham) was rector. He was an able and scholarlike, as well as an excellent man (more successful as a parish clergyman than as a Bishop); a good and instructive preacher; and, though belonging to the Evangelical party, was at that time moderate in his partisanship. We had the benefit of a great deal of friendly intercourse with him, and we did what we could to help him in his parish work. To him I was indebted for enlisting me, soon after my marriage, as a Sunday school teacher, beginning with a class of boys, and after a few years taking one of young men. I continued that work (certainly with great pleasure and profit to myself) whenever I was in London, till my second Chancellorship, when I found it necessary to hand it over to others. It brought me into close contact with youths of the less prosperous portion of the middle class, and the more intelligent portion of the lower class, in that part of London, my association with many of whom extended beyond the class-room; and in some of them I was greatly interested. My system was to read the Bible with the class on as complete and consecutive a method as possible, bringing other parts of it to bear upon each passage, and by all other means in my power endeavouring to make them understand what they read, and its relation to the general scheme of Christian doctrine. In all this I had the encouragement and sympathy of my wife, as I had indeed in every other good work; for, little as she liked to abridge any part of the time which I could spend at home, she was always willing to spare me for any call of duty.

TO THE HONOURABLE ARTHUR GORDON

1856.

I sympathise heartily with your pleasure in meeting again with your pupils. If you are like me, it must be delightful to you to escape now and then, in legitimate ways, beyond the barriers which divide class from class (necessarily and providentially, and in a way, therefore, against which no class is entitled to fret or rebel), not in this country only, but all over the world. I love to get upon the common level of humanity; still more (when that is possible), upon the common level of Christian brotherhood.

R. P.

The year 1848, which made me so happy, saw two losses to our family by death. The first was that of our faithful and attached nurse, Harriet Hawkins, who brought most of us up from infancy. She had been for some years afflicted by mental aberration; my Father watched her treatment tenderly, and, when cured from that calamity, gave her a home at Mixbury as before. In the summer of the same year my eldest Nazing cousin, George, lost his wife. She was in the prime of life, a handsome, clever, and spirited woman, by birth a Surtees, niece of that Lady Eldon, with whom the Chancellor, when a young and poor man, ran away. I was among those whom she always distinguished by marks of confidence and regard.

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